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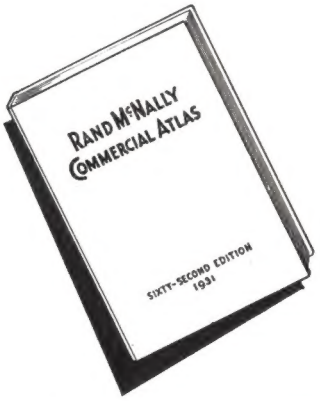

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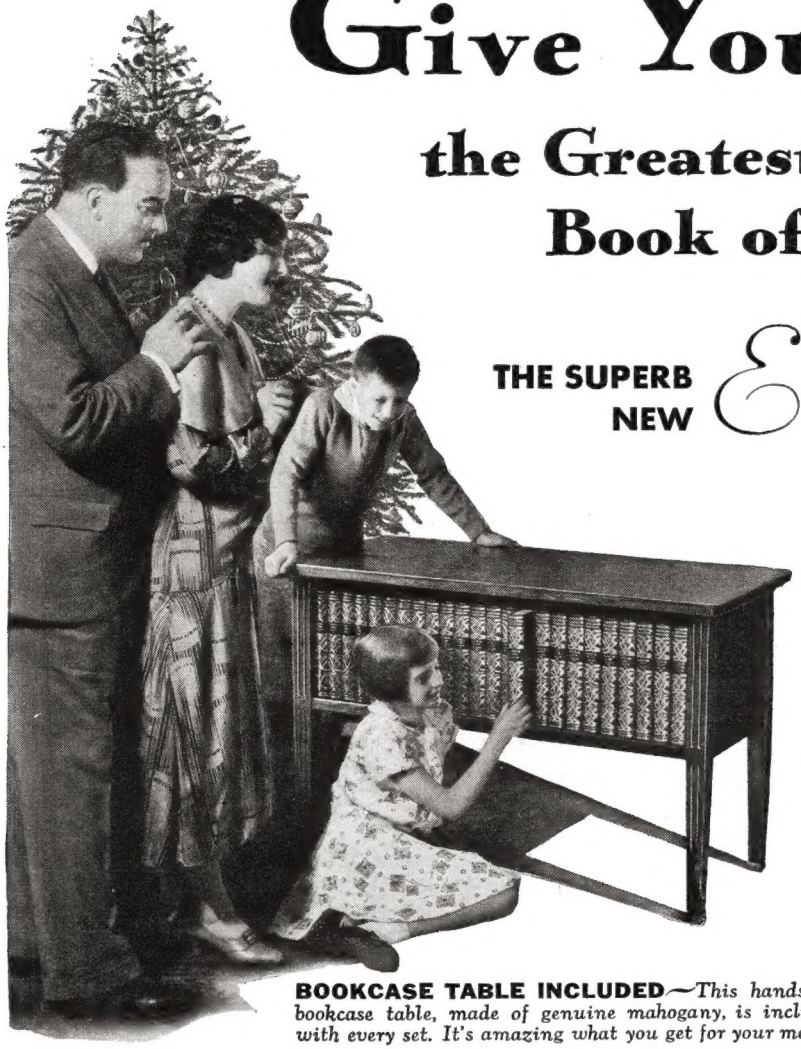

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Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

WINTER SNOWS sweeping down the city's canyons in Martin Lewis' fine etching; the village choir making its rounds in Hardy's sturdy prose that catches the honest simplicity and humor of the Wessex folk trudging across frozen fields and arguing "Strings for ever"; the rollicking holiday spirit of Cruikshank and the ironic gaiety of Shakespeare's "Holly Song"; Miss Moore's list of books that recalls the happiest hours of our youth; the grave charm of the Wakefield Nativity play—these are the evergreens and bright holly with which we have decorated our Christmas number.

"The smallest pseudonym in Irish literature stands for the most manifold and, most people will agree, the greatest personality in Ireland today." Such is A. E., mystic, poet, painter, essayist, and economist who is now in the United States on a brief visit.

George William Russell was born in Lurgen, County Armagh, in 1867. He moved to Dublin at an early age and attended school there. At sixteen he entered the Dublin School of Art where he met Yeats and formed a friendship which has meant much to the cause of Irish literature. Russell was studying to be a painter but the following year he was forced by the death of his parents to earn his living, and he obtained a position in a drapery house. He continued the friendships formed at school, however, and John Eglinton, Yeats, Russell and a few others formed a group which met regularly to read and discuss the *Bhagavad Gita,* the *Upanishads* and other Oriental classics. While brooding over theosophy and psychic experiments and writing articles, Russell decided to adopt the pseudonym "Aeon," well suited to his mystic purpose. His penmanship was so illegible, however, that the printer could not decipher his signature and wrote the first diphthong, which he could make out, with a question mark after it. Characteristically Russell accepted the A. E. for his pseudonym and crossed out the question mark. His first book of verse signed A. E. was *Homeward: Songs by the Way.* The poems are full of color and allusion and rich with subtle music and meaning.

Three years later, Horace Plunkett formed the Irish Agricultural Organization Society to spread the teaching of coöperation throughout Ireland. Nowhere but in Ireland perhaps would a young poet be chosen to preach agricultural coöperation, but at the suggestion of W. B. Yeats, Plunkett appointed A. E. as an organizer for the Society. Yeats urged as reason for the appointment, that any man who could explain the *Bhagavad Gita* so vividly could expound the mysteries of agricultural cooperation. Equipped with a bicycle, A. E. left his work as accountant to ride through Ireland, forming creamery and poultry societies. He has continued his work both as organizer and editor of the official society organ, until now he is recognized as an outstanding coöperative economist.

In the meantime he took an active part in founding the Irish National Theater with Lady Gregory, Yeats, and Synge, and wrote a play, "Deirdre," which was included in the early repertory of the theater. His writings in all cover the whole range of Irish life. *Collected Poems, Imagination and Reveries, The National Being, The Candle of Vision, The Interpreters, Voices of the Stones,* these six volumes alone are representative of his varied talents.

"I think collecting books is more fun than anything else in the world." So writes Vincent Starrett and he manages to inspire most of the people with whom he comes in contact with his own enthusiasm for reading. He educated the whole local room of the Chicago *Daily News* when he was a reporter there. Burton Rascoe has described his influence as follows:

> As a reporter, he was not a particularly good one, for he was always much more interested in the writings of other men than his own. He was always reading, and although he rarely talked about what he had read, he was always having in his hands or on his desk, books by authors the reporters had never heard of—Stephen Crane, Ambrose Bierce, W. C. Morrow, Richard Middleton, Hubert Crackanthorpe, John Davidson, Arthur Crosslett Smith, Haldane Macfall, Arthur Machen, and now and then a volume of Thackeray, Hazlitt, Lamb, Dickens. When he was questioned he would convey so well his enthusiasm for the author he was reading, so suggest to the reporter that within the covers of this or that book were such worlds of truth and beauty and such a command of language that the reporter would be reading the book within an hour. It was in this manner that Ben Hecht and Wallace Smith, and, I think, Sherwood Anderson, first heard of Stephen Crane, the first great American realist, and soon, so great was the buzz Smith and Hecht made about Crane in the *News* office after working hours, all the brighter reporters in town had read *The Red Badge of Courage, Maggie,* and the *Whilomville Stories.*

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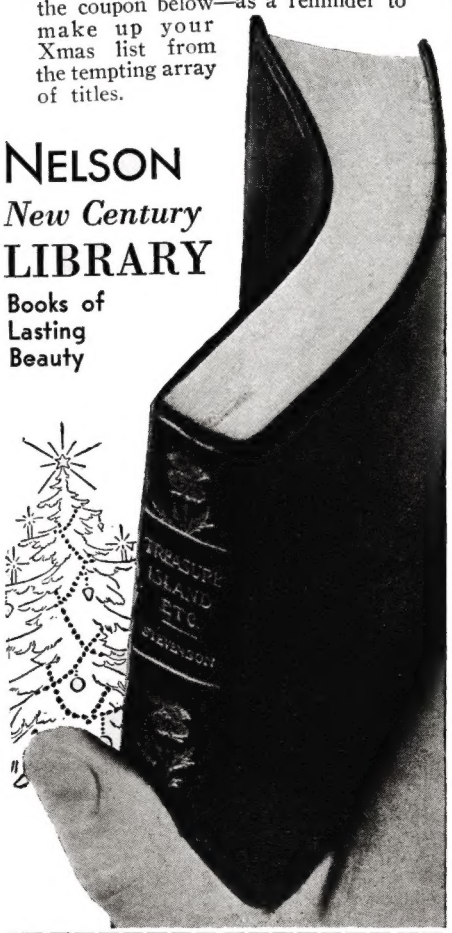

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A Canadian by birth but an American by naturalization, Starrett began his career in Chicago as a newspaperman in 1905. For eleven years he worked as a reporter, with a year out as war correspondent in Mexico. Mexico, incidentally, is where he would now like to live. He has published several novels, more than two hundred short stories, a deal of verse, and his critical essays have had much influence. He claims *Seaports in the Moon,* a fantastic novel, as his best book, though his most popular one is a detective novel, *Murder on "B" Deck.* He now lives in Chicago and between writing his own stories and articles, lectures at the Medill School of Journalism. He is able to support to the last comma his surprising statements about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's own detective exploits in real life.

Stephen Crane, whom Starrett discovered for the Chicago reporters, is one of the great figures in American literature although he died at the age of twenty-nine. "The Dark-Brown Dog" is typical not only of his terse, forceful expression, but of his love of dogs. Joseph Conrad, a near neighbor of Crane's in England and a close friend, has given delightful pictures of Stevie at his home in Ravensbrook with his dogs. Three serious poodles of questionable pedigree pervaded the house. Crane would be at work in his study, a small jug of ale at his elbow to be drunk when he finished. A scratching would be heard at the door and Crane would drop his pen, move slowly to the door and open it while the three dogs entered sedately in single file. Like their master, they always moved slowly. After much pawing and grunting they would settle down for perhaps three minutes. Then one would again solemnly march to the door. When all three had assembled there, they would scratch and the patient Crane would let them out. This might happen six or eight times in an afternoon. Perhaps the nearest Conrad and Crane ever came to a quarrel was when Crane insisted that his friend should get a dog for his son. "Hang it all," said Crane with a penetrating look in his blue eyes, "a boy ought to have a dog."

Crane was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1871, the son of a Methodist minister. His father died when he was nine years old and the following year young Stephen helped his brother, a newspaper correspondent, getting summer news in Asbury Park. After a year at Lafayette College he went to Syracuse University; here he loafed, wrote and played baseball. After his mother's death in 1890, Stephen came to New York. He was often hungry, often ill, and spent much time in exploring the slums and Bowery saloons. In 1892 he published at his own expense *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets.* He sold no copies and gained no recognition, but three years later with the publication of the *Red Badge of Courage* he sprang to sudden fame. After wanderings in Texas, a bandit raid in Mexico, a shipwreck off Florida and a year in Greece as war correspondent, he went to England. At his cottage in Surrey he wrote, went horseback-riding and entertained a stream of guests, of whom H. G. Wells and the Conrads were the most welcome. He died in 1900.

Mikhaíl Evgráfovich Saltykóv is little known in this country although in Russia he rivals Gogól in popularity and has long been looked upon as a master of satire. Of noble descent, he was tutored at home until at ten he entered the Moscow Institute for Sons of Noblemen. Saltykóv published his first poem in 1841 at the age of fifteen, but he soon abandoned poetry for satire, and six years later brought out his first story. In the meanwhile he had entered upon the round of pleasure which was a nobleman's prerogative. In spite of his birth, however, he was banished in 1848 for supposed seditious expressions in his story, *A Mixed Affair.* For eight years he remained in exile in the provinces, rising to various posts of eminence under provincial governors. He continued to write until his death in 1869. Saltykóv gives a complete picture of the conditions of his time, gloomy portraits of dishonesty and corruption and hilarious sketches of officials and officialdom such as that of "How a Muzhik Fed Two Officials." —THE EDITORS.

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Authors and Books

CERTAINLY THIS is the year of years to give books for Christmas. . . . And hoping to help you to find the one most suitable for Aunt Jane, in place of the yacht you had planned to give her before the crash, we will list as many titles as possible, the best of each kind. Fiction to begin with:

JUST A DAY after we went to press last month arrived Somerset Maugham's *Cakes and Ale* (Doubleday, Doran, $2), and it has been so thoroughly talked about that we doubt if we have a reader in the world who doesn't already know that it is amusing and ironic and delightful, and that its take-off of the Grand Old Man of English Letters may be Thomas Hardy, but probably isn't. . . . And what does it matter anyway, we say. Certainly Maugham is having his fun over the whole business of how a popular reputation is built up, rather than over portraying any one man. . . . In this case, Edward Driffield, poor young book reviewer not good enough to be received in the town where Willie Ashenden lived, dies at the age of eighty in the sanctified odor of priceless rosewood writing desks and leather-bound first editions, the foremost novelist of his country. . . . The recipe is, one part merit, one part the excellent showmanship of an indefatigable second wife, and two parts longevity. . . . But Ashenden, the "I" who tells the whole story, knows the skeleton in the closet of Driffield's respectability: Rosie, Driffield's first wife; and this book is about Rosie, Driffield in earlier days, and "I." . . . Rosie is an entrancing ex-barmaid, filled with a zest for life, sweet-tempered, vital and a-moral, and Driffield does his best work before she leaves him—one of many trying facts that the second Mrs. Driffield has to face along with her husband's aversion to baths. . . . Mr. Maugham has interpolated his book with a hundred witty, cynical reflections on life and literature which we assume are his own. . . . The whole reads swiftly and easily, and leaves a spicy, pleasant taste upon the mind. . . .

The Singing Waiter, from Clarence Knapp's book of Sob Ballads, *I'm Sorry if I Have Offended*, with woodcuts by D. Streeter (Putnam).

BUT WE CAN'T GO ON at such length about one book and ever get anywhere. . . . As the most thoroughly entertaining novel of the fall we would name Margaret Kennedy's *The Fool of the Family* (Doubleday, Doran, $2), more about the charming, irrepressible Sangers who made *The Constant Nymph* indelible. . . . This is not as good a novel, but it is certainly diverting, flickering all over Europe with Caryl, the steady Sanger, and Sebastian, the lovable scoundrel, brought into conflict by a young girl. . . . As one of the soundest novels of the year, we pick Dorothy Canfield's *Deepening Stream* (Harcourt, Brace, $2), a quietly interesting novel, moving certainly on its way. Dull in spots, it is intensely moving in others. . . . The victory of the girl Matey over the false picture of love and life she has derived from her parents rises to great heights in such scenes as the death of her father and moments of her own married life. . . . As one of the most perfect novels, of exquisite workmanship, that we have ever read, there is *The Bitter Tea of General Yen,* by Grace Zaring Stone (Bobbs-Merrill, $2), the story of the capture of a young American girl by the celebrated General Yen and of the subtle battle of personalities and civilizations that ensues. . . . It moves gently but very swiftly, and is thoroughly unexpected, and endearing. . . .

Our governess—would you believe
It?—Drowned herself on Christmas Eve!
This was a waste, as, any way,
It would have been a holiday.

From *More Ruthless Rhymes,* by Harry Graham, illustrated by Ridgewell (Putnam).

TOO IMPORTANT for this galloping pace is *Success,* Lion Feuchtwanger's latest novel and the Literary Guild Choice for November (Viking Press, $3). . . . Written with the narrowed focus and the detachment of an historical novel, this is a story of modern Munich, as it might be reconstructed at some future date by someone preoccupied with the incredible picture of the warped justice of our present time, as it is baldly displayed in the courts of Munich and in the lives of a dozen persons connected with the trial of Martin Kruger, a director of the National Gallery, for his perjuries in defending the honor of a woman—really for his intellectual non-conformity. . . . Its chief fault is that it contains nearly 800 pages and could get along with less. . . . Its chief virtue that it leaves a picture sharp and intensely clear, with the significance as pointed as in brilliant caricature. . . . Herr Feuchtwanger, who lives in Berlin, is at present touring in Morocco in a new American car of which he is exceedingly proud. . . .

HAVING THE BEST TIME, Christopher Morley has turned a typical musical comedy into a jolly, silly novel full of Harz mountains and canaries and simple maidens and even more simple heroes, with villains and comedy Prime Minister Von Puffengruntz-es and sly asides. . . . *Rudolph and Amina* (John Day, $2.50), is no less than *The Black Crook,* played with considerable success by Mr. Morley's Hoboken players, and presented here with an even more perfect shade of burlesque. . . . The story reads like the wind. The plot, being the same as that of all good fairy tales as well as of all bad musical comedies, is—as told by an artist—full of suspense. You can not spend a more pleasant, more thoroughly unprofitable hour on any novel of the month. . . .

FOR THOSE who don't subscribe to the Book-of-the-Month Club and who are curious about what is going on in modern Russia, there is *Quiet Street,* by Michael Ossorgin (Dial Press, $2.50). . . . It moves leisurely, with the journalistic clarity of Victor Hugo, though without his vivid drama, and with the minimum of propaganda to be expected of an

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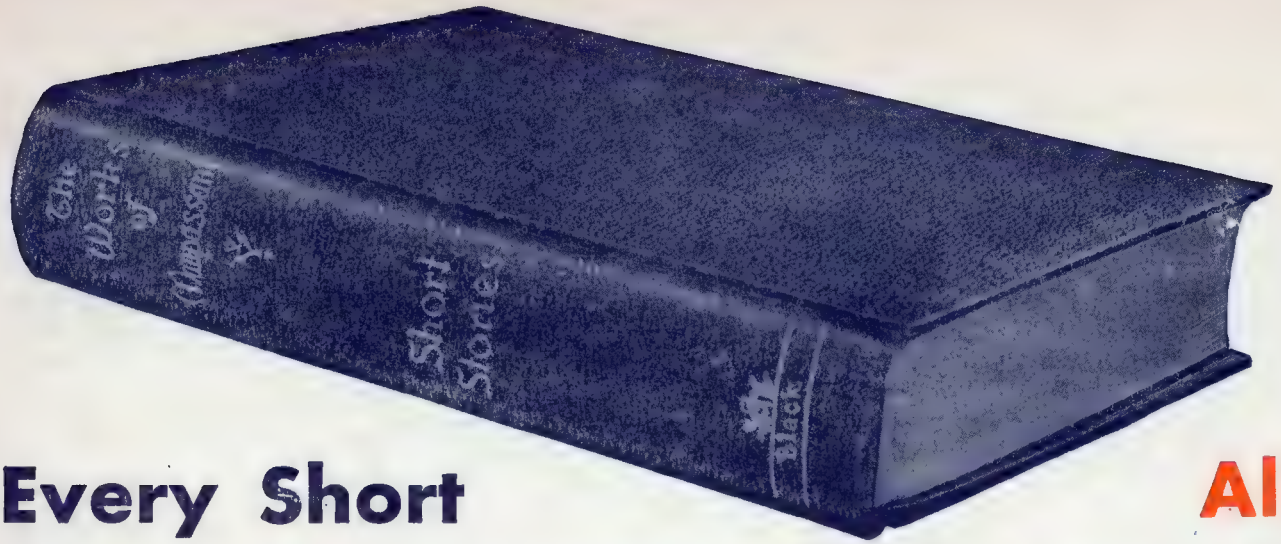

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From *Doubloons,* by Charles B. Driscoll, illustrated by Harry Cimino (Farrar & Rinehart).

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK'S latest novel, *Philippa* (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50), should be a best-seller, and like *The Little French Girl,* will reflect credit on the tastes of the reading public if it is. . . . It is a thoroughly readable story, of lighter, more conventional stuff than her best, but with a quiet distinction, and great solidity of character-drawing. . . . Philippa is vivid, modern, forthright and charming, but this is less her story than that of her parents. . . . Between her mother, who is "a darling; but too loving, and always gets all the kicks," and her father whom she worships, who is a little spoiled, floats Cosima Brandon with time and money to look always charming and a little sad. . . . The best painting is done, not in the main, sweeping lines of the story—which are arrestingly conventional and weak—but in the portrayal of the individual "scenes" which carry the story on: between Philippa and her mother; between Philippa's father and mother, and between her father and his second wife over his love for Philippa. . . . These are normal, very likable people, in whose emotional foolishness one can see one's own, and our sympathy, if not much of our mind, is theirs throughout. . . .

ROSE MACAULAY'S witty, acid comedy, *Staying with Relatives* (Liveright, $2.50), is her first novel in three years, and makes an adroit gift for the sophisticated. . . . We will say more about it next month; also about John R. Oliver's *Rock and Sand* (Macmillan, $3), a volume not to be missed by those who want to keep in touch with the best work being done in the field of the American novel. . . . Knut Hamsun's fat new novel *Vagabonds* (Coward, McCann, $2.50) is a stalwart story of two strolling entertainers who wander the Norwegian coast, but it lacks the distinction of *The Growth of the Soil,* where life was not merely presented in panorama, but sharply focused to significance. . . .

MARTHA OSTENSO has turned her rich and moody gaze once again on a barren Middle Western scene and a family struggle, in *Waters Under the Earth* (Dodd, Mead, $2). . . . But her town is universal, and the seven Welland children take on almost Greek proportions. . . . To one after another come tragedy and frustration under the moral strangle-hold of their father. . . . Only Carla, the youngest daughter, escapes through her detachment, and her will-o'-the-wisp blondness gleams through the book with a note of cheerfulness unusual to Miss Ostenso's work. . . . This book was chosen by the Book League of America for November. . . .

LIGHT NOVELS that need no word: Joseph Lincoln's *Blowing Clear* (Appleton, $2.50); Sabatini's *King's Minion* (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50) of the days of King Charlie; William J. Locke's *Shorn Lamb* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), a posthumous work. . . .

JOHN RUSSELL'S sea-stories, many of which have appeared in the GOLDEN BOOK, are now getting the attention they deserve in a fat, handsome volume called *Color of the East* (Norton, $3), made up of his three separate volumes of tales, *Where the Pavement Ends, In Dark Places,* and *Far Wandering Men.* . . . If you don't know John Russell, you have missed one of the few men writing today who can really tell an adventure story. . . . Another group of short stories worthy of attention is Edith Wharton's *Certain People* (Appleton, $2). . . . Edith Wharton's name always looks well on any Christmas list, and here are six new long stories in her almost best manner. . . .

YOU CAN CALL Elmer Davis' *Morals for Moderns* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2) short stories if you like: we won't. . . . But as cross-sections of the modern scene, they are pithy, hard-boiled, absorbing. . . . Here is the business girl with the married lover and an old-fashioned heart-ache for a secure love; an actress with ditto; the wife with a job; the professor whose son suffers from his free-thinking. . . . The scenes and characters are strikingly photographic, and that is all they are meant to be: you can hardly help drawing your own conclusions. . . .

Those Earnest Victorians (Morrow, $3.50) is an appraisal as free from prejudice as only a fair-minded historian's could be, illuminated with humor and forceful characterizations and brilliantly written, but concerned more with the conscientious effort to weigh the achievments and failures of the generation that was adjusting itself to machines, than with the desire to entertain with gossip about that generation's lack of sense of humor. . . . Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's period is that of middle class supremacy

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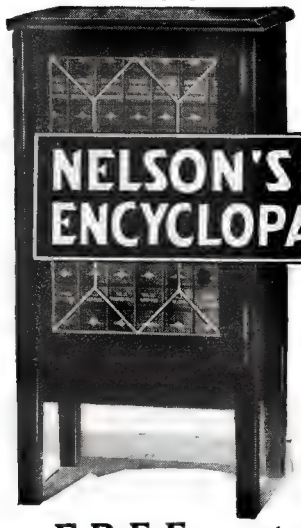

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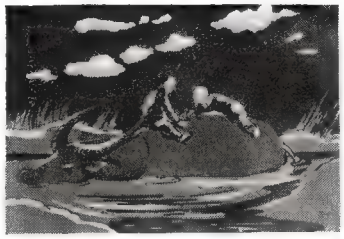
in England, between 1830 and 1870, a period when men achieved greatly, drawing energy from their earnestness, producing material wonders while their wives (described in a chapter called The Cult of the Double Bed) produced children to produce more material progress. Secure in the sustaining medium of a morality that was prudery without hypocrisy, their reticences "no more displaced than the desire of the Greek dramatist to get his killing done 'off'," they forged ahead with optimism instead of answers for the problems which now confound mankind—and in this Mr. Wingfield-Stratford finds their signal failure. They ignored the need for intellectual clarity, believing that "somehow good shall be the final goal of ill," and left us materially sitting pretty and socially teetering on the edge of a chasm.

From *The Cat Who Went to Heaven,* by Elizabeth Coatsworth, illustrated by Lynd Ward (Macmillan).

Biography

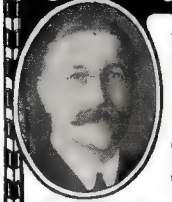
THIS BRINGS US fairly enough to biography and the greatest of these is Carl Van Doren's *Jonathan Swift* (Viking Press, $3), a volume lovingly and wisely written, of one of the most tragic and fascinating figures in all literature—the man whom Addison called "the greatest genius of his age," but whose age took him as a clown; whose life was one of bombast and invective and the gnawing realization of failure; who loved two women greatly and brought bitter unhappiness to each; whose *Gulliver's Travels,* perhaps the most devastating volume of social satire ever written, was and is now read largely by children. . . .



From Kurt Wiese's *Liang and Lo,* for very little children (Doubleday-Doran).

THERE IS ANOTHER "literary" biography with the fascination of fiction—the story of the Brontë sisters, *The Three Virgins of Haworth* (Dutton, $3), by Emilie and Georges Romieu, who demonstrate again that the French can write about English genius with a penetration and sympathy rarely equaled by English scholars. . . . Charlotte, Anne and Emily Brontë, the three strange, wild, pitiful sisters who spent their lives desiring passionately to live, make excellent heroines for dullest

Short Story Writing



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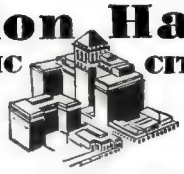

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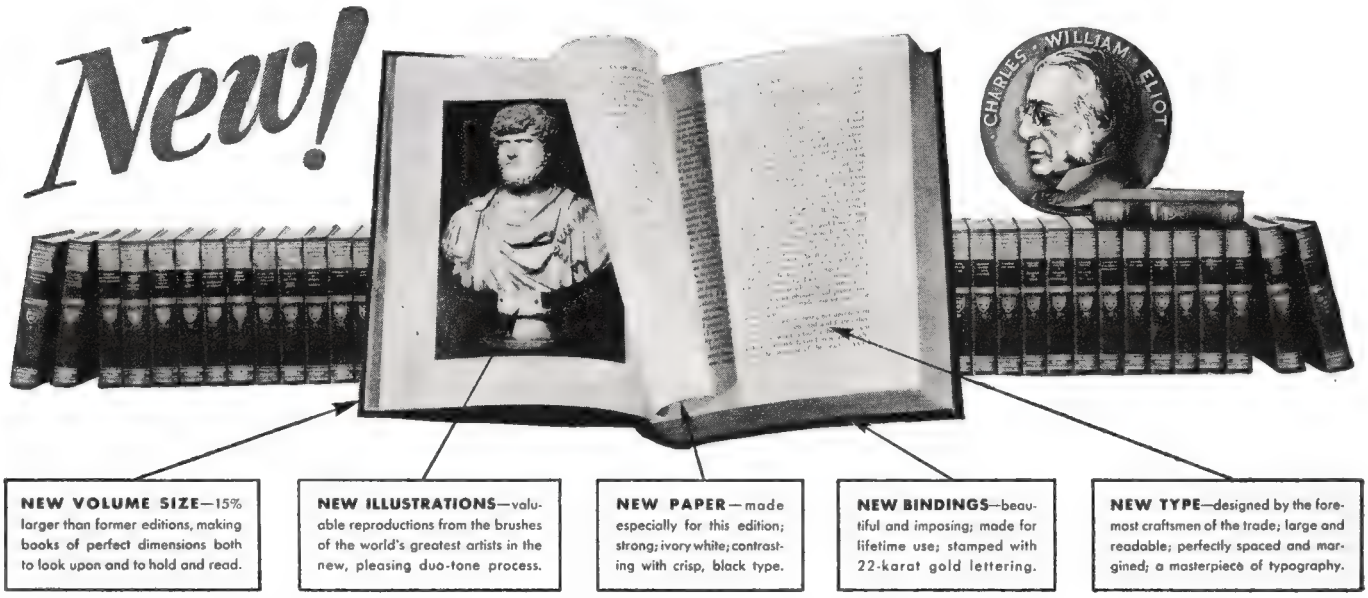

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Why don't you write?

biographers, and the Romieus are far indeed from that. . . .

IN THE FIELD of music, and musicians seem to make some of the best subjects for biographies, we commend *Bach the Master,* by Rutland Boughton (Harper, $4), and *Cosima Wagner,* by Richard Count du Moulin-Eckart, in two volumes, translated by Catherine Phillips (Knopf, $10). . . . Frau Wagner died only this year, and this is the first study of her, and the first intimate revelation of her relations with Wagner and of his everyday life. . . . It is confused, garrulous; but massed with fascinating material.

THE MAN WHO became the most powerful in all England because he rated the news value of an escaped elephant from the London Zoo above the fall of a Government is the subject for a brilliant biography by Hamilton Fyfe: *Northcliffe* (Macmillan, $4). . . . Alfred Harmsworth devastated and completely metamorphosed English journalism by making his newspapers interesting; he lived by the breath of sensation and controversy; he was made utterly happy when Salisbury said of the *Daily Mail* that it was written by office boys for office boys. . . . It was Northcliffe's tragedy that he grasped at last at greater power than he could obtain, and died a defeated egoist, already forgotten by the generation whose minds he had done so much to color. . . . He was one of the great figures of the opening century and of the War, and this is the definitive biography of him.

WE CAN RECOMMEND, too, Arthur Weigall's *Nero* (Putnam, $5), a much misjudged gentleman, we discover from Mr. Weigall's supple, authentic narrative. . . . John Drinkwater's *Pepys* (Doubleday, $2.50). . . . Jacques Chevalier's *Pascal* (Longmans, $5). . . . Henry Dwight of Sedgwick's *Henry of Navarre* (Bobbs-Merrill, $5). . . . *Jeb Stuart* by Captain J. W. Thomason (Scribner, $5) is racy and very much alive, and we believe sound as to fact. . . . John Palmer's *Moliere* (Brewer and Warren, $5)—this especially. . . . James Taver's *Whistler,* and any one of three biographies of *Mary Baker Eddy,* though the best is that of Lyman Powell (Macmillan, $5.) . . .

The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, by Major F. Yeats-Brown (Viking, $3), is biography and adventure, too—the story of one British army man who has lived through incredible alarums and excursions. . . .

Adventure and Travel

THERE IS NOT a buried doll's trunk with three silver dimes in it that Mr. Charles B. Driscoll does not know about. . . . For years he has been following the trail of lost treasure, and in *Doubloons* (Farrar and Rinehart, $5) he tells the absorbing stories, still unfinished, of all

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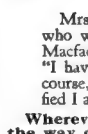

Walter E. Butts, Jr., whose highly dramatic short story, "In the Dark," appeared recently in Liberty, writes: "I am indebted to Dr. Esenwein for all of my training. I believe that he can do for any sincere beginner what he did for me—take him step by step all of the way to the writing of salable fiction."

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A New Artistic Movement is Born

Mrs. Fitzherbert. *By George Romney.*

ONE evening a group was discussing the new interest in art. Magnificent art museums have gone up and millions have visited them. But these are a relatively small number and there are other millions who can't go because of the time and money needed. These museums are in the larger cities, out of reach of those in the towns.

It was the opinion that, in spite of museums, we do not have the opportunity for the expression of our artistic desires that we deserve. To see the best involves an expensive trip throughout the United States and Europe, for the majority of the world's art treasures still remain abroad.

Then one of the men said, "Let us form an association which will give these millions of art-hungry people art where they want it—in their homes, not a hundred or a thousand miles away; in Europe or in some private collection. Let this association publish selected works of art from America and Europe, help people to choose the best, and distribute them at the lowest possible cost."

Everyone thought the idea an especially good one—the result was the formation of

Mona Lisa. *By Leonardo da Vinci.*

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The Club considers pictures from the most important galleries in New York, Chicago, Paris, London, Madrid, Berlin, and other cities. A picture chosen from the best of such great paintings is likely to be one you will want.

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The Club realizes that any one picture, however good, will not be liked by all. Therefore the choice is not forced on you. Each month the Club also recommends at least three pictures by other artists and you may select any of the others—a variety of subjects is recommended each month so that all tastes may be satisfied. Small reproductions are sent to you in advance so that you may decide which you wish. Or you may exchange the picture without additional cost.

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These pictures are etchings or photogravures printed by hand from imported plates. This is more expensive, but it is the only satisfactory way. The pictures are about 1 x 1½ feet, just right for the average room.

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G.B. 12-30

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the great buried treasures of the world. Gold to the present value of one hundred and fifty million dollars that lies only eighty feet deep in a Spanish harbor; Kidd's treasure on the Nova Scotian coast; a priceless jeweled crown designed for the head of the first Spanish ruler of England, not eighty yards from the town pier in Tobemory Bay, Argyllshire, that has eluded the grasp of seekers since 1588 when the Armada was routed. . . . These are the kind of stories Mr. Driscoll has to tell, and he describes tersely not only the happenings when the treasures were buried, but the dramatic history of the attempts to recover them since. Here, obviously, is a perfect gift for the adventurous-minded, and a grand one for boys, though it was not especially intended for them. . . .

ALONG WITH *Doubloons* goes Stanley Rogers' *Atlantic* (Crowell, $2.75), the history of an ocean, illustrated with Mr. Rogers' own drawings, familiar to those who swear by his *Sea-Lore*. . . . Mr. Rogers cannot tell even the most matter of facts about the sea without coloring them with wind and salt air and we have it on best authority that his knowledge of ships is authentic. . . .

ADVENTURE AND TRAVEL BOOKS are best of all for Christmas, and we have left practically no space for them at all! You will have to take our word for it that the following are good: *Bring 'Em Back Alive,* by Frank Buck and F. Anthony (Simon and Schuster, $3.50), story of capturing any number of African wild animals for zoos; Byrd's book describing his adventures at the South Pole, *Little America* (Putnam, $5); *Andree's Story* (Viking, $5) and *Andree, the Record of a Tragic Adventure* (Brewer and Warren, $2.50) by George P. Putnam; Lowell Thomas' *India: Land of the Black Pagoda* (Century, $4); *Wagons West,* by Elizabeth Page (Farrar and Rinehart, $5) of Gold Rush days. . . . Two books on Alaska by Mary Lee Davis both published by Wilde and Company. . . .

OUR OWN Better Business Bureau selects for the Big Business Man (if you are sure he would not rather have a mystery story):

1. *Moving Forward,* by Henry Ford and Samuel Crowther (Doubleday, $2.75).
2. *The World's Economic Dilemma,* by Ernest Minor Patterson (Whittlesey House: McGraw-Hill Company, $3.50).
3. *They Told Barron,* edited and arranged by Arthur Pound and Samuel Taylor Moore (Harper, $5).

Mr. Ford's philosophies are sometimes shrewd and sometimes do not seem to us to make sense, but his story of re-vamping the Ford works after the 15th million Model T, to produce the First Model A would interest Amy Lowell. Mr. Ford's economic theories are necessarily

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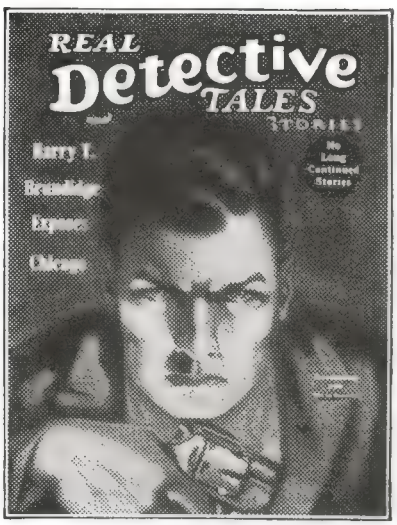

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Illustrated in color by René d'Harnoncourt

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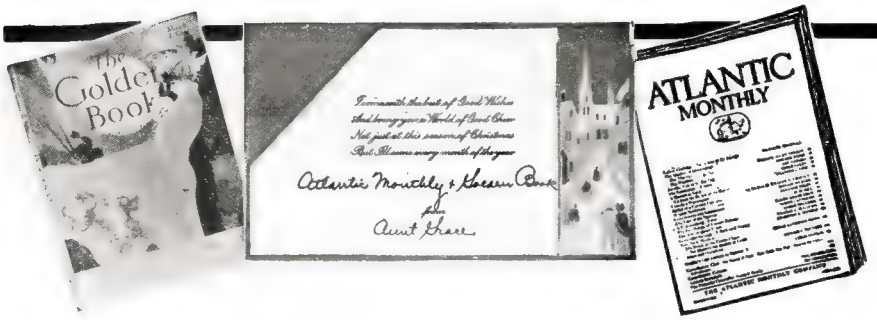

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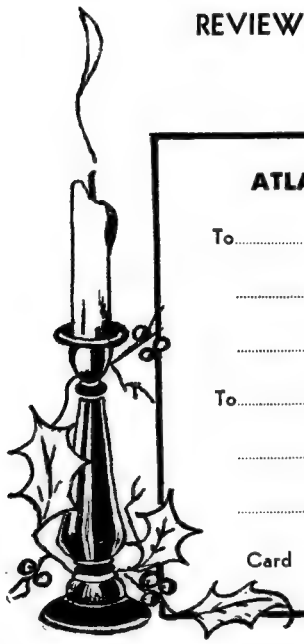

ATLANTIC MONTHLY — THE GOLDEN BOOK

To..... To.....

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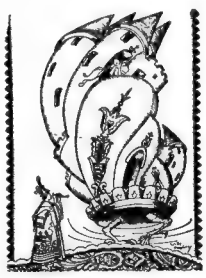
G. B. 12-30

important. They work . . . Ernest Minor Patterson is Professor of Economics at the University of Pennsylvania. He states the imperative need for international economic co-operation. . . . Clarence W. Barron, publisher of the *Wall Street Journal,* took daily notes of his conversations with the great in finance and politics. These notes, covering the period from 1918 to 1928 when he died, contain a mass of unrelated facts, from how many gardeners Sam Untermeyer employed on his place in Yonkers to how much cash profit Calvin Coolidge made out of being President. . . .



From *Magyar Fairy Tales,* by Nandor Pogany, illustrated by Willy Pogany (Dutton).

FOR THOSE WHO dare give mystery stories (our bitter experience has been that all mystery-story fans are so keen on the trail of new murder stories that they have already read the books we give them) we can especially recommend Agatha Christie's *The Murder at the Vicarage* (Dodd, Mead, $2); Earl Derr Biggers' *Charlie Chan Carries On* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2); John Rhode's *Dr. Priestley Investigates* (Dodd, Mead, $2) —you really can't beat Dr. Priestley; Katherine Vinden's fiendish *Thing in the Night* (Crime Club, $1); Emanie Sachs' novel-mystery, *The Octangle* (Cape and Smith, $2); Walter Masterman's *Yellow Mistletoe* (Dutton, $2); and G. K. Chesterton perking up again in *Four Faultless Felons* (Dodd, Mead, $2). . . .

ALONG COMES a new set of *Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes,* by Harry Graham (Putnam, $1)—see sample on page **8**—and there are twenty others. Also another *New Yorker Album* (Doubleday, $2.50), better than ever. . . .

A BOOK THAT you will no doubt want to collect because it is a book of John Vassos' drawings, and that makes a handsome gift book, 1930 style, is *Ultimo* (Dutton, $5), pictures by John and text by Ruth, his wife, of what life will be like on this planet after the sun cools off and men retreat under the earth. . . .

BORN TO BE gift books and to live happily on the living-room table for some time after are three volumes of spoofing Americana. . . . One is Clarence H. Knapp's book of Sob Ballads, *I'm Sorry if I Have Offended,* new but authentic in spirit with those ballads of sentiment over which our parents languished. . . . These are introduced with a few kind words by Frank Sullivan and Corey Ford, and adorned with mustachio-ed, pompadoured woodcuts by Donald Streeter. Thirty-two of these touching ditties, and sixty-four of Mr. Streeter's woodcuts, not

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The Gray Seal.....*Frank L. Packard*
Talking Bird.....*Harris Dickson*
A Capillary Crime.....*Millet*
The Night of Gems.....*Sabatini*
The Lady With the Hatchet.....*Leblanc*
Extradition .....*Arthur Train*
The Four Just Men.....*Edgar Wallace*
Angelo .....*A. Moroso*
The Debt Collector.....*M. Level*
Hubert the Spy.....*Hugo*
Missing: Page 13.....*Anna K. Green*
A Purloined Letter.....*Poe*
Zadig ..... *Voltaire*
Lodging for the Night.....*Stevenson*
12 Green Russian Garnets.....*A. S. Hardy*
Dr. Manette's Manuscript.....*Dickens*
Dick Turpin.....*Prison Records*
A Case of Somnambulism.....*Capuana*
Iron Shroud..... *Mudford*
Sharper of Alexandria.....*Arabian Nights*
The Biter Bit.....*Collins*
The Nail..... *Alarcon*
The Confession..... *Hume*
Love and Police.....*Gaboriau*
Madame Noel.....*Vidocq*
Case of Identity.....*Doyle*
The Silent Bullet.....*Arthur B. Reeve*
Pen, Pencil and Poison.....*Wilde*
Vincent Cawdor, Commission Agent ..... *Oppenheim*
Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe.*Hawthorne*
Miss Youghal's Sais.....*Kipling*
The Detective..... *Sue*
Jacques Collin..... *Balzac*
D'Artagnan, Detective..... *Dumas*
Majesty of Justice.....*A. France*
Rinconete and Cortadillo.....*Cervantes*
The Beaucaire Diligence.....*Daudet*
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Too Dear..... *Tolstoi*
Cartouche.....*French Criminal Records*
Rose of Tuolumne.....*Harte*
Three Strangers..... *Hardy*
Tracked by Trappers.....*Ouida*
Knightsbridge Mystery..... *Reade*
Two Drovers..... *Scott*
Jack Shepherd..... *Chronicles*
Legend of Count Julian.....*Irving*
Condy Cullen and The Gauger.....*Carleton*

AND MANY OTHERS

counting the one of the singing waiter that accompanies each title are to be had from Putnam ($2). Second, in listing not in virtue, is Edward Van Every's *Sins of New York* (Stokes, $5) as exposed by the Police *Gazette* from 1845 to the end of the gas-light era. . . . The young gallants who once sniggered when they read the *Gazette* surreptitiously in barber shops and pool rooms will still get a chuckle out of these well-chosen excerpts from New York's favorite magazine. . . . Third is John Huston's *Frankie and Johnny* (A. and C. Boni, $4), which would be memorable for its drawings by Covarrubias alone, but contains in addition Mr. Huston's re-creation of the facts of the real murder upon which our most famous of modern folk-songs is based, and twelve authoritative versions of the song as sung in different sections of the country. . . . Covarrubias' drawings must be seen to be believed (we printed one last month in these pages), but we promise you they are worth the price of the book. They are the height of low art. . . .

Books *for* Children

THE BEST LOOKING JOB being done in the publishing business, in our opinion, is in the field of children's books. Year by year, they have become —in physical appearance at least—more and more attractive, until a large proportion of the really beautiful books being put out at ordinary prices are what is technically known as "juveniles." . . . All that is very solemn, but we feel strongly on the subject. . . . Every move (this year marks several) towards adding charm to the looks of bread-and-butter priced volumes, both new books and new editions of classics, wins cheers from us.

ANYWAY, TO LOOK THROUGH a pile of the children's books ready for this Christmas is more than nice clean work. . . . Whether you like reading about Annabel Doll and Charlie's trip to Grandmother's or not, you will delight in the pleasant size and shape of these volumes, their charming type and lavish illustration. . . . There are not only a large assortment of perennials in new dress, but here are a few of the new books that actually seem worthy of a place in a child's library along with such as *Pinocchio, the Just So Stories* or *Hans Andersen*. . . .

From *The Painted Pig*, a Mexican picture book with text by Elizabeth Morrow and drawings by René D'Harnoncourt (Knopf).

FOR THE VERY YOUNG we fancy most *The Painted Pig*, with text by Elizabeth Morrow and pictures by René D'Harnoncourt (Knopf, $2), the most cheerful, colorful, Mexican of picture-books, with a story by Mrs. Dwight Morrow about the pilgrimage of Pedro and Pita to market to buy a painted pig, and of all the other toys they saw and their adventures before they got what they wanted. . . . Hardly a parent would be bored reading this book to its child, no matter how often they had to do it, and we suspect it would be very often. . . .

The Duck and its Friends (Oxford University Press, $1.25) by Fletcher White is made up of primitively drawn and brightly colored animals, each with his name spelled out on pictured blocks. . . . Even more elementary is Helen Sewell's charming alphabet book *A B C for Everyday* (Macmillan, $1.50), about modern children's everyday doings. . . . Intensely modern is *The First Picture Book* of photographs by Edward Steichen (Harcourt, Brace, $2) gotten together by Mary Steichen Martin, also of everyday things, and without any text. . . .

Noddy Goes A-Plowing, by Margaret Baker (Duffield, $2) is for those children beginning to read to themselves. . . . Its large type, with not too discouragingly much on a page, and a picture for each step of the way, recounts Noddy's difficulties in securing a plow so that he can win the duke's plowing contest and a fine lassie for his wife. . . . *Liang and Lo*, text and pictures by Kurt Wiese (Doubleday, Doran, $1.50), is also for any child from three to eight. Its delicate, vivacious pictures have much action in their simple line, and recount the adventures of two little Chinese boys who set out on a buffalo's back to find a dragon. . . . It is hard to tell you how perfectly charming these pictures are. . . .

Hitty: Her First Hundred Years, by Rachel Field with illustrations by Dorothy Lathrop (Macmillan, $2.50), is a complete and entire success for younger children though it should delight any up to the captious 'teens. . . . We are far from the first person to discover this fact; the book is the winner of the Newberry Medal for 1930—the outstanding award of the year for a child's book. . . .

OTHER PICTURE BOOKS that deserve special attention, not to say purchase, are *In the Mouse's House*, drawn by Mathilde Ritter and imported straight from Germany by Laidlaw Brothers of Chicago ($1.25). . . . *To Market to Market*, by Emma L. Brock (Knopf, $1.75) the journey of a duck and a mouse through very

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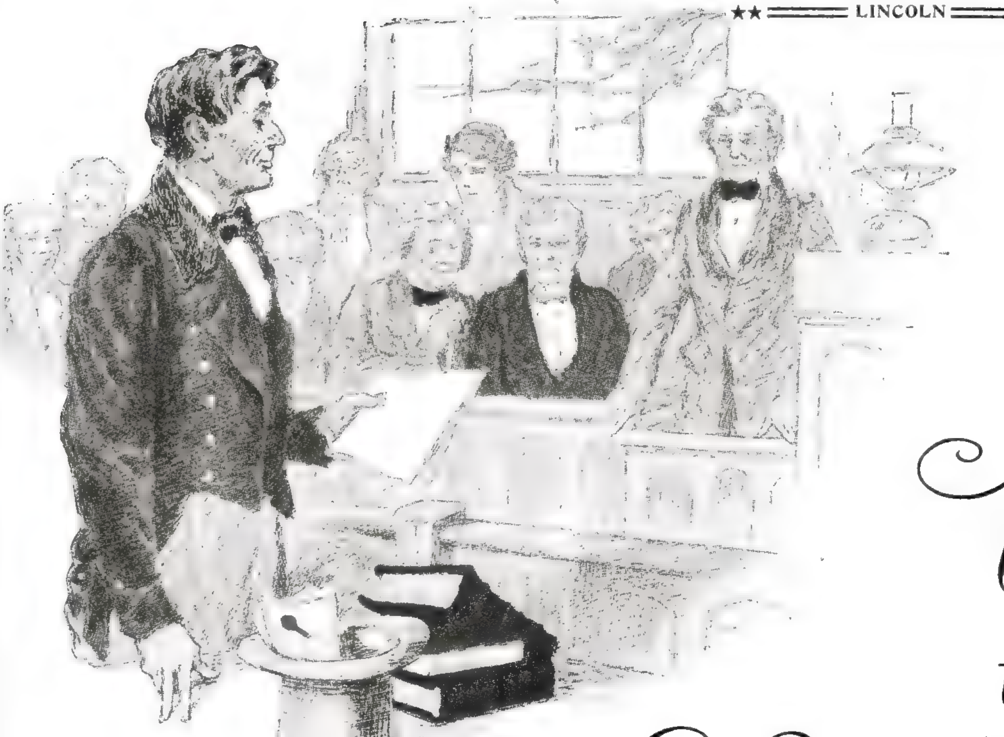

Why is the Question Mark Shaped like a Hook?

LINCOLN had neither the time nor the money to attend Law School. His knowledge of legal procedure came largely from some old volumes of Blackstone, found in a barrel of odds and ends. Yet he made a record as a successful lawyer. Why?

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THE two very handsome volumes were delivered at my office this morning. I became so fascinated with the story that goes with the cartoons that I have neglected my other business. I shall see that they go to my house tonight. Otherwise they would break up my business.

FRANK O. LOWDEN
Former Governor of Illinois

MY eleven-year-old son, lured by the cartoons, has devoured the volumes. In fact, their dual appeal to father and son has been inconvenient. When I have wanted them they have been missing from my library, and I have had to go to my son's rooms to find them.

GLENN FRANK, *President of the University of Wisconsin*

IT is now exactly 4 a. m. I have, with profound regret, laid aside your splendid volumes on Abraham Lincoln.

EDWARD F. SULLIVAN
Oakland, California

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AN ENTIRELY SOUND buy this year or ten years from now would be Anne Parrish's *Floating Island* (Harper, $3), illustrated with a good deal of help from the author by Mr. Doll, the hero of the book. It is a full-length book account of the fearsome shipwreck and Crusoe-age of the Doll family, who once lived in an elegant canary yellow doll's house, with red rosebuds on the green carpet in the parlor. . . . It strikes us as very much to the taste of boys or girls of ten or under, and we read it through in one absorbed sitting ourselves. . . . Miss Parrish has as much fun making sly little cracks at human and doll nature for her young readers to enjoy as she does in her books for grown-ups. It is full of her enthusiasm for writing it, with her readers very much in mind, and no self-conscious eye on the older readers. . . . Possibly it's too young a book for ten-year-olds, even. You had better take a special look at it if you intend it for a child who might be on the far boundary of the doll-area. . . .

ANDRÉ MAUROIS has tried his hand at a child's book, and is less successful than as a biographer. . . . There is a good deal of charm about his book, *The Country of Thirty-six Thousand Wishes* (Appleton, $2.50), and a nice idea, but he has his ear cocked for the chuckle of the grown-ups that read it aloud, and we think that is a little low. . . . Five children get a permit to visit a very up-to-date fairy land, and have a remarkably fine time, but when they try to go back a while later, they are refused entrance, because now they answer correctly the history and arithmetic questions the Fairy Queen asks them as entrance examination. . . .

IF BOOK REVIEWS were written by those of eight-going-on-twelve, we don't doubt that E. Nesbit's *The Five Children* (Coward McCann, $3), would be named as the big event of the book year. . . . Those who already know *The Bastable Children,* backbone of any proper English bringing up, need not be told that this fat book is the perfect Christmas present for the ages named, conferring on the donor at the same time a feeling of irreproachable literary taste. . . .

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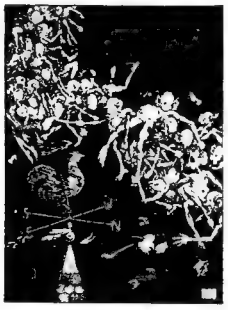
OUR OWN FAVORITE is *The Wee Men of Ballywooden* (Doubleday, Doran), by Arthur Mason, with illustrations by Robert Lawson. . . . It is not only one of those uncommonly beautiful books for $2.50 that we were talking about, but it has the charm of James Stephen's *Irish Fairy Tales* and such timeless books. . . . Perhaps that's going too far but we are quite prepared to read the book through again to check up on our opinion. . . . From eight on, children should relish this tale of what happened when Denny O'Fay's fairy fish failed to appear, and the Big Wind blew the Wee Men right out of Ballywooden, and a very bad thing it was, too, until they got back. . . . These have the humor and swing and uncompassed imaginings of true Irish fairy lore. . . .

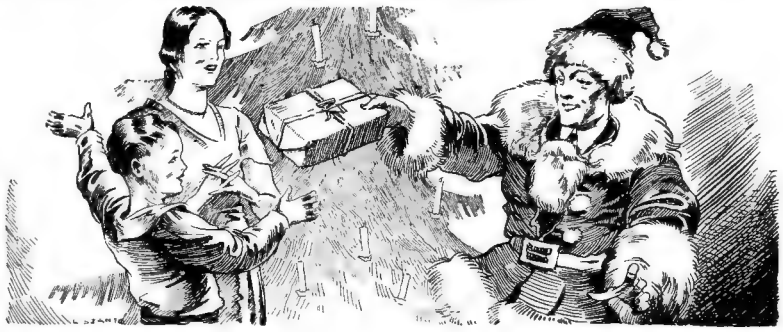
THE NEXT BEST BOOK of fairy tales for the year is Nandor Pogany's *Magyar Fairy Tales* (Dutton, $3), with illustrations by Willie Pogany. . . . Oddly enough, it is the famous artist who is the less successful of the brothers at his task. . . . Nandor has admirably caught the charm and simplicity of these old Hungarian legends, not very different in actual story from other peasant lore, but filled with fresh color. . . . Willy has done grand things in a few of the pictures, such as the one reproduced here, and fallen into the way rather than the spirit of the peasant art in others of the illustrations. . . .



The Big Wind, from *The Wee Men of Ballywooden*, by Arthur Mason, illustrated by Robert Lawson (Doubleday, Doran).

The Cat who Went to Heaven by Elizabeth Coatsworth is certainly one of the enchanting books of the fall, for children or not. . . . It is one of Macmillan's beautifully gotten up but inexpensive volumes (this time, $2), and Lynd Ward has done water colors reproduced in soft grays that are as charming and fresh as the text. . . . The book is an exquisite stringing together of Japanese legends about Buddha and a variety of animals, all pictured here as the young Japanese artist drew them on white silk for a triumphal procession entering heaven that he was painting for Buddha's temple. . . . There is variety, charm and pathos about this really lovely little book. . . .

THE ANTHOLOGY of stories, poems, and pictures called *No. 8 Joy Street* (Appleton, $3) is justifiably dedicated to parents of children for whom only the best is good enough. . . . It is a handsome,



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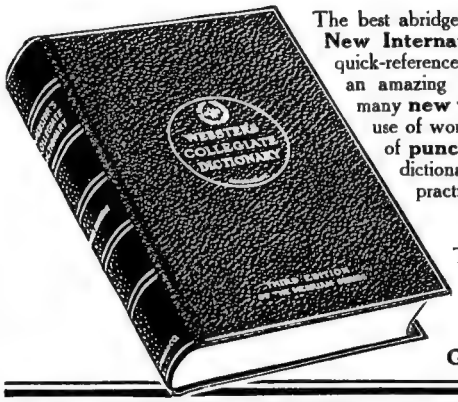

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of the Golden Book Magazine, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1930.

State of NEW YORK } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Albert Shaw, Jr., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Golden Book Magazine, and the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Editor, Frederica P. Field, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Managing Editor, Ralph Rockafellow, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Business Manager, Albert Shaw, Jr., 55 Fifth Ave., New York. 2. That the owner is: The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Albert Shaw, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed, Albert Shaw, Jr., Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1930. Signed, Myrtle Mortimer, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1932.)

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large volume, and its contributors include Laurence Housman, Algernon Blackwood, Compton Mackenzie, L. A. G. Strong, Eleanor Farjeon, and others. . . .

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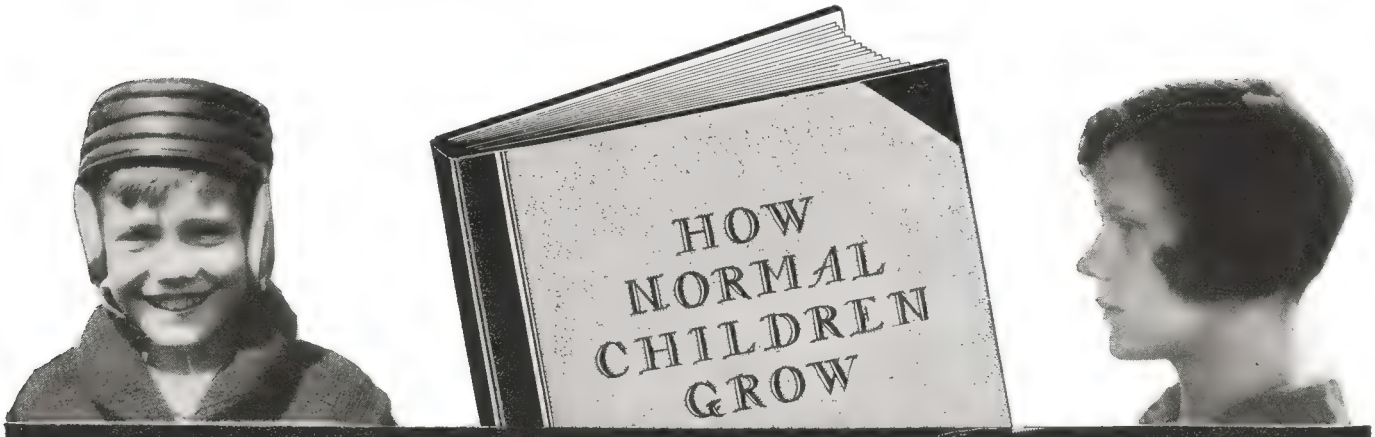

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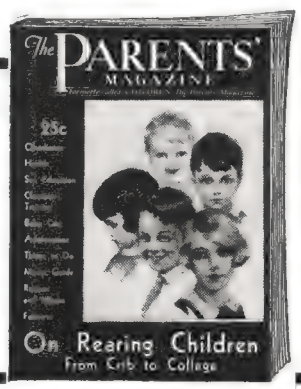

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Here Endeth the First Lesson

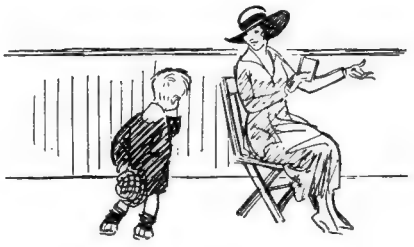
By PERCY L. CROSBY

1 About three months before Christmas, Timmie decided to join the Methodist Church Sunday School

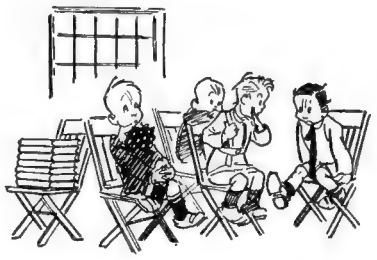
2 The following Sunday he joined the Episcopalian Sunday School

3 Then the Unitarian.

4 The ensuing Sunday he belonged to the Dutch Reform Church



5 In the same town was a Presbyterian Church So Timmie joined



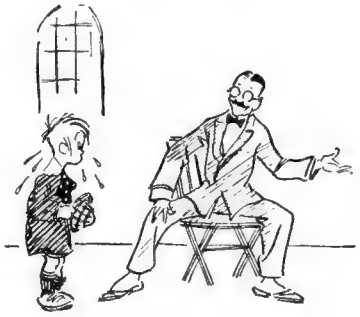
6 Seven days later he found a Quaker Church — Made Friends.

7 Another Sunday he espied a Collegiate Church and immediately joined.

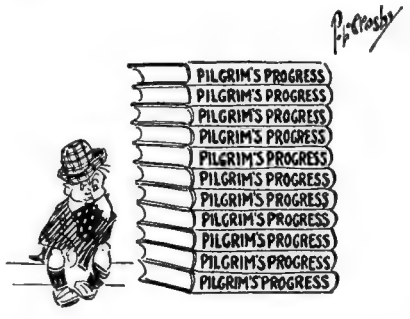
8 After which he became a member of the Congregational Church

9 The Baptist Church showed him every kindness

10 In the Lutheran Sunday School Timmie was a great help to the teacher



11 Just before Christmas he arrived at the Universalist Church in time to enroll with the Sunday School.



12 With the result that each gave him a Christmas present.

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DECEMBER

VOLUME XII
NUMBER 72

The Golden Book Magazine

DECEMBER
1930

Only aristocrats signed their names in the original Libro d'Oro of Venice from which the Golden Book Magazine takes its name. The world's aristocrats of letters—of all ages, from the oldest to the most modern—appear in these pages.

A Cup of Tea

By KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Drawings by Xena Wright

ROSEMARY FELL was not exactly beautiful. No, you couldn't have called her beautiful. Pretty? Well, if you took her to pieces. . . . But why be so cruel as to take anyone to pieces? She was young, brilliant, extremely modern, exquisitely well dressed, amazingly well read in the newest of the new books, and her parties were the most delicious mixture of the really important people and . . . artists—quaint creatures, discoveries of hers, some of them too terrifying for words, but others quite presentable and amusing.

Rosemary had been married two years. She had a duck of a boy. No, not Peter—Michael. And her husband absolutely adored her. They were rich, really rich, not just comfortably well off, which is odious and stuffy and sounds like one's grandparents. But if Rosemary wanted to shop she would go to Paris as you and I would go to Bond Street. If she wanted to buy flowers, the car pulled up at that perfect shop in Regent Street, and Rosemary inside the shop just gazed in her dazzled, rather exotic way, and said: "I want those and those and those. Give me four bunches of those. And that jar of roses. Yes, I'll have all the roses in the jar. No, no lilac. I hate lilac. It's got no shape." The attendant bowed and put the lilac out of sight, as though this was only too true: lilac was dreadfully shapeless. "Give me those stumpy little tulips. Those red and white ones." And she was followed to the car by a thin shopgirl staggering under an immense white paper armful that looked like a baby in long clothes. . . .

One winter afternoon she had been buying something in a little antique shop in Curzon Street. It was a shop she liked. For one thing, one usually had it to oneself. And then the man who kept it was ridiculously fond of serving her. He beamed whenever she came in. He clasped his hands; he was so gratified he could scarcely speak. Flattery, of course. All the same, there was something. . . .

"You see, madam," he would explain in his low respectful tones, "I love my things. I would rather not part with them than sell them to someone who does not appreciate them, who has not that fine feeling which is so rare. . . ." And, breathing deeply, he unrolled a tiny square of blue velvet and pressed it on the glass counter with his pale finger-tips.

Today it was a little box. He had been keeping it for her. He had shown it to nobody as yet. An exquisite little enamel box with a glaze so fine it looked as though it had been baked in cream. On the lid a minute creature stood under a flowery tree, and a more minute creature still had her arms around his neck. Her hat, really no bigger than a geranium petal, hung from a branch; it had green ribbons. And there was a pink cloud like a watchful cherub floating above their heads. Rosemary took her hands out of her long gloves. She always took off her gloves to examine such things. Yes, she liked it very much. She loved it: it was a great duck. She must have it. And, turning the creamy box, opening and shutting it, she couldn't help noticing how charming her hands were against the blue velvet. The shopman, in some dim cavern of his mind, may have dared to think so too. For he took a pencil, leaned over the counter, and his pale, bloodless fingers crept timidly towards those rosy, flashing ones, as he murmured gently: "If I may venture to point out to madam, the flowers on the little lady's bodice."

"Charming!" Rosemary admired the flowers. But what was the price? For a moment the shopman did not seem to hear. Then a murmur reached her. "Twenty-eight guineas, madam."

"Twenty-eight guineas." Rosemary gave no sign. She laid the little box down; she buttoned her gloves again. Twenty-eight guineas. Even if one is rich. . . . She looked vague. She stared at a plump teakettle like a plump hen above the shopman's head, and her voice was dreamy as she answered: "Well, keep it for me—will you? I'll . . ."

But the shopman had already bowed as though keeping it for her was all any human being could ask. He would be willing, of course, to keep it for her forever.

The discreet door shut with a click. She was outside on the step, gazing at the winter afternoon. Rain was falling, and with the rain it seemed the dark came too, spinning down like ashes. There was a cold bitter taste in the air, and the new-lighted lamps looked sad. Sad were the lights in the houses opposite. Dimly they burned as if regretting something. And people hurried by, hidden under their hateful umbrellas. Rosemary felt a strange pang. She pressed her muff to her breast; she wished she had the little box, too, to cling to. Of course, the car was there. She'd only to cross the pavement. But still she waited. There are moments, horrible moments in life, when one emerges from shelter and looks out, and it's awful. One oughtn't to give way to them. One ought to go home and have an extra-special tea. But at the very instant of thinking that, a young girl, thin, dark, shadowy—where had she come from?—was standing at Rosemary's elbow and a voice like a sigh, almost like a sob, breathed: "Madam, may I speak to you a moment?"

"Speak to me?" Rosemary turned. She saw a little battered creature with enormous eyes, someone quite young, no older than herself, who clutched at her coat-collar with reddened hands, and shivered as though she had just come out of the water.

"M-madam," stammered the voice. "Would you let me have the price of a cup of tea?"

"A cup of tea?" There was something simple, sincere in that voice; it wasn't in the least the voice of a beggar.

"Then have you no money at all?" asked Rosemary.

"None, madam," came the answer.

"How extraordinary!" Rosemary peered through the dusk, and the girl gazed back at her. How more than extraordinary! And suddenly it seemed to Rosemary such an adventure. It was like something out of a novel by Dostoevsky this meeting in the dusk. Supposing she did do one of those things she was always reading about or seeing on the stage, what would happen? It would be thrilling. And she heard herself saying afterwards, to the amazement of her friends: "I simply took her home with me," as she stepped forward and said to that dim person beside her: "Come home to tea with me."

The girl drew back startled. She even stopped shivering for a moment. Rosemary put out a hand and touched

Inheritance

By A. E.

As flow the rivers to the sea
Adown from rocky hill or plain,
A thousand ages toil for thee
And gave thee harvest of their gain;
And weary myriads of yore
Dug out for thee earth's buried lore.

The shadowy toilers for thee fought,
In chaos of primeval day,
Blind battles with they knew not what;
And each before he passed away
Gave clear articulate cries of woe:
Your pain is theirs of long ago.

And all the old heart-sweetness sung,
The joyous life of man and maid
In forests when the earth was young,
In rumours round your childhood strayed:
The careless sweetness of your mind
Comes from the buried years behind.

And not alone unto your birth
Their gifts the weeping ages bore,
The old descents of God on earth
Have dowered thee with celestial lore:
So, wise, and filled with sad and gay
You pass into the further day.

"You're—you're not taking me to the police station?" she stammered.

her arm. "I mean it," she said, smiling. And she felt how simple and kind her smile was. "Why won't you? Do. Come home with me now in my car and have tea."

"You—you don't mean it, madam," said the girl, and there was pain in her voice.

"But I do," cried Rosemary. "I want you to. To please me. Come along."

The girl put her fingers to her lips and her eyes devoured Rosemary. "You're—you're not taking me to the police station?" she stammered.

"The police station!" Rosemary laughed out. "Why should I be so cruel? No, I only want to make you warm and to hear—anything you care to tell me."

Hungry people are easily led. The footman held the door of the car open, and a moment later they were skimming through the dusk.

"There!" said Rosemary. She had a feeling of triumph as she slipped her hand through the velvet strap. She could have said, "Now I've got you," as she gazed at the little captive she had netted. But of course she meant it kindly. Oh, more than kindly. She was going to prove to this girl that—wonderful things did happen in life, that—fairy godmothers were real, that—rich people had hearts, and that women *were* sisters. She turned impulsively, saying: "Don't be frightened. After all, why shouldn't you come back with me? We're both women. If I'm the more fortunate, you ought to expect . . ."

But happily at that moment, for she didn't know how the sentence was going to end, the car stopped. The bell was rung, the door opened, and with a charming, protecting, almost embracing movement, Rosemary drew the other into the hall. Warmth, softness, light, a sweet scent, all those things so familiar to her she never even thought about them, she watched that other receive. It was fascinating. She was like the little rich girl in her nursery with all the cupboards to open, all the boxes to unpack.

"Come, come upstairs," said Rosemary, longing to begin to be generous. "Come up to my room." And, besides, she wanted to spare this poor little thing from being stared at by the servants; she decided as they mounted the stairs she would not even ring for Jeanne, but take off her things by herself. The great thing was to be natural!

And "There!" cried Rosemary again, as they reached her beautiful big bedroom with the curtains drawn, the fire leaping on her wonderful lacquer furniture, her gold cushions and the primrose and blue rugs.

The girl stood just inside the door; she seemed dazed. But Rosemary didn't mind that.

"Come and sit down," she cried, dragging her big chair up to the fire, "in this comfy chair. Come and get warm. You look so dreadfully cold."

"I daren't, madam," said the girl, and she edged backwards.

"Oh, please"—Rosemary ran forward—"you mustn't be frightened, you mustn't, really. Sit down, and when I've taken off my things we shall go into the next room and have tea and be cozy. Why are you afraid?" And gently she half pushed the thin figure into its deep cradle.

But there was no answer. The girl stayed just as she had been put, with her hands by her sides and her mouth slightly open. To be quite sincere, she looked rather stupid. But Rosemary wouldn't acknowledge it. She leaned over her, saying: "Won't you take off your hat? Your pretty hair is all wet. And one is so much more comfortable without a hat, isn't one?"

There was a whisper that sounded like "Very good, madam," and the crushed hat was taken off.

"Let me help you off with your coat, too," said Rosemary.

The girl stood up. But she held on to the chair with one hand and let Rosemary pull. It was quite an effort. The other scarcely helped her at all. She seemed to stagger like a child, and the thought came and went through Rosemary's mind, that if people wanted helping they must respond a little, just a little, otherwise it became very difficult indeed. And what was she to do with the coat now? She left it on the floor, and the hat, too. She was just going to take a cigarette off the mantelpiece when the girl said quickly, but so lightly and strangely: "I'm very sorry, madam, but I'm going to faint. I shall go off, madam, if I don't have something."

"Good heavens, how thoughtless I am!" Rosemary rushed to the bell.

"Tea! Tea at once! And some brandy immediately!"

The maid was gone again, but the girl almost cried out. "No, I don't want no brandy. I never drink brandy. It's a cup of tea I want, madam." And she burst into tears.

It was a terrible and fascinating moment. Rosemary knelt beside her chair.

"Don't cry, poor little thing," she said. "Don't cry." And she gave the other her lace handkerchief. She really was touched beyond words. She put her arm round those thin, birdlike shoulders.

Now at last the other forgot to be shy, forgot everything except that they were both women, and gasped out: "I can't go on no longer like this. I can't bear it. I shall do away with myself. I can't bear no more."

"You shan't have to. I'll look after you. Don't cry any more. Don't you see what a good thing it was that you met me? We'll have tea and you'll tell me everything. And I shall arrange something. I promise. *Do* stop crying. It's so exhausting. Please!"

The other did stop just in time for Rosemary to get up before the tea came. She had the table placed between them. She plied the poor little creature with everything, all the sandwiches, all the bread and butter, and every time her cup was empty she filled it with tea, cream and sugar. People always said sugar was so nourishing. As for herself she didn't eat; she smoked and looked away tactfully so that the other should not be shy.

And really the effect of that slight meal was marvellous. When the tea-table was carried away a new being, a light, frail creature with tangled hair, dark lips, deep, lighted eyes, lay back in the big chair in a kind of sweet languor, looking at the blaze. Rosemary lit a fresh cigarette; it was time to begin.

"And when did you have your last meal?" she asked softly.

But at that moment the door-handle turned.

"Rosemary, may I come in?" It was Philip.

"Of course."

He came in. "Oh, I'm so sorry," he said, and stopped and stared.

"It's quite all right," said Rosemary smiling. "This is my friend, Miss——"

"Smith, madam," said the languid figure, who was strangely still and unafraid.

"Smith," said Rosemary. "We are going to have a little talk."

"Oh, yes," said Philip. "Quite," and his eye caught sight of the coat and hat on the floor. He came over to the fire and turned his back to it. "It's a beastly afternoon," he said curiously, still looking at that

It had not occurred to Rosemary that Philip would think the forlorn Miss Smith pretty.

listless figure, looking at its hands and boots, and then at Rosemary again.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Rosemary enthusiastically. "Vile."

Philip smiled his charming smile. "As a matter of fact," said he, "I wanted you to come into the library for a moment. Would you? Will Miss Smith excuse us?"

The big eyes were raised to him, but Rosemary answered for her. "Of course she will." And they went out of the room together.

"I say," said Philip, when they were alone. "Explain. Who is she? What does it all mean?"

Rosemary, laughing, leaned against the door and said: "I picked her up in Curzon Street. Really. She's a real pick-up. She asked me for the price of a cup of tea, and I brought her home with me."

"But what on earth are you going to do with her?" cried Philip.

"Be nice to her," said Rosemary quickly. "Be frightfully nice to her. Look after her. I don't know how. We haven't talked yet. But show her—treat her—make her feel——"

"My darling girl," said Philip, "you're quite mad, you know. It simply can't be done."

"I knew you'd say that," retorted Rosemary. "Why not? I want to. Isn't that a reason? And besides, one's always reading about these things. I decided——"

"But," said Philip slowly, and he cut the end of a cigar, "she's so astonishingly pretty."

"Pretty?" Rosemary was so surprised that she blushed. "Do you think so? I—I hadn't thought about it."

"Good Lord!" Philip struck a match. "She's absolutely lovely. Look again, my child. I was bowled over when I came into your room just now. However . . . I think you're making a ghastly mistake. Sorry, darling, if I'm crude and all that. But let me know if Miss Smith is going to dine with us in time for me to look up *The Milliner's Gazette.*"

"You absurd creature!" said Rosemary, and she went out of the library, but not back to her bedroom. She went to her writing-room and sat down at her desk. Pretty! Absolutely lovely. Bowled over! Her heart beat like a heavy bell. Pretty! Lovely! She drew her cheque book towards her. But no, cheques would be no use, of course. She opened a drawer and took out five pound notes, looked at them, put two back, and holding the three squeezed in her hand, she went back to her bedroom.

Half an hour later Philip was still in the library, when Rosemary came in.

"I only wanted to tell you," said she, and she leaned against the door again and looked at him with her dazzled exotic gaze, "Miss Smith won't dine with us."

Philip put down the paper. "Oh, what's happened? Previous engagement?"

Rosemary came over and sat down on his knee. "She insisted on going," said she, "so I gave the poor little thing a present of money. I couldn't keep her against her will, could I?" she added softly.

Rosemary had just done her hair, darkened her eyes a little, and put on her pearls. She put up her hands and touched Philip's cheeks.

"Do you like me?" said she, and her tone, sweet, husky, troubled him.

"I like you awfully," he said, and he held her tighter. "Kiss me."

There was a pause.

Then Rosemary said dreamily, "I saw a fascinating little box today. It cost twenty-eight guineas. May I have it?"

Philip jumped her on his knee. "You may, little wasteful one," said he.

But that was not really what Rosemary wanted to say.

"Philip," she whispered, and she pressed his head against her bosom, "*am I pretty?*"

Prohibition in Ancient Times

Legislation intended to regulate and correct the behavior of people in respect to food, drink, clothing, entertainments and pleasure has been found in the law books of all great Western nations. Rome, during her career as a world power, passed many prohibition laws in an attempt to counteract the voluptuous habits of living which the city acquired with the provinces of Greece and Asia.

Funerals may be neat but not gaudy
450 B. C.

Among other things, luxury in funerals was restricted by prescribing the number of wreaths and purple hangings, and the maximum sum that should be spent on ointment and incense. No gold could be buried except that which fastened the teeth. "Let extravagance, therefore," writes Cicero, "be diminished to three suits of mourning, with purple bands, and ten flute players."

Men rule their wives' extravagance by law
215 B. C.

During the Second Punic War, when Hannibal had a stranglehold on the Roman Republic, in order to divert private wealth to public needs, the Lex Oppia provided that: "No woman shall possess more than half an ounce of gold, or wear a garment of various colors, or ride in a carriage drawn by horses, in a city or any town or any place nearer thereto than one mile, except on occasion of some public religious solemnity."

Cato advocates the primitive
184 B. C.

The red-haired, green-eyed, disagreeable Cato the Elder, enemy of the aristocrats and champion of the good old days when Romans lived in huts and ate beans, fostered during his political career several measures aimed to correct the private lives of the rich. When he was made Censor he ordained, for example, that all dresses, carriages, women's ornaments, or household furniture which exceeded 1500 denarii (about $250) in value be assessed at ten times their worth.

A banquet for $.60 with native wine
161 B. C.

The value and nature of food served at a dinner party were also strictly regulated in Rome. It was declared that the cost of a banquet at the time of the Roman Games, the Plebeian Games or the Saturnalia, should not exceed 100 asses (an ass at that time was worth less than six cents); at the time of other festivals 30 asses; on ordinary days, ten. The host was forbidden to serve any imported wines and to serve no fowl but a single hen and that one not fattened. Guests as well as the host were liable to penalty for transgressions of these laws.

Purple and pearls reserved for the aged
46 B. C.

Julius Cæsar made an effort to curb Roman extravagance. According to his biographer, Suetonius: "The use of lictors, likewise the wearing of purple clothes and of pearls, he took away, saving only in certain persons and ages, and upon special days. He set certain watchmen and wardens in sundry places about the shambles and market where victuals were sold, to lay hold on all cakes and viands contrary to the prescript rule of the law in that behalf; and to bring the same to him. Otherwhiles also he sent secretly his own officers and soldiers to fetch away such meats out of the very dining parlors and banqueting rooms, even when they were set upon the board."

Regulating marriage
18 B. C.

Augustus passed a law making marriage for the Roman citizen compulsory and another law making adultery a crime against the state. The latter measure reacted to his sorrow since it compelled him to punish his only daughter, the beautiful Julia. He banished her to escape putting her to death.

Promiscuous kissing prohibited.
16 A. D.

Tiberius, who believed in the simple life for himself as well as others, put restrictions on cook-shops and eating-houses prohibiting them from exposing pastry for sale. He issued an edict forbidding general kissing, both as a hygienic and moral measure, and prohibited the exchange of New Year's gifts.

So They Say

ARISTIDE BRIAND:
Foreign Minister of France

"While I am where I am, there will be no war."

THOMAS ALVA EDISON:

"There may be another war if people don't quiet down and be more sensible."

ALBERT EINSTEIN:
submitting a paper on a new theory

"Maybe people will think I am a fool when they read it."

MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER:
of New York City, about his job

"All the glory is gone, all the glitter is off. It's just a hard job and someone else can have it."

CIRCUIT JUDGE THOMAS J. LYNCH:
refuses a father's request to take his fifteen-year-old daughter into custody because she stayed out until one and two A. M.

"I won't do it. Girls of today do things like that, and they are good girls, too. My own nieces stay out as late as that and as for the night before Labor Day, I'd have stayed out that late myself if it hadn't rained."

"BUGS" BAER:
columnist

"Political economy should include a Save-Your-Bribes Week."

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL:
warden of St. Stephen's College, discusses the dangers of the rapid spread of higher education.

"The horrid picture remains of an increasing immaturity at the top of the intellectual pile—of a world dominated and directed by retarded adolescents. Peter Pan is a charming figure in fantasy, but a real world led by little boys who have never grown up is a concept that has nightmare possibilities."

ARNOLD BENNETT:
British writer

"Good taste is better than bad taste, but bad taste is better than no taste."

ADOLF HITLER:
leader of the German Fascists

"All epoch-making revolutionary events have been produced not by the written but by the spoken word."

ARTHUR GREENWOOD:
British Minister of Health

"The 'slum mind' exists in all classes of society. There are people in Mayfair who, if left alone, would prove that they had it. It is merely shiftlessness."

CHARLES LEO O'DONNELL:
president, Notre Dame University

"A good football team always goes with a good college. Athletes look to the greatness of a college and are inspired to uphold its intellectual and moral prestige."

LAWRENCE HOWE:
Detective-Sergeant for 21 years in Chicago.

"For each robbery committed in London, New York commits thirty-six and Chicago one hundred."

DR. DAVID RIESMAN:
professor of clinical medicine at the University of Pennsylvania

"Unlike the European who retires to a life of leisure when he has enough for a comfortable living, the American wants to become richer."

W. RALPH INGE:
gloomy Dean of St. Paul's

"I think every criminal condemned to death ought to be allowed to carry out the sentence on himself in his own way. . . . I should not censure a man who, knowing he was dying slowly of an agonizing disease, wishes to shorten his sufferings. I must add that if I were attacked by a painful disease I hope I should have the patience to wait until the end. I don't think I should wish anyone near and dear to me to act otherwise."

MARIA CORDA:
motion picture actress

"In London I could find no young people, with the exception of George Bernard Shaw."

MRS. HENRY L. MENCKEN:
after three weeks of marriage

"Henry is Victorian, though he won't admit it."

MRS. HERBERT HOOVER:
at a Girl Scout convention

"It takes just as much courage to wash dishes three times a day as it does to go out and shoot a bear."

PETER H. MARTIN:
representative of the Aberdeen, Scotland, Chamber of Commerce

"What impressed me most in Chicago is that six can ride in a taxi for the price of one."

CHRISTIAN F. REISNER:
pastor of the Broadway Temple Methodist Church, New York City, outlines a daily dozen for beauty builders

"Many women wisely use cosmetics and a variety of facial improvers. Once they were criticized; they should be commended."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW:
British playwright

"The poor old theater is done for, I am afraid. All my plays will be made into talkies before long. What other course is open to me? The theater may survive as a place where people are taught to act. Apart from that, there will be nothing but talkies soon."

HENRY FORD:
industrial leader

"What is a leader anyhow? It is a man who visualizes what people want, and goes ahead and produces it."

LEONARD H. ROBBINS:
author and columnist, in the "New York Times."

"A Chinese family feels rich, we read, with one hundred dollars a year. Here is food for serious thought. . . . But after all, who wants a Chinese family?"

GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING:
on his seventieth birthday

"Nothing gives me more happiness than that I have never been drawn into political life."

FRED KOLAKOW:
in the divorce court, explains

"Everything was all right until my wife's first husband came to live with us."

CECELIA MARY LOUISE ("TEXAS") GUINAN:
nightclub hostess, in her daily sermonette in the "New York Graphic," addresses fellow columnist Coolidge

"Well, Cal, they got me doing it now. We can work together all right. You preach thrift and economy, and when your readers have saved all they can send them to me."

CHARLES GATES DAWES:
United States Ambassador to Great Britain

"When people listen through the radio to speeches of demagogues, their instincts are not aroused as when they are in a crowd."

PERCY GRAINGER:
musician and composer

"Technical accomplishment is not so vital in musical education as bringing out the primitive instincts."

WALTER B. PITKIN:
author, in "The Psychology of Achievement"

"Far from being 'a man in a million' Babe Ruth is at least one man in 50 or 60 million. Were men paid according to the scarcity of rivals who can do their work equally well, Babe Ruth should be receiving at least ten million dollars a year, instead of the paltry 80 thousand he now pockets."

JOHN MURRAY:
British publisher

"A dose of poison can do its work only once, but a bad book can go on poisoning people's minds for any length of time."

ARTHUR CAPPER:
Republican Senator from Kansas.

"This is no time to put Democrats in power—the Lord knows it is all the Republicans can do to keep things going in times like these."

A WOMAN VOTER:
in North Carolina to the Democratic candidate after he had sought her vote by chopping wood for an hour

"I hardly know who to vote for. Both you and Mr. Franks have been so nice to us. Why, right now Mr. Franks is out on the back porch churning."

FRED M. BRITTEN:
United States congressman

"I would seriously say that all Europe is much more precariously poised today than it was in 1912, two years before the war. It certainly is much more heavily armed and much more sensitive."

A Monthly Letter to the Golden Book

HUGH WALPOLE'S Notes *from a* Northern Cottage

The view from Mr. Walpole's cottage at Keswick, England

MY FRIEND, who for a week past has been helping me to arrange the books (laid out at last in row after row upon the library floor) picking up Leonard Merrick's *Cynthia,* Butcher and Lang's translation of the *Odyssey* and Macaulay's *Life,* said a few wise words about Immortality.

"It's funny," he said, "that although modern Science is apparently slaying Religion, it hasn't as yet affected an author's thirst for Immortality."

"What do you mean?"

"Well—we realize now that we are less, far less, than the dust. We realize that thirty thousand years ago Palæolithic man painted glorious pictures of bison on the caves of Altimira. We realize that those thirty thousand years are a mere wink in the eye of Time. And yet we talk of Shakespeare as immortal. Nay, more—I saw that a critic crowned T. S. Eliot with these words: 'He is assured of Immortality.'"

"Critics use words loosely," I answered absentmindedly. But I picked up Merrick's *Cynthia.* "When I was aged twelve a novel of Merrick's about a wicked man from Africa who pretended to be heir to an estate when he wasn't, changed my life. Therefore he is immortal."

"Well, then, every word that everyone utters is immortal," my friend answered, beating the dust off the back of Congreve.

"Certainly. Why not? When Saint Ilario suspected his wife, Corona, of adultery, I, aged ten, cried out aloud: 'Don't be such a fool!' I also lived at that time with Hazlitt at Winterslow, saw King Lear hover on the perilous cliff and watched in Macaulay's company Charles II. die. They in their turn have been translated into the streets of a Cathedral town, Polchester, which has probably already worked in some young stomach towards a masterpiece of 1950 or thereabout."

"You are not, I hope, comparing your novels with Hazlitt or King Lear," said my friend.

"I am comparing them with nothing," I answered. "There's far too much comparison going on already. But as the horrible novelist in Maugham's new novel remarks (he bears a dreadful resemblance to myself and six at least of my friends including Maugham): 'We all do our best.' What I am trying to say is that an artist is a link in a chain. It doesn't matter at all to what Eternity that chain stretches. Granted that he has some place in the chain, that's all he needs. *Cynthia* is not an epoch-making novel—there have been many better—but Merrick is a link."

"Here is Dunsany," said my friend, picking him up. "Is he a link?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"What a lot of links there must be!"

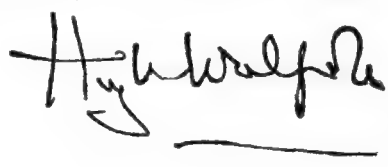
"It's a very long chain." We are not always so sententious, my friend and I, but arranging your library gives you food for thought. I meditated for an instant on the sudden and complete extinction of Conrad. You never hear anywhere his name. For the moment *Lord Jim, The Nigger, Chance* are sunk beneath the waves. For the moment only, of course. That reaction, inevitable and certain after the death of any writer (it does not, oddly enough, seem to be Hardy's fate—he is read and discussed more and more) has submerged Conrad, but only for the moment.

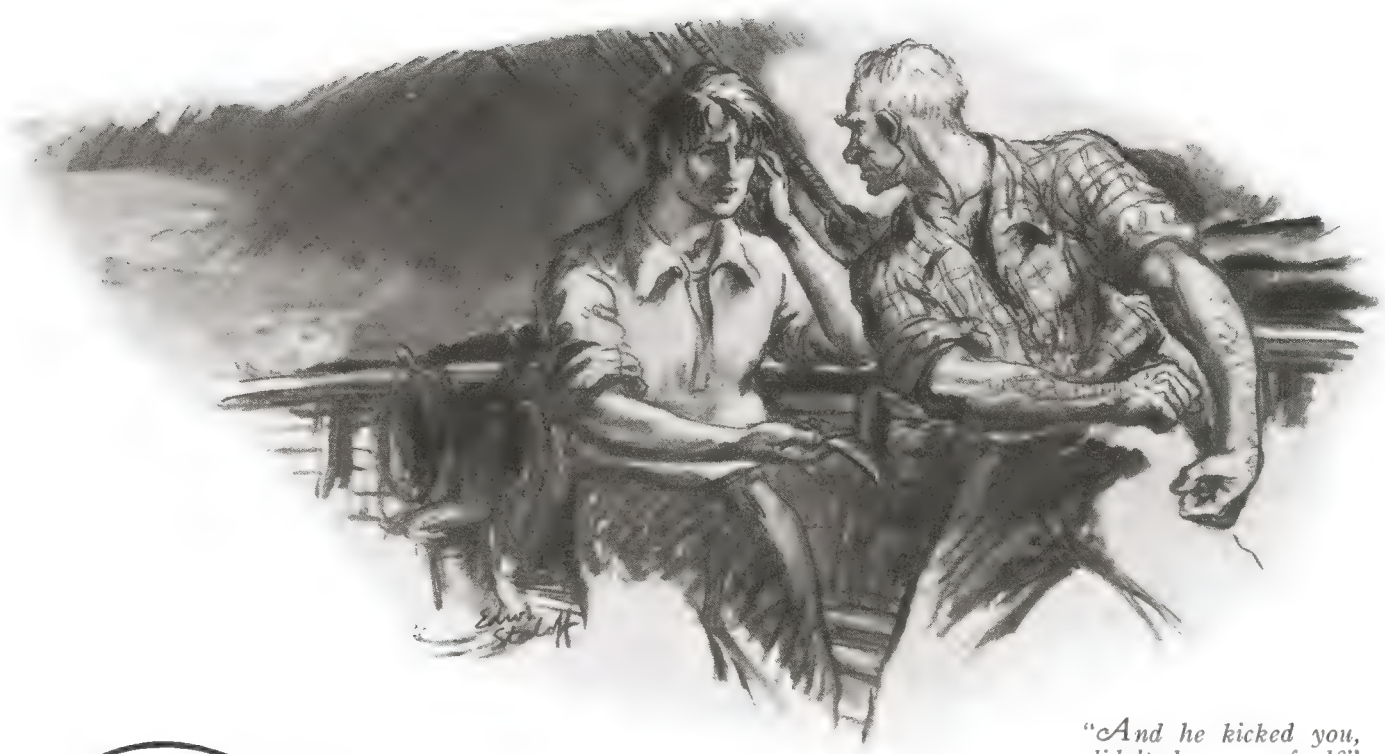
Take, though, such a tale as *Lord Jim,* a light novel like *Cynthia,* one of Hazlitt's essays. They are greater and lesser in their different degrees—but they are all alike in this: Hazlitt, Conrad, Merrick, Dunsany are artists; that is, they have heightened, according to their different natures, man's appreciation of Truth and Beauty.

I am sorry to spell these two tiresome words with capital letters, but I have no choice. They are important. They mean exactly what they look. It is at this point, I think, that criticism is left behind. Criticism is a glorious and necessary art, but when the noise is over, that small or large contribution of the artist's uniqueness remains—and that uniqueness is the link in the chain.

"But how if you are not unique?" asked my friend.

"Then you are not a link," I replied.





"And he kicked you, didn't he, you fool?"

The Murderer

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

FROM THE OPEN DOOR of the galley, where the cross, sleepy cook was coaxing his stove to burn, a path of light lay across the deck, showing a slice of steel bulwark with ropes coiled on the pins, and above it the arched foot of the mainsail. In the darkness forward, where the port watch of the *Villingen* was beginning the sea day by washing down decks, the brooms swished briskly and the head-pump clacked like a great, clumsy clock.

The men worked in silence, though the mate was aft on the poop, and nothing prevented them from talking as they passed the buckets to and from the tub under the pump and drove their brooms along the planks. They labored with the haste of men accustomed to be driven hard, with the shuffling, involuntary speed that has nothing in it of free strength or good-will.

The big German four-master had gathered from the boarding-house of Philadelphia a crew representing all the nationalities which breed sailors, and carried officers skilled in the crude arts of getting the utmost out of it. And since the *lingua franca* of the sea, the tongue which has meaning for Swedish carpenters, Finn sail-makers, and Greek fo'c's'le hands alike, is not German, orders aboard the *Villingen* were given and understood in English.

"A hand com' aft here!"

It was the mate's voice from the poop, robust and peremptory. Conroy, one of the two Englishmen in the port watch, laid down the bucket he was carrying and moved aft in obedience to the summons. As he trod into the slip of light by the galley door, he was visible as a fair youth, long-limbed and slender, clad in a serge shirt, with dungaree trousers rolled up to the knees, and girt with a belt which carried the usual sheath-knife. His pleasant face had a hint of uncertainty; it was conciliatory and amiable; he was an able seaman of the kind which is manufactured by a boarding-master short of men out of a runaway apprentice. The others, glancing after him while they continued their work, saw him suddenly clear by the galley door, then dim again as he stepped beyond it. He hastily passed out of sight towards the lee poop ladder.

The silent, hurried sailors pressed on with their work, while the big bark purred through the water to the drone of wind thrusting in the canvas. The brooms were abaft of the galley when the outcry began which caused them to look apprehensively towards the poop without ceasing their business of washing down. First it was an oath in explosive German, the tongue which puts a cutting-edge on profanity; then the mate's roar:

"Is dat vat I tell you, you *verfluchter* fool? Vat? Vat? You don't understand ven I speak? I show you vat——"

The men who looked up were on the wrong side of the deck to make out what was happening, for the

chart-house screened the drama from them. But they knew too well the meaning of that instantaneous silence which cut the words off. It was the mate biting in his breath as he struck. They heard the smack of the fist's impact and Conroy's faint, angry cry as he failed to guard it; then the mate again, bull-mouthed, lustful for cruelty: "Vat—you lift up your arm to me! You dog!"

More blows, a rain of them, and then a noise as though Conroy had fallen or been knocked down. And after that a thud and a scream.

The men looked at one another, and nods passed among them. "He kicked him when he was down on the deck," the whisper went. The other Englishman in the watch swore in a low grunt and dropped his broom, meeting the wondering eyes of the "Dutchman" and "Dagoes" with a scowl. He was white-haired and red-faced, a veteran among the nomads of the sea, the oldest man aboard, and the only one in the port-watch who had not felt the weight of the mate's fist. Scowling still, as though in deep thought, he moved towards the ladder. The forlorn hope was going on a desperate enterprise of rescue.

It might have been an ugly business; there was a sense in the minds of his fellows of something sickening about to happen; but the mate had finished with Conroy. The youth came staggering and crying down the ladder, with tears and blood befouling his face, and stumbled as his foot touched the deck. The older man, Slade, saved him from falling, and held him by the upper arm with one gnarled, toil-roughened hand, peering at him through the early morning gloom.

"Kicked you when you was down, didn't he?" he demanded abruptly.

"Yes," blubbered Conroy, shivering and dabbing at his face. "With his sea-boots, too, the—the——"

¶ Those who watched for stories by Perceval Gibbon in magazines a generation ago may remember this as one of his most powerful tales of sea adventure and human conflict.

Slade shook him. "Don't make that noise or he might kick you some more," he advised grimly. "You better go now an' swab that blood off your face."

"Yes," agreed Conroy tremulously, and Slade let him go.

The elder man watched him move forward on shambling and uncertain feet, with one hand pressed to his flank, where the mate's kick was still an agony. Slade was frowning heavily, with a tincture of thought in his manner, as though he halted on the brink of some purpose.

"Conroy," he breathed, and started after the other.

The younger man turned. Slade again put his hand on Conroy's arm.

"Say," he said, breathing short, "is that a knife in your belt?"

CONROY FELT BEHIND HIM, uncomprehending, for the sheath-knife, which he wore, sailor fashion, in the middle of his back.

"What d'you mean?" he asked vacantly. "Here's my knife."

He drew it and showed it to Slade, the flat blade displayed in his palm.

The white-haired seaman thrust his keen old face toward Conroy's, so that the other could see the flash of the white of his eyes.

"And he kicked you, didn't he?" said Slade tensely. "You fool!"

He struck the knife to the deck, where it rattled and slid toward the scupper.

"Eh?" Conroy gasped, not understanding. "I don't see what——"

"Pick it up!" said Slade, with a gesture toward the knife. He spoke, as though he strangled an impulse to brandish his fists and scream, in a nasal whisper. "It's safe to kick you," he said. "A woman could do it."

"But——" Conroy flustered vaguely.

Slade drove him off with a wave of his arm and turned away with the abruptness of a man disgusted beyond bearing.

Conroy stared after him and saw him pick up his broom where he had dropped it and join the others. His intelligence limped; his thrashing had stunned

Drawings by Edward Staloff

him, and he could not think—he could only feel, like fire in his mind, the passion of the feeble soul resenting injustice and pain which it cannot resist or avenge. He stooped to pick up his knife and went forward to the tub under the head-pump, to wash his cuts in cold sea-water, the cheap balm for so many wrongs of cheap humanity.

It was an accident such as might serve to dedicate the day to the service of the owners of the *Villingen*. It was early and sudden; but, save in these respects, it had no character of the unusual. The men who plied the brooms and carried the buckets were not shocked or startled by it so much as stimulated; it thrust under their noses the always imminent danger of failing to satisfy the mate's ideal of seaman-like efficiency. They woke to a fresher energy, a more desperate haste, under its suggestion.

It was after the coffee interval, which mitigates the sourness of the morning watch, when daylight had brought its chill, gray light to the wide, wet decks, that the mate came forward to superintend the "pull all round," which is the ritual sequel to washing down.

"Lee fore-brace, dere!" his flat, voluminous voice ordered, heavy with the man's potent and dread personality.

They flocked to obey, scurrying like scared rats, glancing at him in timid hate. He came striding along the weather side of the deck from the remote, august poop; he was like a dreadful god making a dreadful visitation upon his faithful. Short-legged, tending to bigness in the belly, bearded, vibrant with animal force and personal power, his mere presence cowed them. His gross face, the happy face of an egoist with a sound digestion, sent its lofty and sure regard over them; it had a kind of unconsciousness of their sense of humility, of their wrong and resentment—the innocence of an aloof and distant tyrant, who has not dreamed how hurt flesh quivers and seared minds rankle. He was bland and terrible; and they hated him after their several manners, some with dull fear, one or two—and Slade among them—with a ferocity that moved them like physical nausea.

He had left his coat on the wheel-box and was manifestly unarmed. The belief which had currency in the forecastle, that he came on watch with a revolver in his coat-pocket, did not apply to him now; they could have seized him, smitten him on his blaspheming mouth, and hove him over the side without peril. It is a thing that has happened to a hated officer more than once or ten times, and a lie, solemnly sworn to by every man of the watch on deck, has been entered in the log, and closed the matter for all hands. He was barer of defense than they, for they had their sheath-knives; and he stood by the weather-braces, arrogant, tyrannical, overbearing, and commanded them. He seemed invulnerable, a thing too great to strike or defy, like the white squalls that swooped from the horizon and made of the vast *Villingen* a victim and a plaything. His full, boastful eye traveled over them absently, and they cringed like slaves.

"Belay, dere!" came his orders, overloud and galling to men surging with cowardly and insufferable haste. "Lower tobsail—haul! Belay! Ubber tobsail—haul, you sons of dogs! Haul, dere, blast you! You vant me to come over and show you?"

Servilely, desperately, they obeyed him, spending their utmost strength to placate him, while the naked spirit of murder moved in every heart among them. At the tail of the brace, Conroy, with his cuts stanched, pulled with them. His abject eyes, showing the white in sidelong glances, watched the great, squat figure of the mate with a fearful fascination.

Eight bells came at last, signalling the release of the port watch from the deck and the tension of the officer's presence. The forecastle received them, the stronghold of their brief and limited leisure. The unkempt, weather-stained men, to whom the shifting seas were the sole arena of their lives, sat about on chests and on the edges of the lower bunks, at their breakfast, while the pale sunlight traveled to and fro on the deck as the *Villingen* lurched in her gait. Conroy, haggard and drawn, let the coffee slop over the brim of his hook-pot as he found himself a seat.

"Well, an' what did he punch ye for this time?"

It was old Slade who put the question, seated on a chest with his back against the bulkhead. His pot was balanced on his knee, and his venerable, sardonic face, with the scanty white hair clinging about the temples, addressed Conroy with slow mockery.

Conroy hesitated. "It was over coilin' away some gear," he said. Slade waited, and he had to go on. He had misunderstood the mate's order to coil the ropes on the pins, where they would be out of the way of the deck-washing, and he had flemished them down on the poop instead. It was the mistake of a fool, and he knew it.

Slade nodded. "Ye-es," he drawled. "You earned a punch an' you got it. But he kicked you, too, didn't he?"

"Kicked me!" cried Conroy. "Why, I thought he was goin' to kill me! Look here—look at this, will you?"

With fumbling hands he cast loose his belt and flung it on the floor, and plucked his shirt up so as to leave his side bare. He stood up, with one arm raised above his head, showing his naked flank to the slow eyes of his shipmates. His body had still a boyish delicacy and slenderness; the labor of his trade had not yet built it and thickened it to a full masculinity of proportion. Measured by any of the other men in the watch, it was frail, immature, and tender. The moving sunlight that flowed around the door touched the fair skin and showed the great, puffed bruises that stood on it, swollen and horrid, like some vampire fungus growing on the clean flesh.

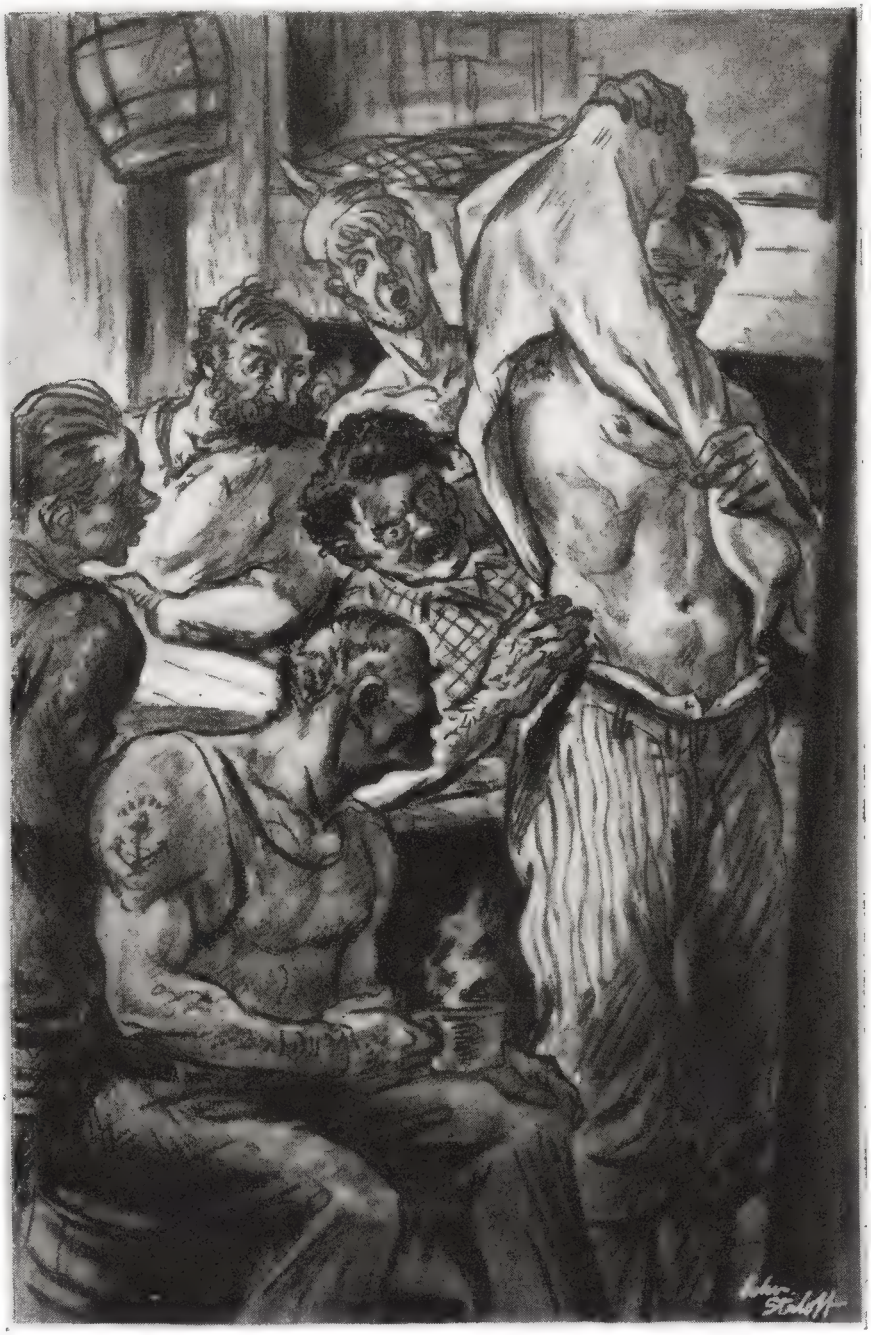
A great Greek, all black hair and eyeball, clicked softly between his teeth.

"It looks like—a hell!" he said softly, in his purring voice.

"Dem is kicks, all right—*ja!*" said some one else, and yet another added the comment of a heavy oath.

Old Slade made no comment, but sat, balancing his hook-pot of coffee and watching the scene under his heavy white brows. Conroy lowered his arm and let the shirt fall to cover the bruises.

"You see?" he said to Slade.



"Kicked me! Why I thought he was going to kill me! Look here!"

"I see," answered the other, with a bitter twist of his old, malicious lips. Setting down the pot which he held, he stooped and lifted the belt which Conroy had thrown down. It seemed to interest him, for he looked at it for some moments.

"And here's yer knife," he said, reaching it to the youth, still with his manner of mockery. "There's some men it wouldn't be safe to kick, with a knife in their belts."

He and Conroy were the only Englishmen there; the rest were of the races which do not fight bare-handed. The big Greek flashed a smile through the black, shining curls of his beard, and continued to smile without speaking. Through the tangle of incomprehensible conventions, the Greek had arrived at last at a familiar principle.

Conroy flushed hotly, the blood rising hectic on his bruised and broken face.

"If he thinks it's safe with me," he cried, "he'll learn different. I didn't have a chance aft there; he came on me too quick, before I was expecting him, and it was dark besides. Or else——"

"It'll be dark again," said Slade, with intent, significant eyes fixed on him, "and he needn't be expecting you. But—it don't do to talk too much. Talk's easy—talk is."

"I'll do more than talk," responded Conroy. "You'll see!"

Slade nodded. "Right, then we'll see," he said, and returned to his breakfast.

His bunk was an upper one, lighted and aired by a brass-framed port-hole. Here, when his meal was at an end, he lay, his pipe in his mouth, his hands behind his head, smoking with slow relish, with his wry old face upturned, and the leathery, muscular forearms showing below the rolled shirt-sleeves. His years had ground him to an edge; he had an effect, as he lay, of fineness, of subtlety, of keen and fastidious temper. Forty years of subjection to arbitrary masters had left him shrewd and secret, a Machiavelli of the forecastle.

Once Conroy, after seeming to sleep for an hour, rose on his elbow and stared across at him, craning his neck from his bunk to see the still mask of his face.

"Slade?" he said uncertainly.

"What?" demanded the other, unmoving.

Conroy hesitated. The forecastle was hushed; the seamen about them slumbered; the only noises were the soothing of the water overside, the stress of the sails and gear, and the irregular tap of a hammer aft. It was safe to speak, but he did not speak.

"Oh, nothing," he said, and lay down again. Slade smiled slowly, almost paternally.

It took less than eight hours for Conroy's rancor to wear dull, and he could easily have forgotten his threat against the mate in twelve, if only he had been allowed to. He was genuinely shocked when he found that his vaporings were taken as the utterance of a serious determination. Just before eight bells in the afternoon watch he went forward beneath the forecastle head in search of some rope-yarns, and was cutting an end off a bit of waste-line when the Greek, he of the curly beard and extravagant eyeballs, rose like a demon of pantomime from the forepeak.

Conroy had his knife in his hand to cut the rope, and the Greek's sudden smile seemed to rest on that and nothing else.

"Sharp, eh?" asked the Greek, in a whisper that filled the place with dark drama.

Conroy paused, apprehending his meaning with a start.

"Oh, it's all right," he growled, and began to saw at the rope in his hand, while the Greek watched him with his fixed, bony smile.

"No," said the latter suddenly. "Dat-a not sharp —no! Look-a 'ere; you see dis?"

He drew his own knife, and showed it pointing towards Conroy in a damp, swarthy hand, whose knuckles bulged above the haft. His rough, spatulate thumb rasped along it, drawing from it the crepitation that proves an acute edge.

"Carve him like-a da pork," he said, in his stage-conspirator's whisper. "And da point—now, see!"

He glanced over his shoulder to be sure that none overlooked them; then, with no more than a jerk of his hand beside his hip, threw the keen blade toward the wooden door of the bo'sun's locker. It traveled through the air swiftly and stuck, quivering on its thin point, in the stout teak. The Greek turned his smile again for a moment on Conroy before he strode across and recovered it.

"You take 'im," he whispered. "Better dan your little knife—yais."

By the mere urgency of his proffering it the exchange was made, and Conroy found himself with a knife in his hand that fell through the strands of the manila line as though they had been butter, an instrument made and perfected for a murder.

"Yes, but look here——" he began, in alarm.

The broad, mirthless smile was turned on him.

"Just like-a da pork," purred the Greek, and nodded assuringly before he turned to go aft.

The bull-roar of the mate, who was awaiting his return with the rope-yarns, roused Conroy from a scared reverie over the knife. He started; the mate was bustling furiously forward in search of him, full of uproar and anger.

"Dam' lazy *schwein,* you goin' to schleep dere? You vant me to come an' fetch you? You vant anodder schmack on de *maul* to keep you avake."

He stamped into view round the forward house, while Conroy stood, convicted of idleness by the rope in his hand only half cut through. At the same moment a population of faces came into being behind him. A man who had been aloft shuffled down to the rail; a couple of others came into view on the deck; on top of the house, old Slade kneeled to see under the break of the forecastle head. It seemed as though a sceptical audience had suddenly been created out of his boast of the morning, every face threatening him with that shame which vanity will die rather than endure. In a panic of his faculties he took one step toward the mate.

"Hey?" The mate halted in his stride, with sheer amazement written on his face. "You vant yer head knocked off—yes?"

"No, I don't," said Conroy, out of a dry mouth.

According to the usage of ships, even that was defiance and a challenge.

He had forgotten the revolver with which the mate was credited; he had forgotten everything but the fact that eyes were on him. Even the knife in his hand passed from his mind; he was a mere tingling pretense at fortitude, expending every force to maintain his pose.

"Put dat knife avay!" ordered the mate suddenly.

He arrested an automatic movement to obey, fighting down a growing fear of his opponent.

"I've not finished with it yet," he answered.

The mate measured him with a practiced eye. Though he had the crazy courage of a bulldog, he was too much an expert in warlike emergencies to overlook the risk of trying to rush a desperate man armed with a knife; the chances of the grapple were too ugly. There was something lunatic and strange in the youth's glare also; and it will sometimes happen that an oppressed and cowed man in his extremity will shrug his meekness from him and become, in a breath, a desperado. This had its place in the mate's considerations.

"Finish, den!" he rasped, with no weakening of his tone or manner. "You don't t'ink I'm goin' to vait all night for dem rope-yarns—hey?"

He turned his back at once lest Conroy should venture another retort, and make an immediate fight unavoidable. Before his eye the silent audience melted as swiftly as it had appeared, and Conroy was alone with his sick sense of having ventured too far, which stood him in place of the thrill of victory.

The thrill came later, in the forecastle, where he swelled to the adulation of his mates. They, at any rate, had been deceived by his attitude; they praised him by word and look; the big Greek infused a certain geniality into his smile. Only Slade said the wrong thing.

"I was ready for him as soon as he moved," Conroy was asserting. "And he knew it. You should ha' seen how he gaped when I wouldn't put the knife away."

The men were listening, crediting him. Old Slade, in the background, took his pipe from his lips.

"An' now I suppose you're satisfied?" he inquired.

"How d'you mean, satisfied?" demanded Conroy, coloring. "You saw what happened, didn't you?"

"You made him gape," said Slade. "That was because he made you howl, eh? Well, ain't you calling it quits, then—till the next time he kicks you?"

Some one laughed; Conroy raised his voice.

"He'll never kick me again," he cried. "His kicking days are over. He's kicked me once too often, he has. Quits—I guess not!"

Slade let a mouthful of smoke trickle between his lips; it swam in front of his face in a tenuous film of pale vapor.

"Well, talkin' won't do it, anyhow," he said.

"No," retorted Conroy, and collected all eyes to his gesture. "But this will!"

He showed them the thin-bladed knife which the Greek had given him, holding it before them by the hilt. He let a dramatic moment elapse.

"Like that!" he said, and stabbed at the air. "Like that—see? Like that!"

They came upon bad weather gradually, drawing into a belt of half-gales, with squalls that roared up from the horizon and made them for the time into whole gales. The *Villingen*, designed and built primarily for cargo capacity, was a wet ship, and upon any point of sailing had a way of scooping in water by the many tons. In nearly every watch came the roar, "Stand by yer to-gallant halliards!" Then the wait for ten seconds or ten minutes while the wind grew and the big four-masted bark lay over and bumped her bluff bows through racing seas, till the next order, shriller and more urgent, "Lower avay!" and the stiff canvas fought and slatted as the yards came down. Sea-boots and oilskins were the wear for every watch, wet decks and the crash of water coming inboard over the rail, dull, cold and the rasp of heavy sodden canvas on numb fingers, became again familiar to the men, and at last there arrived the evening, gravid with tempest, on which all hands reefed topsails.

He was blond and terrible and they hated him.

The mate had the middle watch, from midnight till four o'clock in the morning, and for the first two hours it was Conroy's turn on the lookout. The rest, in oilskins and sea-boots, were standing by under the break of the poop; save for the sleeping men in the shut forecastle, he had the fore part of the ship to himself. He leaned against the after rail of the forecastle head, where a ventilator somewhat screened him from the bitter wind that blew out of the dark, and gazed ahead at the murk. Now and again the big bark slid forward with a curtseying motion, and dipped up a sea that flowed aft over the anchors and cascaded down the ladders to the main deck; spray that spouted aloft and drove across on the wind, sparkled red and green in the glare of the sidelights like brief fireworks.

The splash and drum of waters, the heavy drone of the wind in the sails, the clatter of gear aloft, were in his ears; he did not hear one bell strike from the poop, which he should have answered with a stroke on the big bell behind him and a shouted report on the lights.

"Hoy! You schleepin' up dere—hey?"

It was the mate, who had come forward in person to see why he had not answered. He was by the fore fife-rail, a mere black shape in the dark.

"Sleepin'—no, sir!"

"Don't you hear von bell shtrike?" cried the mate, slithering on the wet deck toward the foot of the ladder.

"No, sir," said Conroy, and stooped to strike the bell.

The mate came up the ladder, hauling himself by the hand-rails, for he was swollen beyond the ordinary with extra clothes under his long oilskin coat. A plume of spray whipped him in the face as he got to the top, and he swore shortly, wiping his eyes with his hands. At the same moment, Conroy, still stooping to the bell-lanyard, felt the *Villingen* lower her nose and slide down in one of her disconcerting curtseys; he caught at the rail to steady himself. The dark water, marbled with white foam, rode in over the deck, slid across the anchors and about the capstan, and came aft toward the ladder and the mate. The ship rolled at the same moment.

Conroy saw what happened as a grotesque trick of circumstance. The mate, as the deck slanted, slipped and reached for the hand-rail with an ejaculation. The water flowed about his knees; he fell back against the hand-rail, which was just high enough for him to sit on. It was what, for one ridiculous moment, he seemed to be doing. The next, his booted feet swayed up and he fell over backward, amid the confusion of splashing water that leaped down the main-deck. Conroy heard him strike something below with a queer, smacking noise.

"Pity he didn't go overboard while he was about it," he said to himself, acting out his rôle. Really, he was rather startled and dismayed.

He found the mate coiled in the scupper, very wet and still. He took hold of him to draw him under

the forecastle head, where he would have shelter, and was alarmed at the inertness of the body under his hands.

"Sir!" he cried, "sir!—sir!"

He shook the great shoulders, but quickly desisted; there was something horrible, something that touched his nerves, in its irresponsiveness. He remembered that he might probably find matches in the lamp-locker, and staggered there to search. He had to grope in gross darkness about the place, touching brass and the uncanny smoothness of glass, before his hand fell on what he sought. At last he was on one knee by the mate's side, and a match shed its little illumination. The mate's face was odd in its quietude, and the sou'-wester of oilskin was still on his head, held there by the string under the chin. From under its edge blood flowed steadily, thickly, appallingly.

"But—" cried Conroy. The match-flame stung his fingers and he dropped it. "Oh, Lord!" he said. It occurred to him then, for the first time, that the mate was dead.

The men aft, bunched up under the break of the poop, were aware of him as a figure that came sliding and tottering toward them and fell sprawling at the foot of the poop ladder. He floundered up and clutched the nearest of them, the Greek.

"The mate's dead," he broke out, in a kind of breathless squeal. "Somebody call the captain; the mate's dead."

There was a moment of silence; then a cackle of words from several of them together. The Greek's hands on his shoulders tightened. He heard the man's purring voice in his ear.

"How did you do it?"

Conroy thrust himself loose; the skies of his mind were split by a frightful lightning flash of understanding. He had been alone with the mate; he had seen him die; he was sworn to kill him. He could see the livid smile of the Greek bent upon him.

"I didn't do it," he choked passionately, and struck with a wild, feeble hand at the smile. "You liar—I didn't do it."

"Hush!" The Greek caught him again and held him.

Some of the men had started forward; others had slipped into the alleyway to rouse the second mate and captain. The Greek had him clutched to his bosom in a strong embrace and was hushing him as one might hush a scared child. Slade was at his side. "He slipped, I tell you; he slipped at the top of the ladder. She'd shipped a dollop of water and then rolled, and over he went. I heard his head go smack and went down to him. I never touched him. I swear it—I never touched him."

"Hush!" It was Slade this time. "And yer sure he's dead. Well—" the old man exchanged nods with the Greek. "All right. Only—don't tell the captain that tale; it ain't good enough."

"But—" began Conroy. A hug that crushed his face against the Greek's oilskin breast silenced him.

"Vat is all dis?"

It was the captain, tall, august, come full-dressed from his cabin. At his back the second mate, with his oilskin coat over his pajamas, thrust forward his red, cheerful face.

Slade told the matter briefly. "And it's scared young Conroy all to bits, sir," he concluded.

"Come for'ard," bade the captain. "Get a lamp, some vun!"

They followed him along the wet, slippery deck slowly, letting him pass ahead out of earshot.

"It was a belayin'-pin, ye'es?" queried the Greek softly of Conroy.

"He might have hit his head against a pin," replied Conroy.

"Eh?" The Greek stopped. "Might 'ave—might 'ave 'it 'is 'ead! Ah, dat is fine! 'E might 'ave 'it 'is 'ead, Slade! You 'ear dat?"

"Yes, it ain't bad!" replied Slade, and Conroy, staring in a wild attempt to see their faces clearly, realized that they were laughing, laughing silently and heartily. With a gesture of despair he left them.

A globe-lamp under the forecastle head lighted the captain's investigations, gleaming on wet oilskins, shadow-pitted faces, and the curious, remote thing that had been the mate of the *Villingen.* Its ampler light revealed much that the match-flame had missed from its field—the manner in which the sou'wester and the head it covered were caved in at one side, the cut in the sou'wester through which clotted hair protruded, the whole ghastliness of death that comes by violence. With all that under his eyes, Conroy had to give his account of the affair, while the ring of silent, hard-breathing men watched him and marveled at the clumsiness of his story.

"It is strange," said the captain. "Fell ofer backvards, you said. It is very strange! And vere did you find de body?"

The scupper and deck had been washed clean by successive seas; there was no trace there of blood, and none on the rail. Even while they searched, water spouted down on them. But what Conroy noted was that no pin stood in the rail where the mate had fallen, and the hole that might have held one was empty.

"Ah, vell!" said the captain at last. "De poor fellow is dead. I do not understand, quite, how he should fall like dat, but he is dead. Four of you get de body aft."

"Please, sir," accosted Conroy, and the tall captain turned.

"Vell, vat is it?"

"Can I go below, sir? It was me that found him, sir. I feel rather—rather bad."

"So!" The tall captain considered him inscrutably, he, the final arbiter of fates. "You feel bad—yes? Vell, you can go below!"

The little group that bore the mate's body shuffled aft, with the others following like a funeral procession. A man looked shivering out of the door of the starboard forecastle, and inquired in loud whispers: "*Was ist los? Sag' mal—was ist denn los?*" He put his inquiry to Conroy, who waved him off and passed to the port forecastle on the other side of the deck-house.

The place was somehow strange, with its double row of empty bunks like vacant coffin-shelves in a vault, but solitude was what he desired. The slush-lamp

swung and stank and made the shadows wander. From the other side of the bulkhead he could hear stirrings and a murmur of voices as the starboard watch grew aware that something had happened on deck. Conroy, with his oilskin coat half off, paused to listen for comprehensible words. The opening of the door behind him startled him, and he spun round to see Slade making a cautious entry. He recoiled.

"Leave me alone," he said, in a strangled voice, before the other could speak. "What are you following me for? You want to make me out a murderer. I tell you I never touched him."

The other stood just within the door, the upper half of his face shadowed by his sou'wester, his thin lips curved in a faint smile. "No!" he said mockingly. "You didn't touch him? An' I make no doubts you'd take yer oath of it. But you shouldn't have put the pin back in the rail when you was through with it, all the same."

"There wasn't any pin there," said Conroy quickly. He had backed as far from Slade as he could, and was staring at him with horrified eyes.

"But there would ha' been if I hadn't took a look round while you were spinnin' your yarn to the Old Man," said Slade. "I knew you was a fool."

With a manner as of mild glee he passed his hand into the bosom of his coat, still keeping his sardonic gaze fixed on Conroy.

"Good thing you've got me to look after you," he went on. "Thinks I, 'He might easy make a mistake that 'ud cost him dear'; so I took a look round. An' I found this." From within his coat he brought forth an iron belaying-pin, and held it out to Conroy.

"See?" His finger pointed to it. "That's blood, that is—and that's hair. Look for yourself. *Now* I suppose you'll tell me you never touched him!"

"He hit his head against it when he fell," protested the younger man. "He did! Oh, God, I can't stand this!"

He sank to a seat on one of the chests and leaned his face against the steel plate of the wall.

"Hit his head!" snorted old Slade. "Couldn't you ha' fixed up a better yarn than that? What are you snivellin' at? D'ye think yer the only man as ever stove in a mate's head—an' him a murderin' man-driver? Keep them tales for the Old Man; he believes 'em seemingly; but don't you come them on me."

Conroy was moaning. "I never touched him; I never touched him!"

"Never touched him! Here, take the pin; it's yours!"

He shrank from it. "No, no!"

Slade pitched it to his bunk, where it lay on the blanket. "It's yours," he repeated. "If yer don't want it, heave it overboard yerself or stick it back in the rail. Never touched him—you make me sick with yer 'never touched him'!"

The door slammed on his scornful retreat; Conroy shuddered and sat up. The iron belaying-pin lay where it had fallen, on his bed, and even in that meagre light it carried the traces of its part in the mate's death. It had the look of a weapon rather than of a humble ship-fitting. It rolled a couple of inches where it lay as the ship leaned to a gust, and he saw that it left a mark where it had been, a stain.

He seized it in a panic and started for the door to be rid of it at once.

As if a malicious fate made him its toy, he ran full into the Greek outside.

"Ah!" The man's smile flashed forth, wise and livid. "An' so you 'ad it in your pocket all de time, den!"

Conroy answered nothing. It was beyond striving against. He walked to the rail and flung the thing forth with hysterical violence to the sea.

The watch going below at four o'clock found him apparently asleep, with his face turned to the wall. They spoke in undertones, as though they feared to disturb him, but none of them mentioned the only matter which all had in mind. They climbed heavily to their bunks, there to smoke the brief pipe, and then to slumber. Only Slade, who slept little, would lean up on one elbow to look across to the still figure which hid its face throughout the night.

Conroy woke when the watch was called for breakfast by a man who thrust his head in and shouted. He had slept at last, and now as he sat up it needed an effort of mind to recall his trouble. He looked out at his mates, who stood about the place pulling on their clothes, with sleep still heavy on them. They seemed as usual. It was his turn to fetch the coffee from the galley, he remembered, and he slipped out of his bunk to dress and attend to it.

"I won't be a minute," he said to the others, as he dragged on his trousers.

A shaggy young Swede near the door was already dressed.

"I vill go," he said. "You don't bother," and forthwith slipped out.

The others were looking at him now, glancing with a queer, sharp interest and turning away when they met his eyes. It was as though he were a stranger.

"That was a queer thing last night," he said to the nearest.

"Yes," the other agreed, with a kind of haste.

They sat about at their meal, when the coffee had been brought by the volunteer, under the same constraint. He could not keep silent; he had to speak and make them answer.

"Where is he?" he asked abruptly.

"On de gratings," he was told. And the Swede who

A Divine Image

By WILLIAM BLAKE

Cruelty has a human heart,
And Jealousy a human face;
Terror the human form divine,
And Secrecy the human dress.

The human dress is forged iron,
The human form a fiery forge,
The human face a furnace sealed,
The human heart its hungry gorge.

fetched the coffee added: "Sails is sowin' him up now already."

"We'll see the last of him today," said Slade. "He won't kick nobody again!" There was a mutter of agreement, and eyes turned on Conroy again.

"Yes, he keeck once too many times," said the Greek.

The shaggy young Swede wagged his head. "He t'ink it was safe to kick Conroy, but it aindt," he observed profoundly. "No, it aindt safe."

"He got vat he asked for. . . . Didn't know vat he go up againdst. . . . No, it aindt—it aindt safe. . . . Maybe vish he aindt so handy mit his feet now."

They were all talking; their mixed words came to Conroy in broken sentences. He stared at them a little wildly, realizing the fact that they were admiring, praising him, and afraid of him. The blood rose in his face hotly.

"You fellers talk," he began, and was disconcerted at the manner in which they all fell silent to hear him—"you talk as if I'd killed him."

"Well! . . . *Ach was!*"

He faced their smiles, their conciliatory gestures, with a frown.

"You better stop it," he said. "He fell—see? He fell an' stove his head in. An' any feller that says he didn't——"

His regard traveled from face to face, giving force to his challenge.

"Ve aindt goin' to say nodings!" they assured him mildly. "You don't need to be scared of us, Conroy."

"I'm not scared," he said, with meaning. "But—look out, that's all."

When breakfast was over, it was his turn to sweep up. But there was almost a struggle for the broom and the privilege of saving him that trouble. It comforted him and restored him; it would have been even better but for the presence of Slade, sitting aloft in his bunk, smiling over his pipe with malicious understanding.

The *Villingen* was still under reefed upper topsails, walking into the seas on a taut bowline, with water coming aboard freely. There was little for the watch to do save those trivial jobs which never fail on a ship. Conroy and some of the others were set to scrubbing teak on the poop, and he had a view of the sail-maker at his work on the gratings under the break of the poop, stitching on his knees to make the mate presentable for his last passage. The sailmaker was a bearded Finn, with a heavy, darkling face and the secret eyes of a faun. He bent over his task, and in his attitude and the slow rhythm of his moving hand there was a suggestion of ceremonial, of an act mysterious and ritual.

Half-way through the morning, Conroy was sent for to the cabin, there to tell his tale anew, to see it taken down, and to sign it. The captain even asked him if he felt better.

"Thank you, sir," replied Conroy. "It was a shock, findin' him dead like that."

"Yes, yes," agreed the captain. "I can understand—a great shock. Yes!"

He was bending over his papers at the table; Conroy smiled over his bowed head. Returning on deck, he winked to the man at the wheel, who smiled uncomfortably in return. Later he borrowed a knife to scrape some spots of paint off the deck; he did not want to spoil the edge of his own.

They buried the mate at eight bells; the weather was thickening, and it might be well to have the thing done. The hands stood around, bareheaded, with the grating in the middle of them, one edge resting on the rail, the other supported by two men. There was a dark smudge on the sky up to windward, and several times the captain glanced up from his book towards it. He read in German slowly, with a dwelling upon the sonorous passages, and towards the end he closed the book and finished without its aid.

Conroy was at the foot of the ladder; the captain was above him, reading mournfully, solemnly, without looking at the men. They were rigid, only their eyes moving. Conroy collected their glances irresistibly. When the captain had finished his reading he sighed and made a sign, lifting his hand like a man who resigns himself. The men holding the grating tilted it; the mate of the *Villingen,* with a little jerk, went over the side.

"Shtand by der tobs'l halliards!" roared the second mate.

Conroy, in the flurry, found himself next to a man of his watch. He jerked a thumb in the direction of the second mate, who was still vociferating orders.

"Hark at him!" he said. "Before we're through I'll teach *him* manners too." And he patted his knife.

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Will Shakespeare's Holly Song

J. J. Lankes

BLOW, BLOW, thou winter winde,
Thou art not so unkinde,
As mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not so keene,
Because thou art not seene,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the greene holly,
Most frendship is fayning; most Loving, meere folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is most jolly.

Freize, freize, thou bitter skie
Thou dost not bight so nigh
As benefitts forgot:
Though thou the waters warpe,
Thy sting is not so sharpe,
As frend remembred not.

Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the greene holly,
Most frendship is fayning; most Loving, meere folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is most jolly.

A Tale of the Late Bugaboo and Kickapoo Campaign

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

The Man That Was Used Up

I CANNOT just now remember when or where I first made the acquaintance of that truly fine-looking fellow, Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith. Some one *did* introduce me to the gentleman, I am sure—at some public meeting, I know very well—held about something of great importance, no doubt—at some place or other, I feel convinced—whose name I have unaccountably forgotten. The truth is that the introduction was attended, upon my part, with a degree of anxious embarrassment which operated to prevent any definite impressions of either time or place. I am constitutionally nervous—this, with me, is a family failing, and I can't help it. In especial, the slightest appearance of mystery—of any point I cannot exactly comprehend—puts me at once into a pitiable state of agitation.

There was something, as it were, remarkable—yes, *remarkable,* although this is but a feeble term to express my full meaning—about the entire individuality of the personage in question. He was, perhaps, six feet in height and of a presence singularly commanding. There was an *air distingué* pervading the whole man, which spoke of high breeding, and hinted at high birth. Upon this topic, the topic of Smith's personal appearance, I have a kind of melancholy satisfaction in being minute. His head of hair would have done honor to a Brutus; nothing could be more richly flowing, or possess a brighter gloss. It was of a jetty black—which was also the color, or more properly the no color, of his unimaginable whiskers. You perceive I cannot speak of these latter without enthusiasm; it is not too much to say that they were the handsomest pair of whiskers under the sun. At all events, they encircled, and at times partially overshadowed, a mouth utterly unequalled. Here were the most entirely even and the most brilliantly white of all conceivable teeth. From between them, upon every proper occasion, issued a voice of surpassing clearness, melody, and strength. In the matter of eyes, also, my acquaintance was pre-eminently endowed. Either one of such a pair was worth a couple of the ordinary ocular organs. They were of a deep hazel, exceedingly large and lustrous; and there was perceptible about them, ever and anon, just that amount of interesting obliquity which gives pregnancy to expression.

The bust of the General was unquestionably the finest bust I ever saw. For your life you could not have found a fault with its wonderful proportion. This rare peculiarity set off to great advantage a pair of shoulders which would have called up a blush of conscious inferiority in the countenance of the marble Apollo. I have a passion for fine shoulders, and may say that I never beheld them in perfection before. The arms altogether were admirably modelled. Nor were the lower limbs less superb. These were, indeed, the *ne plus ultra* of good legs. Every connoisseur in such matters admitted the legs to be good. There was neither too much flesh, nor too little, neither rudeness nor fragility. I could not imagine a more graceful curve than that of the *os femoris,* and there was just that due gentle prominence in the rear of the *fibula* which goes to the conformation of a properly proportioned calf. I wish to God my young and talented friend Chiponchipino, the sculptor, had but seen the legs of Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith.

But although men so absolutely fine-looking are neither as plenty as reasons or blackberries, still I could not bring myself to believe that *the remarkable* something to which I alluded just now, that the odd

air of *je ne sais quoi* which hung about my new acquaintance, lay altogether, or indeed at all, in the supreme excellence of his bodily endowments. Perhaps it might be traced to the *manner;* yet here again I could not pretend to be positive. There *was* a primness, not to say stiffness, in his carriage—a degree of measured, and, if I may so express it, of rectangular precision, attending his every movement, which, observed in a more diminutive figure, would have had the least little savor in the world of affectation, pomposity or constraint, but which noticed in a gentleman of his undoubted dimensions, was readily placed to the account of reserve, *hauteur*—of a commendable sense, in short, of what is due to the dignity of colossal proportion.

The kind friend who presented me to General Smith whispered in my ear some few words of comment upon the man. He was a *remarkable* man—a *very* remarkable man—indeed one of the *most* remarkable men of the age. He was an especial favorite, too, with the ladies, chiefly on account of his high reputation for courage.

"In *that* point he is unrivalled—indeed he is a perfect desperado—a down-right fire-eater, and no mistake," said my friend, here dropping his voice excessively low, and thrilling me with the mystery of his tone.

"A downright fire-eater, and *no* mistake. Showed *that,* I should say, to some purpose, in the late tremendous swamp-fight away down South, with the Bugaboo and Kickapoo Indians." (Here my friend opened his eyes to some extent.) "Bless my soul!—blood and thunder, and all that!—*prodigies* of valor!—heard of him, of course?—you know he's the man"——

"Man alive, how *do* you do? why how *are* ye? *very* glad to see ye, indeed!" here interrupted the General himself, seizing my companion by the hand as he drew near, and bowing stiffly but profoundly, as I was presented. I then thought, (and I think so still) that I never heard a clearer nor a stronger voice nor beheld a finer set of teeth; but I *must* say that I was sorry for the interruption just at that moment, as, owing to the whispers and insinuations aforesaid, my interest had been greatly excited in the hero of the Bugaboo and Kickapoo campaign.

HOWEVER, THE DELIGHTFULLY luminous conversation of Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith soon completely dissipated this chagrin. My friend leaving us immediately, we had quite a long *tête-à-tête,* and I was not only pleased but *really*—instructed. I never heard a more fluent talker, or a man of greater general information. With becoming modesty he forbore, nevertheless, to touch upon the theme I had just then most at heart—I mean the mysterious circumstances attending the Bugaboo war—and, on my own part, what I conceive to be a proper sense of delicacy forbade me to broach the subject; although, in truth, I was exceedingly tempted to do so. I perceived, too, that the gallant soldier preferred topics of philosophical interest, and that he delighted, especially in commenting upon the rapid march of mechanical invention. Indeed, lead him where I would, this was a point to which he invariably came back.

"There is nothing at all like it," he would say; "we are a wonderful people, and live in a wonderful age. Parachutes and railroads—man-traps and spring-guns! Our steamboats are upon every sea, and the Nassau balloon packet is about to run regular trips (fare either way only twenty pounds sterling) between London and Timbuctoo. And who shall calculate the immense influence upon social life—upon arts—upon commerce—upon literature—which will be the immediate result of the great principles of electro-magnetics! Nor is this all, let me assure you! There is really no end to the march of invention. The most wonderful—the most ingenious—and let me add, Mr. —Mr.—Thompson, I believe, is your name—let me add, I say, the most *useful*—the most truly *useful* mechanical contrivances, are daily springing up like mushrooms, if I may so express myself, or, more figuratively, like—ah—grasshoppers—like grasshoppers, Mr. Thompson—about us and ah—ah—ah—around us!"

Thompson, to be sure, is not my name; but it is needless to say that I left General Smith with a heightened interest in the man, with an exalted opinion of his conversational powers, and a deep sense of the valuable privileges we enjoy in living in this age of mechanical invention. My curiosity, however, had not been altogether satisfied, and I resolved to prosecute immediate inquiry among my acquaintances touching the Brevet Brigadier General himself, and particularly respecting the tremendous events *quorum pars magna fuit,* during the Bugaboo and Kickapoo campaign.

The first opportunity which presented itself, and which (*horresco referens*) I did not in the least scruple to seize, occurred at the Church of the Reverend Doctor Drummummupp, where I found myself established, one Sunday, just at sermon time, not only in the pew, but by the side, of that worthy and communicative little friend of mine, Miss Tabitha T. Thus seated, I congratulated myself, and with much reason, upon the very flattering state of affairs. If any person knew anything about Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith, that person, it was clear to me, was Miss Tabitha T. We telegraphed a few signals, and then commenced, *sotto voce,* a brisk *tête-à-tête.*

"Smith!" said she, in reply to my very earnest inquiry; "Smith!—why, not General John A. B. C.? Bless me, I thought you *knew* all about *him!* This is a wonderfully inventive age! Horrid affair that!—a bloody set of wretches, those Kickapoos!—fought like a hero—prodigies of valor—immortal renown. Smith! —Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C.!—why, you know he's the man"——

"Man," here broke in Doctor Drummummupp, at the top of his voice, and with a thump that came near knocking the pulpit about our ears; "man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live; he cometh up and is cut down like a flower!" I started to the extremity of the pew, and perceived by the animated looks of the divine, that the wrath which had nearly proved fatal to the pulpit had been excited by the

whispers of the lady and myself. There was no help for it; so I submitted with a good grace, and listened, in all the martyrdom of dignified silence, to the balance of that very capital discourse.

Next evening found me a somewhat late visitor at the Rantipole theater, where I felt sure of satisfying my curiosity at once, by merely stepping into the box of those exquisite specimens of affability and omniscience, the Misses Arabella and Miranda Cognoscenti. That fine tragedian, Climax, was doing Iago to a very crowded house, and I experienced some little difficulty in making my wishes understood; especially, as our box was next the slips, and completely overlooked the stage.

"Smith?" said Miss Arabella, as she at length comprehended the purport of my query; "Smith?—why, not General John A. B. C.?"

"Smith?" inquired Miranda, musingly. "God bless me, did you ever behold a finer figure?"

"Never, madam, but *do* tell me"——

"Or so inimitable grace?"

"Never, upon my word!—but pray inform me"——

"Or so just an appreciation of stage effect?"

"Madam!"

"Or a more delicate sense of the true beauties of Shakespeare? Be so good as to look at that leg!"

"The devil!" and I turned again to her sister.

"Smith?" said she, "why, not General John A. B. C.? Horrid affair that, wasn't it?—great wretches, those Bugaboos—savage and so on—but we live in a wonderfully inventive age!—Smith!—O yes! great man!—perfect desperado—immortal renown—prodigies of valor! *Never heard!*" (This was given in a scream.) "Bless my soul!—why, he's the man"——

> ——mandragora
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
> Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
> Which thou owd'st yesterday!

here roared out Climax just in my ear, and shaking his fist in my face all the time, in a way that I *couldn't* stand, and I *wouldn't*. I left the Misses Cognoscenti immediately, went behind the scenes forthwith, and gave the beggarly scoundrel such a thrashing as I trust he will remember to the day of his death.

At the *soirée* of the lovely widow, Mrs. Kathleen O'Trump, I was confident that I should meet with no similar disappointment. Accordingly, I was no sooner seated at the card-table, with my pretty hostess for a *vis-à-vis*, than I propounded those questions the solution of which had become a matter so essential to my peace.

"Smith?" said my partner, "why, not General John A. B. C.? Horrid affair that, wasn't it?—diamonds, did you say?—terrible wretches those Kickapoos!—we are playing *whist*, if you please, Mr. Tattle—however, this is the age of invention, most certainly *the* age, one may say—*the* age *par excellence*—speak French?—oh, quite a hero—perfect desperado!—*no hearts*, Mr. Tattle? I don't believe it!—immortal renown and all that—prodigies of valor! *Never heard!!*—why, bless me, he's the man"——

"Mann? Captain Mann?" here screamed some little feminine interloper from the farthest corner of the room. "Are you talking about Captain Mann and the duel?—oh, I *must* hear—do tell—go on, Mrs. O'Trump!—do now go on!" And go on Mrs. O'Trump did—all about a certain Captain Mann, who was either shot or hung, or should have been both shot and hung. Yes! Mrs. O'Trump, she went on, and I—I went off. There was no chance of hearing anything further that evening in regard to Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith.

STILL I CONSOLED myself with the reflection that the tide of ill luck would not run against me forever, and so determined to make a bold push for information at the rout of that bewitching little angel, the graceful Mrs. Pirouette.

"Smith?" said Mrs. P., as we twirled about together in a *pas de zephyr*. "Smith?—why not General John A. B. C.? Dreadful business that of the Bugaboos, wasn't it?—terrible creatures, those Indians!—*do* turn out your toes! I really am ashamed of you—man of great courage, poor fellow!—but this is a wonderful age for invention—O dear me, I'm out of breath—quite a desperado—prodigies of valor—*never heard!!*—can't believe it—I shall have to sit down and enlighten you—Smith! why, he's the man"——

"Man-*Fred*, I tell you!" here bawled out Miss Bas-Bleu, as I led Mrs. Pirouette to a seat. "Did ever anybody hear the like? It's Man-*Fred*, I say, and not at all by any means Man-*Friday*." Here Miss Bas-Bleu beckoned to me in a very peremptory manner; and I was obliged, will I nill I, to leave Mrs. P. for the purpose of deciding a dispute touching the title of a certain poetical drama of Lord Byron's. Although I pronounced, with great promptness, that the true title was Man-*Friday*, and not by any means Man-*Fred*, yet when I returned to seek Mrs. Pirouette she was not to be discovered, and I made my retreat from the house in a very bitter spirit of animosity against the whole race of the Bas-Bleus.

Matters had now assumed a really serious aspect, and I resolved to call at once upon my particular friend, Mr. Theodore Sinivate; for I knew that here at least I should get something like definite information.

"Smith?" said he, in his well-known peculiar way of drawling out his syllables; "Smith?—why, not General John A. B. C.? Savage affair that with the Kickapo-o-o-os, wasn't it? Say, don't you think so? —perfect despera-a-ado—great pity, 'pon my honor! —wonderfully inventive age!—pro-o-odigies of valor! By the by, did you ever hear about Captain Ma-a-a-a-n?"

"Captain Mann be d—d!" said I, "please to go on with your story."

"Hem!—oh well!—quite *la même cho-o-ose*, as we say in France. Smith, eh? Brigadier General John A—B—C.? I say"—(here Mr. S. thought proper to put his finger to the side of his nose)—"I say, you don't mean to insinuate now, really and truly, and conscientiously, that you don't know all about that affair of Smith's, as well as I do, eh? Smith? John A—B—C.? Why, bless me, he's the ma-a-an"——

"*Mr.* Sinivate," said I, imploringly, "*is* he the man in the mask?"

"No-o-o!" said he, looking wise, "nor the man in the mo-o-on."

This reply I considered a pointed and positive insult, and so left the house at once in high dudgeon, with a firm resolve to call my friend, Mr. Sinivate, to a speedy account for his ungentlemanly conduct and ill-breeding.

In the meantime, however, I had no notion of being thwarted touching the information I desired. There was one resource left me yet. I would go to the fountain-head. I would call forthwith upon the General himself, and demand, in explicit terms, a solution of this abominable piece of mystery. Here, at least, there should be no chance for equivocation. I would be plain, positive, peremptory—as short as pie-crust—as concise as Tacitus or Montesquieu.

It was early when I called, and the General was dressing, but I pleaded urgent business, and was shown at once into his bedroom by an old negro valet, who remained in attendance during my visit. As I entered the chamber, I looked about, of course, for the occupant, but did not immediately perceive him. There was a large and exceedingly odd-looking bundle of something which lay close by my feet on the floor, and, as I was not in the best humor in the world, I gave it a kick out of the way.

"Hem! ahem! rather civil that, I should say!" said the bundle, in one of the smallest and altogether the funniest little voices, between a squeak and a whistle, that I ever heard in all the days of my existence.

"Ahem! rather civil that, I should observe."

I fairly shouted with terror and made off, at a tangent, into the farthest extremity of the room.

"God bless me! my dear fellow," here again whistled the bundle, "what—what—what—why, what *is* the matter? I really believe you don't know me at all."

What *could* I say to all this—what *could* I? I staggered into an arm-chair, and, with staring eyes and open mouth, awaited the solution of the wonder.

"Strange you shouldn't know me though, isn't it?" presently re-squeaked the nondescript, which I now perceived was performing, upon the floor, some inexplicable evolution, very analogous to the drawing on of a stocking. There was only a single leg, however, apparent.

"Strange you shouldn't know me, though, isn't it? Pompey, bring me that leg!" Here Pompey handed the bundle, a very capital cork leg, already dressed, which it screwed on in a trice; and then it stood up.

"And a bloody action it *was*," continued the thing, as if in a soliloquy; "but then one mustn't fight with the Bugaboos and Kickapoos, and think of coming off with a mere scratch. Pompey, I'll thank you now for that arm. Thomas" (turning to me) "is decidedly the best hand at a cork leg; but if you should ever want an arm, my dear fellow, you must really let me recommend you to Bishop. Here Pompey screwed on an arm.

"We had rather hot work of it, that you may say Now, you dog, slip on my shoulders and bosom! Pettitt makes the best shoulders, but for a bosom you will have to go to Ducrow."

"Bosom!" said I.

"Pompey, will you *never* be ready with that wig? Scalping is a rough process after all; but then you can procure such capital scratch at De L'Orme's."

"Scratch!"

"Now, you nigger, my teeth! For a *good* set of these you had better go to Parmly's at once; high prices, but excellent work. I swallowed some very capital articles, though, when the big Bugaboo rammed me down with the butt end of his rifle."

"Butt end! Ram down!! My Eye!!"

"O yes, by-the-by, my eye—here, Pompey, you scamp, screw it in. Those Kickapoos are not so very slow at a gouge; but he's a belied man, that Dr. Williams, after all; you can't imagine how well I see with the eyes of his make."

I now began very clearly to perceive that the object before me was nothing more nor less than my new acquaintance, Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith. The manipulations of Pompey had made, I must confess, a very striking difference in the appearance of the personal man. The voice, however, still puzzled me no little; but even this apparent mystery was speedily cleared up.

"Pompey, you black rascal," squeaked the General, "I believe you'd let me go out without my palate."

Hereupon the negro, grumbling out an apology, went up to his master, opened his mouth with the knowing air of a horse-jockey, and adjusted therein a somewhat singular-looking machine, in a very dexterous manner, that I could not altogether comprehend. The alteration, however, in the entire expression of the General's countenance was instantaneous and surprising. When he again spoke, his voice had resumed all that rich melody and strength which I had noticed upon our original introduction.

"D—n the vagabonds!" said he in so clear a tone that I positively started at the change. "D—n the vagabonds! they not only knocked in the roof of my mouth, but took the trouble to cut off at least seven-eighths of my tongue. There isn't Bonfanti's equal, however, in America, for really good articles of this description. I can recommend you to him with confidence" (here the General bowed) and assure you that I have the greatest pleasure in doing so."

I acknowledged his kindness in my best manner and took leave of him at once, with a perfect understanding of the true state of affairs—with a full comprehension of the mystery which had troubled me so long. It was evident. It was a clear case. Brevet Brigadier General John A. B. C. Smith was the man—was *the man that was used up.*

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Creeds

By WILLARD WATTLES

◆

How pitiful are little folk—
They seem so very small;
They look at stars, and think they are
Denominational.

A Dark-Brown Dog

By STEPHEN CRANE

By Diana Thorne, courtesy Kennedy & Co.

THIS *is one of the strongest stories by the now famous American author who, when he wrote in the '90's out of his own bitter poverty without mincing words, so scared the gentlemanly literary critics of his day that it was not until after he published* The Red Badge of Courage *that his stories of the slums were recognized for their sardonic brilliance.*

A CHILD WAS STANDING on a street corner. He leaned with one shoulder against a high board fence and swayed the other to and fro, the while kicking carelessly at the gravel.

Sunshine beat upon the cobbles, and a lazy summer wind raised yellow dust which trailed in clouds down the avenue. Clattering trucks moved with indistinctness through it. The child stood dreamily gazing.

After a time, a little dark-brown dog came trotting with an intent air down the sidewalk. A short rope was dragging from his neck. Occasionally he trod upon the end of it and stumbled.

He stopped opposite the child, and the two regarded each other. The dog hesitated for a moment, but presently he made some little advances with his tail. The child put out his hand and called him. In an apologetic manner the dog came close, and the two had an interchange of friendly pattings and waggles. The dog became more enthusiastic with each moment of the interview, until with his gleeful caperings he threatened to overturn the child. Whereupon the child lifted his hand and struck the dog a blow upon the head.

This thing seemed to overpower and astonish the little dark-brown dog, and wounded him to the heart. He sank down in despair at the child's feet. When the blow was repeated, together with an admonition in childish sentences, he turned over upon his back, and held his paws in a peculiar manner. At the same time with his ears and his eyes he offered a small prayer to the child.

He looked so comical on his back, and holding his paws peculiarly, that the child was greatly amused and gave him little taps repeatedly, to keep him so. But the little dark-brown dog took this chastisement in the most serious way, and no doubt considered that he had committed some grave crime, for he wiggled contritely and showed his repentance in every way that was in his power. He pleaded with the child and petitioned him, and offered more prayers.

At last the child grew weary of this amusement and turned toward home. The dog was praying at the time. He lay on his back and turned his eyes upon the retreating form.

Presently he struggled to his feet and started after the child. The latter wandered in a perfunctory way toward his home, stopping at times to investigate various matters. During one of these pauses he discovered the little dark-brown dog who was following him with the air of a footpad.

The child beat his pursuer with a small stick he had found. The dog lay down and prayed until the child had finished, and resumed his journey. Then he scrambled erect and took up the pursuit again.

On the way to his home the child turned many times and beat the dog, proclaiming with childish gestures that he held him in contempt as an unimportant dog, with no value save for a moment. For being this quality of animal the dog apologized and eloquently expressed regret, but he continued stealthily to follow the child. His manner grew so very guilty that he slunk like an assassin.

When the child reached his doorstep, the dog was industriously ambling a few yards in the rear. He became so agitated with shame when he again confronted the child that he forgot the dragging rope. He tripped upon it and fell forward.

The child sat down on the step and the two had another interview. During it the dog greatly exerted himself to please the child. He performed a few

gambols with such abandon that the child suddenly saw him to be a valuable thing. He made a swift, avaricious charge and seized the rope.

He dragged his captive into a hall and up many long stairways in a dark tenement. The dog made willing efforts, but he could not hobble very skilfully up the stairs because he was very small and soft, and at last the pace of the engrossed child grew so energetic that the dog became panic-stricken. In his mind he was being dragged toward a grim unknown. His eyes grew wild with the terror of it. He began to wiggle his head frantically and to brace his legs.

The child redoubled his exertions. They had a battle on the stairs. The child was victorious because he was completely absorbed in his purpose, and because the dog was very small. He dragged his acquirement to the door of his home, and finally with triumph across the threshold.

No one was in. The child sat down on the floor and made overtures to the dog. These the dog instantly accepted. He beamed with affection upon his new friend. In a short time they were firm and abiding comrades.

When the child's family appeared, they made a great row. The dog was examined and commented upon and called names. Scorn was leveled at him from all eyes, so that he became much embarrassed and drooped like a scorched plant. But the child went sturdily to the center of the floor, and, at the top of his voice, championed the dog. It happened that he was roaring protestations, with his arms clasped about the dog's neck, when the father of the family came in from work.

The parent demanded to know what the blazes they were making the kid howl for. It was explained in many words that the infernal kid wanted to introduce a disreputable dog into the family.

A family council was held. On this depended the dog's fate, but he in no way heeded, being busily engaged in chewing the end of the child's dress.

The affair was quickly ended. The father of the family, it appears, was in a particularly savage temper that evening, and when he perceived that it would amaze and anger everybody if such a dog were allowed to remain he decided that it should be so. The child, crying softly, took his friend off to a retired part of the room to hobnob with him, while the father quelled a fierce rebellion of his wife. So it came to pass that the dog was a member of the household.

He and the child were associated together at all times save when the child slept. The child became a guardian and a friend. If the large folk kicked the dog and threw things at him, the child made loud and violent objections. Once when the child had run, protesting loudly, with tears raining down his face and his arms outstretched, to protect his friend, he had been struck in the head with a very large saucepan from the hand of his father, enraged at some seeming lack of courtesy in the dog. Ever after, the family were careful how they threw things at the dog. Moreover, the latter grew very skilful in avoiding missiles and feet. In a small room containing a stove, a table, a bureau and some chairs, he would display strategic ability of a high order, dodging, feinting and scuttling

Prize-winning essay
for December

Stephen Crane's "A Dark-Brown Dog" is my favorite story

A POOR LITTLE ragamuffin of the tenements and a little "dark-brown dog"—these two waifs have furnished Stephen Crane with a short story which he calls "A Dark-Brown Dog," and which is the most intensely interesting I have ever read. Never have I read a story so complete in so few lines, so simply stated, and so overwhelming in its climax.

Crane has a tense, dynamic style that to me is a big part of the fascination of his story. His sentences are short and terse, facts stated casually, almost impersonally, not seeming to progress one beyond the other and yet bringing us suddenly into the midst of a scene charged with horror. Could anything be more dramatic than the sudden climax of this story, when the liquor-crazed father, looking for prey, seizes suddenly upon the crouching dark-brown dog and sends him crashing through the window? The little boy's "long dirge-like cry" that follows left a sound in my ears that I have never forgotten.

Crane's strange, morbid humor is one of the most arresting elements of the story. He states things in a detached way as if he had no real feeling in the matter. And yet how deeply he has looked into the ragged little souls of his boy and dog and how sympathetically he has watched their queer friendship grow.

I hope that "A Dark-Brown Dog" will be published in THE GOLDEN BOOK some day. It is one of the best short stories of the world.

—ELLA PURYEAR MIMS, Nashville, Tenn.

Have You a Favorite Story?

A $25 Prize each month for the best essay.

Each month GOLDEN BOOK *offers a cash prize of $25 for the best essay of about 250 words on "My Favorite Story and Why." You may write your essay about any story you like, just so long as it has proved memorable to you and worth re-reading. It may be old or new, thrilling or humanly touching, the funniest story you have ever read or the most beautiful. It does not matter whether your favorite story has already appeared in the* GOLDEN BOOK *or not. We are particularly interested in those replies which have led us to, or reminded us of, stories which merit and have not yet found a place in the* GOLDEN BOOK.

The rules for the contest are simple ones: (1) Your story must not be longer than the average magazine short story. (2) Your 250-word statement of why you like a certain story, or what a particular story has meant to you, must carry your full name and address. (3) You need not send the story, but you must indicate the name of the book or the name and date of the magazine in which it appeared. (4) No manuscripts can be returned. (5) Entries for each month close on the first day of the second month preceding.

about among the furniture. He could force three or four people armed with brooms, sticks and handfuls of coal, to use all their ingenuity to get in a blow. And even when they did, it was seldom that they could do him a serious injury or leave any imprint.

But when the child was present these scenes did not occur. It came to be recognized that if the dog was molested, the child would burst into sobs, and as the child, when started, was very riotous and practically unquenchable, the dog had therein a safeguard.

However, the child could not always be near. At night, when he was asleep, his dark-brown friend would raise from some black corner a wild, wailful cry, a song of infinite loneliness and despair, that would go shuddering and sobbing among the buildings of the block and cause people to swear. At these times the singer would often be chased all over the kitchen and hit with a great variety of articles.

Sometimes, too, the child himself used to beat the dog, although it is not known that he ever had what truly could be called a just cause. The dog always accepted these thrashings with an air of admitted guilt. He was too much of a dog to try to look to be a martyr or to plot revenge. He received the blows with deep humility, and furthermore he forgave his friend the moment the child had finished, and was ready to caress the child's hand with his little red tongue.

When misfortune came upon the child, and his troubles overwhelmed him, he would often crawl under the table and lay his small distressed head on the dog's back. The dog was ever sympathetic. It is not to be supposed that at such times he took occasion to refer to the unjust beatings his friend, when provoked, had administered to him.

He did not achieve any notable degree of intimacy with the other members of the family. He had no confidence in them, and the fear that he would express at their casual approach often exasperated them exceedingly. They used to gain a certain satisfaction in underfeeding him, but finally his friend the child grew to watch the matter with some care, and when he forgot it the dog was often successful in secret for himself.

So the dog prospered. He developed a large bark, which came wondrously from such a small rug of a dog. He ceased to howl persistently at night. Sometimes, indeed, in his sleep, he would utter little yells, as from pain, but that occurred, no doubt, when in his dreams he encountered huge flaming dogs.

His devotion to the child grew until it was a sublime thing. He wagged at his approach; he sank down in despair at his departure. He could detect the sound of the child's step among all the noises of the neighborhood. It was like a calling voice to him.

The scene of their companionship was a kingdom governed by this terrible potentate, the child; but neither criticism nor rebellion ever lived for an instant in the heart of the one subject. Down in the mystic, hidden fields of his little dog-soul bloomed flowers of love and fidelity and perfect faith.

The child was in the habit of going on many expeditions to observe strange things in the vicinity. On these occasions his friend usually jogged aimfully along behind him. Perhaps, though, he went ahead. This necessitated his turning around every quarter-minute to make sure the child was coming. He was filled with a large idea of the importance of these journeys. He would carry himself with such an air! He was proud to be the retainer of so great a monarch.

One day, however, the father of the family got quite exceptionally drunk. He came home and held carnival with the cooking utensils, the furniture and his wife. He was in the midst of this recreation when the child, followed by the dark-brown dog, entered the room. They were returning from their voyages.

The child's practised eye instantly noted his father's state. He dived under the table, where experience had taught him was a rather safe place. The dog, lacking skill in such matters, was, of course, unaware of the true condition of affairs. He looked with interested eyes at his friend's sudden dive. He interpreted it to mean: Joyous gambol. He started to patter across the floor to join him. He was the picture of a little dark-brown dog en route to a friend.

THE HEAD of the family saw him at this moment. He gave a huge howl of joy, and knocked the dog down with a heavy coffee-pot. The dog, yelling in supreme astonishment and fear, writhed to his feet and ran for cover. The man kicked out with a ponderous foot. It caused the dog to swerve as if caught in a tide. A second blow of the coffee-pot laid him upon the floor.

Here the child, uttering loud cries, came valiantly forth like a knight. The father of the family paid no attention to these calls of the child, but advanced with glee upon the dog. Upon being knocked down twice in swift succession, the latter apparently gave up all hope of escape. He rolled over on his back and held his paws in a peculiar manner. At the same time with his eyes and his ears he offered up a small prayer.

But the father was in a mood for having fun, and it occurred to him that it would be a fine thing to throw the dog out of the window. So he reached down and, grabbing the animal by a leg, lifted him, squirming, up. He swung him two or three times hilariously about his head, and then flung him with great accuracy through the window.

The soaring dog created a surprise in the block. A woman watering plants in an opposite window gave an involuntary shout and dropped a flower-pot. A man in another window leaned perilously out to watch the flight of the dog. A woman who had been hanging out clothes in a yard began to caper wildly. Her mouth was filled with clothes-pins, but her arms gave vent to a sort of exclamation. In appearance she was like a gagged prisoner. Children ran whooping.

The dark-brown body crashed in a heap on the roof of a shed five stories below. From thence it rolled to the pavement of an alleyway.

The child in the room far above burst into a long, dirge-like cry, and toddled hastily out of the room. It took him a long time to reach the alley, because his size compelled him to go downstairs backward, one step at a time, and holding with both hands to the step above.

When they came for him later, they found him seated by the body of his dark-brown friend.

The Fourth of a Series of Brief Biographies

True or otherwise, our notions of 19th Century England are largely based on the pen record of Cruikshank. "Twelfth Night," pictured at the left, was done for the "Comic Almanac" (1845). Typical of his handling of the supernatural is "Ghosts," below, engraved for his magazine "Cruikshank's Omnibus" (1841).

"The Prince of Caricaturists and one of the Best of Men"

Cruikshank

By MARGARET S. GRIFFIN

MIDDLE NINETEENTH CENTURY ENGLAND was a world of sharp contrasts, of economic and political upheavals and distress, masked by brilliant society. Poverty stalked the slums, yet dandies and fashionable dames thronged the theaters.

Among the first to hold these fops and languishing ladies up to scorn was Thackeray; even more strongly, Dickens with his honest humor and extraordinary power of portraiture, pled for reform. And he who best portrayed the whole scene, political, social, moral —from the times of Napoleon Bonaparte through the industrial revolution, and on into the prosperous '70's, is George Cruikshank, artist.

Cruikshank was a broad-chested, well-built man below middle height, with a high forehead, keen blue eyes and a hook nose. The most remarkable thing about his appearance was his original whiskers, if such they were; "whiskers," said Dickens, "that I wouldn't have no lady as I was engaged to meet suddenly a-turning round a corner for any sum of money you could offer me." Portraits of Cruikshank are numerous, a famous early one showing him seated on a beer-keg, sketching. The rabid teetotaler of his later years objected strenuously to this reminder of the follies of his youth. He himself has given us many self-portraits introduced at random in his various illustrations. During sixty-nine years, he worked portraying the humble scenes around him, giving a complete picture of the period from 1804 to 1873. His separate productions number in excess of five thousand drawings. The list which we have, which is incomplete and goes only to 1870, has 5,080 titles. The true gentleman is the only character which we may seek in vain; the fop, the pseudo-gentleman, the cockney are all there.

Until 1848 Cruikshank was not a reformer. In his youth he was even somewhat of a wag. He was the life of every party, and he had the reputation of always being the last one to go home. When he lived at his father's house (the Cruikshanks ran a boarding house) he and his brother were the despair of their

1841

From *Sketches by Boz*, 1839.

Dickens is shown in the black stock and fancy vest, while Cruikshank himself is to be seen at the right with spit-curl and beard.

"His seriousness is grotesque and his drollery is profound"—one of his friends described Cruikshank.

Puritanical mother. They smoked and drank and were given to jovial parties. Incidentally George was an expert boxer, and many a riotous bout was held in his rather untidy room. Mr. Samuel Phillips wrote of his friend: "George is popular among his associates. His face is an index of his mind. There is nothing anomalous about him and his doings. His appearance, his illustrations, his speeches are all alike—all picturesque, artistic, full of fun, feeling, geniality and quaintness. His seriousness is grotesque and his drollery is profound. He is the prince of living caricaturists and one of the best of men."

The Cruikshanks were an artistic family. George described his father, Isaac, as "a clever designer, etcher and engraver and a first-rate water-color draughtsman." Helping father was George's first introduction to the career in which he later surpassed his teacher. His brother, Isaac Robert, was also adept with the pencil and Robert's son, Percy, followed the footsteps of the rest of the family. Born in 1792, George's earliest playthings were the needles and the dabber. "Take the pencil out of my sons' hands," said Mrs. Cruikshank, "and they are a couple of boobies."

From the age of eight on, he worked on drawings. His schools were his father's workroom, where he learned the use of tools, and the streets and taverns of Bloomsbury where he learned the priceless lesson of observation of human character. When he was twelve years old, he received his first payment for a picture, drawn for a Children's Lottery, and thereafter the numerous odd artistic jobs which came to his hand left him no time for thought of a career other than artist. He took anything that came to him, sometimes drawing sheets of prints for children, 12 on a sheet, at a penny the lot. For the next four years his work is hard to disentangle from the work of his father and brother. They often all three collaborated on one picture and in later years George himself could not pick out his own work. At the age of sixteen, he began signing his drawings. "The Mulberry Tree," a song heading, is the first signed Cruikshank we have. It is marked by bad drawing but the vivid characterization which is the man Cruikshank's own specialty is noticeable even in the work of the boy.

At about this time Europe was agitated by political unrest. All eyes were fastened on the meteoric career of the young Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte. Cruikshank joined the ranks of political lampoonists. He did a series of this man whom he called "Boney," and then continued in the domestic field with derisive drawings of the profligate Prince of Wales. When James Gillray, keen political caricaturist, died in 1815, Cruikshank finished some of the designs which his predecessor had begun. He acknowledged the older man as his master, and wrote, "I was not fit to hold a candle to Gillray." Gillray left his work table to Cruikshank who thereafter did most of his designs on it. He became affiliated with the editor, Hone, a clever satirical writer, and some of his best cartoons

were done in association with Hone. Cruikshank's political activity was over by 1832; he had turned by then to social caricature and book illustrations.

His first attempt at reform burst forth in 1818 with his design for "A Bank-Note Not to be Imitated." Distressed by the sight of women hanging for the crime of forgery, this sincere young man of twenty-six determined to design a note which could not be counterfeited. Whether this honest attack against capital punishment for petty crimes was the propelling force or not, it is true that punitory laws were softened within a few years and Cruikshank takes to himself the credit. At this time Cruikshank was the foremost manipulator of copper and steel, but the copper plates which he etched could reproduce at the most only three thousand impressions before the plate wore out. The demand for the bank-note was so great that Cruikshank was obliged to sit up a whole night to engrave a new plate.

As early as 1812, he had begun social caricatures with his "Metropolitan Grievances." This is the Cruikshank who captivates our hearts most completely; he who draws with such quaint humor a crowded ballroom, fashions of 1829 (he calls them "Frights"), a Christmas Eve ball among the bourgeois. They are jolly and bubbling with a genial spirit of fun. But there is another side to his social caricatures. "The Knacker's Yard, or The Horses' Last Home," is grim realism. Though horses and women are Cruikshank's weak points (his women often have waists smaller than their necks) this picture has been called "scarcely below Rembrandt in force and largeness of style while it is informed by an earnestness of purpose which the art of Rembrandt never aims at." Cruikshank can be serious; he can be tragic as in the drawing of "Fagin in the Condemned Cell," an illustration for *Oliver Twist*. Ruskin said that "his tragic power, though rarely developed and warped by habits of caricature, is in reality as great as his grotesque power."

He was accustomed to a regular routine. Breakfast at eight, and then he smoked a pipe. At nine he began work which lasted till noon when he lunched. From one to three he worked. At three he dined, at five he had tea, at nine supper. Between six and nine he worked again, so that he had practically eight hours of work, eight of dining and wining, and eight of sleep. If he had an inspiration in a tavern, it was not unusual for him to sketch on his thumbnail.

Cruikshank had once thought of the stage as a career, and throughout his life he was active in amateur theatricals, and in great demand as an entertainer at friends' parties. He played at times with Dickens; and once, in a performance in a friends' kitchen, the great Edmund Kean took the part of Bluebeard while George and Robert Cruikshank played the two brothers of Fatima. At a gathering at the *Cheshire Cheese* in 1842 or thereabout, Percival Leigh recalls, "After dinner came drinking and

Comic Almanac, 1850.

A Splendid Spread

Philoprogenitiveness, or Love of Children.

Cruikshank found his greatest popularity caricaturing the merry bourgeois of his time.

"The Knacker's Yard or Horses' Last Home" is grim realism; another facet of Cruikshank's art which has been favorably compared with Rembrandt.

smoking of course; and George Cruikshank was induced to sing 'Billy Taylor' which he did with grotesque expression and action varied to suit the words."

But by 1847 the gay young man about town left his foibles behind him and became a sincere reformer. He allied himself with the temperance movement, became a teetotaller himself and set himself definitely to create propaganda against the sins of drunkenness. In 1848 he published his most famous series, "The Bottle." In eight pictures he shows the downfall of a family by drink. The happy home is broken up. Crazed by drink, the husband kills his wife, and when his children visit him in prison, they, too, have fallen into ways of wickedness, the one being a prostitute, the other a thief. 100,000 copies were sold in a day or two at a shilling apiece and eight London theaters simultaneously put on a dramatic version of the story. It is melodramatic to excess and the prints we have are poor because of the type of reproduction used so that its interest for us today is purely historical.

The edition was too large to be reproduced from copper. Wood engraving, the next logical medium, was too costly. So it was reproduced by a process called glyphography, which is akin somewhat to modern electrotyping. Glyphography proved unsatisfactory because the engraved lines lost their definition and it was subsequently abandoned as a practical means of reproduction.

As early as 1819 Cruikshank had branched out into the field of book illustration. Although we now associate him entirely with Dickens, he actually illustrated only two of Dickens' books, *The Sketches by Boz* and *Oliver Twist*. Had he done nothing but the latter, however, his fame would be secure. Unfortunately he quarrelled both with Dickens and with Ainsworth, whose works he also illustrated, claiming in both instances that he was not only the illustrator of the books, but actually a collaborator in the writing. He claimed that many of the incidents and characters in the books were suggested by him. It is impossible to ferret out the rights in the controversy. Cruikshank's sense of the dramatic and of character quite probably was an aid to the authors in the actual composition of the stories, but the controversy itself does not show up the Cruikshank whom we admire in favorable light. When he broke with Ainsworth, he began a magazine of his own, the "Cruikshank Omnibus" (1841) in which all the illustrations were by the founder. The "Omnibus" is typical of Cruikshank's lightest vein.

By 1863 he had turned to oils and labored for a year on a huge oil painting which he hoped would be his masterpiece. Portraying again the evils of drink, "The Worship of Bacchus" is not noticed today and even in his time it was admired mainly by temperance societies.

The same Cruikshank whose caricatures have made him famous was master in another line, that of children's book illustrations. His pictures of fairy figures, of Cinderella, Puss in Boots, have a lightness of touch and a delicacy which place him at the top of that profession. He turned editor as well and revised four fairy tales for his *Fairy Library*. Curiously, his enthusiasm for temperance was so sincere that he introduced in the midst of his tales a sermon, for example, by Cinderella to her prince on the dangers of drink, a liberty which brought down upon him the wrath of Dickens. His last known picture, drawn in 1875, when he was eighty-three years old, is an illustration for a fairy book, *The Rose and the Lily*. Even then he was hale and hearty and could dance the hornpipe as well as in his younger days. He remained a jolly good fellow to the end. He died three years later, having lived and worked through the reigns of four monarchs, and is now buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

In portraying the ludicrous, the quaint, the weird, the pathetic or the terrible, Cruikshank is unsurpassed. Though his drawing is occasionally incorrect, he had a wonderful gift for characterization, a fertile imagination, and a sense of arrangement which makes him superbly capable of the management of crowds. He created a style for himself and made it popular. He was a true artist.

How a Muzhik Fed Two Russian Officials

Drawings by Richard Decker

By MIKHAÍL EVGRÁFOVICH SALTYKÓV

Under the pseudonym Shchedrin, the young Russian nobleman Saltykóv began to write in 1847 delightful and biting satires in a special colloquial language he created for them which is the despair of translators—and is the principal reason why this author, important in Russia, is not better known in America.

ONCE UPON A TIME there were two Officials. They were both empty-headed, and so they found themselves one day suddenly transported to an uninhabited isle, as if on a magic carpet.

They had passed their whole life in a Government Department, where records were kept; had been born there, bred there, grown old there, and consequently hadn't the least understanding for anything outside of the Department; and the only words they knew were: "With assurances of the highest esteem, I am your humble servant."

But the Department was abolished, and as the services of the two Officials were no longer needed, they were given their freedom. So the retired Officials migrated to Podyacheskaya Street in St. Petersburg. Each had his own home, his own cook and his pension.

Waking up on the uninhabited isle, they found themselves lying under the same cover. At first, of course, they couldn't understand what had happened to them, and they spoke as if nothing extraordinary had taken place.

"What a peculiar dream I had last night, your Excellency," said the one Official. "It seemed to me as if I were on an uninhabited isle." Scarcely had he uttered the words, when he jumped to his feet. The other Official also jumped up.

"Good Lord, what does this mean! Where are we?" they cried out in astonishment.

They felt each other to make sure that they were no longer dreaming, and finally convinced themselves of the sad reality.

Before them stretched the ocean, and behind them was a little spot of earth, beyond which the ocean stretched again. They began to cry—the first time since their Department had been shut down.

They looked at each other, and each noticed that the other was clad in nothing but his night shirt with his order hanging about his neck.

"We really should be having our coffee now," observed the one Official. Then he bethought himself again of the strange situation he was in and a second time fell to weeping.

"What are we going to do now?" he sobbed. "Even supposing we were to draw up a report, what good would that do?"

"You know what, your Excellency," replied the other Official, "you go to the east and I will go to the west. Toward evening we will come back here again, and, perhaps, we shall have found something."

They started to ascertain which was the east and which was the west. They recalled that the head of their Department had once said to them, "If you want to know where the east is, then turn your face to the north, and the east will be on your right." But when they tried to find out which was the north, they turned to the right and to the left and looked around on all sides. Having spent their whole life in the Department of Records, their efforts were all in vain.

"To my mind, your Excellency, the best thing to do would be for you to go to the right and me to go to the left," said one Official, who had served not only in the Department of Records, but had also been teacher of handwriting in the School for Reserves, and so was a little bit cleverer.

So said, so done. The one Official went to the right. He came upon trees bearing all sorts of fruit. Gladly would he have plucked an apple, but they all hung so high that he would have been obliged to climb up. He tried to climb up in vain. All he succeeded in doing was tearing his night shirt. Then he struck upon a brook. It was swarming with fish.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if we had all this fish in Podyacheskaya Street!" he thought, and his mouth watered. Then he entered woods and found partridges, grouse and hares.

"Good Lord, what an abundance of food!" he cried. His hunger was going up tremendously.

But he had to return to the appointed spot with empty hands. He found the other Official waiting for him.

"Well, your Excellency, how went it? Did you find anything?"

"Nothing but an old number of the *Moscow Gazette,* not another thing."

The Officials lay down to sleep again, but their empty stomachs gave them no rest. They were partly robbed of their sleep by the thought of who was now enjoying their pension, and partly by the recollection of the fruit, fishes, partridges, grouse and hares that they had seen during the day.

"The human pabulum in its original form flies, swims and grows on trees. Who would have thought it, your Excellency?" said the one Official.

"To be sure," rejoined the other Official. "I, too, must admit that I had imagined that our breakfast rolls came into the world just as they appear on the table."

"From which it is to be deduced that if we want to eat a pheasant, we must catch it first, kill it, pull its feathers and roast it. But how's that to be done?"

"Yes, how's that to be done?" repeated the other Official.

They turned silent and tried again to fall asleep, but their hunger scared sleep away. Before their eyes swarmed flocks of pheasants and ducks, herds of porklings, and they were all so juicy, done so tenderly and garnished so deliciously with olives, capers and pickles.

"I believe I could devour my own boots now," said the one Official.

Nor was the Muzhik forgotten.

"Gloves are not bad either, especially if they have been born quite mellow," said the other Official.

The two Officials stared at each other fixedly. In their glances gleamed an evil-boding fire, their teeth chattered and a dull groaning issued from their breasts. Slowly they crept upon each other and suddenly they burst into a fearful frenzy. There was a yelling and groaning, the rags flew about, and the Official who had been teacher of handwriting bit off his colleague's order and swallowed it. However, the sight of blood brought them both back to their senses.

"God help us!" they cried at the same time. "We certainly don't mean to eat each other up. How could we have come to such a pass as this?"

"We must, by all means, entertain each other to pass the time, otherwise there will be murder and death," said the one Official.

"You begin," said the other.

"Can you explain why it is that the sun first rises and then sets? Why isn't it the reverse?"

"Aren't you a funny man, your Excellency? You get up first, then you go to your office and work there, and at night you lie down to sleep."

"But why can't one assume the opposite, that is, that one goes to bed, sees all sorts of dream figures, and then gets up?"

"Well, yes, certainly. But when I was still an Official, I always thought this way: 'Now it is dawn, then it will be day, then will come supper, and finally will come the time to go to bed.'"

The word "supper" recalled that incident in the day's doings, and the thought of it made both Officials melancholy, so that the conversation came to a halt.

"A doctor once told me that human beings can sustain themselves for a long time on their own juices," the one Official began again.

"What does that mean?"

"It is quite simple. You see, one's own juices generate other juices, and these in their turn still other juices, and so it goes on until finally all the juices are consumed."

"And then what happens?"

"Then food has to be taken into the system again."

"The devil!" shouted the other Official.

No matter what topic the Officials chose, the conversation invariably reverted to the subject of eating; which only increased their appetite more and more. So they decided to give up talking altogether, and, recollecting the *Moscow Gazette* that the one of them had found, they picked it up and began to read.

Banquet Given by the Mayor

The table was set for one hundred persons. The magnificence of it exceeded

all expectations. The remotest provinces were represented at this feast of the gods by the costliest gifts. The golden sturgeon from Sheksna and the silver pheasant from the Caucasian woods held a rendezvous with strawberries so seldom to be had in our latitude in winter. . . .

"The devil! For God's sake, stop reading, your Excellency. Couldn't you find something else to read about?" cried the other Official in sheer desperation. He snatched the paper from his colleague's hands, and started to read something else.

Our correspondent in Tula informs us that yesterday a sturgeon was found in the Upa (an event which even the oldest inhabitants cannot recall, and all the more remarkable since they recognised the former police captain in this sturgeon). This was made the occasion for giving a banquet in the club. The prime cause of the banquet was served in a large wooden platter garnished with vinegar pickles. A bunch of parsley stuck out of its mouth. Doctor P—— who acted as toast-master saw to it that everybody present got a piece of the sturgeon. The sauces were unusually delicate——

"Permit me, your Excellency, it seems to me you are not so careful either in the selection of reading matter," interrupted the first Official, who secured the *Gazette* again and started to read:

One of the oldest inhabitants of Viatka has discovered a new and highly original recipe for fish soup. A live codfish (*lota vulgaris*) is taken and beaten with a rod until its liver swells up with anger. . . .

The Officials' heads drooped. Whatever their eyes fell upon had something to do with eating. Even their own thoughts were fatal. No matter how much they tried to keep their minds off beefsteak and the like, it was all in vain; their fancy returned invariably, with irresistible force, to that for which they were so painfully yearning. Suddenly an inspiration came to the Official who had once taught handwriting.

"I have it!" he cried delightfully. "What do you say to this, your Excellency? What do you say to our finding a muzhik?"

"A muzhik? What sort of a muzhik?"

"Why a plain ordinary muzhik. A muzhik like all other muzhiks. He would get the breakfast rolls for us right away, and he could also catch patridges and fish for us."

"Hm, a muzhik. But where are we to fetch one from, if there is a muzhik here?"

"WHY SHOULDN'T there be a muzhik here? There are muzhiks everywhere. All one has to do is hunt for them. There must be a muzhik hiding here somewhere so as to get out of working."

This thought so cheered the Officials that they instantly jumped up to go in search of a muzhik.

For a long while they wandered about on the island without the desired result, until finally a concentrated smell of black bread and old sheep skin assailed their nostrils and guided them in the right direction. There under a tree was a colossal muzhik lying fast asleep with his hands under his head. It was clear that to escape his duty to work he had impudently withdrawn to this island. The indignation of the Officials knew no bounds.

"What, lying asleep here, you lazy-bones you!" they raged at him. "Is it nothing to you that there are two Officials here who are fairly perishing of hunger! Up, forward march, work."

The Muzhik rose and looked at the two severe gentlemen standing in front of him. His first thought was to make his escape, but the Officials held him fast. He had to submit to his fate. He had to work.

First he climbed up on a tree and plucked several dozen of the finest apples for the Officials. He kept a rotten one for himself. Then he started a fire with bits of wood that he rubbed against each other. Out of his own hair he made a snare and caught partridges. Over the fire, by this time burning brightly, he cooked so many kinds of food that the question arose in the Officials' mind whether they shouldn't give some to this idler.

Beholding the efforts of the Muzhik, they rejoiced in their hearts. They had already forgotten how the day before they had nearly been perished of hunger, and all they thought of now was: "What a good thing it is to be an Official. Nothing bad can ever happen to an Official."

"Are you satisfied, gentlemen?" the lazy Muzhik asked.

"Yes, we appreciate your industry," replied the Officials.

"Then you will permit me to rest a little?"

"Go take a little rest, but first make a strong cord."

The Muzhik gathered wild hemp stalks, laid them in water, beat them and broke them, and toward evening a good stout cord was ready. The Officials took the cord and bound the Muzhik to a tree, so that he should not run away. Then they went to sleep.

Thus day after day passed, and the Muzhik became so skilful that he could actually cook soup for the Officials in his bare hands. The Officials had become round and well-fed and happy. It rejoiced them that here they needn't spend any money and that in the meanwhile their pensions were accumulating in St. Petersburg.

"What is your opinion, your Excellency," one said to the other after breakfast one day, "is the Story of the Tower of Babel true? Don't you think it is simply an allegory?"

"By no means, your Excellency, I think it was something that really happened. What other explanation is there for the existence of so many different languages on earth?"

"Then the Flood must really have taken place, too?"

"Certainly, else how would you explain the existence of Antediluvian animals? Besides, the *Moscow Gazette* says——"

They made search for the old number of the *Moscow Gazette*, seated themselves in the shade, and read the whole sheet from beginning to end. They read of festivities in Moscow, Tula, Penza and Riazan, and strangely enough felt no discomfort at the description of the delicacies served.

There was no saying how long this life might have lasted. Finally, however, it began to bore the Officials. They often thought of their cooks in St. Petersburg, and even shed a few tears in secret.

"I wonder how it looks in Podyacheskaya Street now, your Excellency," one of them said to the other.

"Oh, don't remind me of it, your Excellency. I am pining away with homesickness."

"It is very nice here. There is really no fault to be found with this place, but the lamb longs for its mother sheep. And it is a pity, too, for the beautiful uniforms."

"Yes, indeed, a uniform of the fourth class is no joke. The gold embroidery alone is enough to make one dizzy."

Now they began to importune the Muzhik to find some way of getting them back to Podyacheskaya Street, and strange to say, the Muzhik even knew where Podyacheskaya Street was. He had once drunk beer and mead there, and as the saying goes, everything had run down his beard, alas, but nothing into his mouth. The Officials rejoiced and said: "We are Officials from Podyacheskaya Street."

"And I am one of those men—do you remember?—who sit on a scaffolding hung by ropes from the roofs and paint the outside walls. I am one of those who crawl about on the roofs like flies. That is what I am," replied the Muzhik.

The Muzhik now pondered long and heavily on how to give great pleasure to his Officials, who had been so gracious to him, the lazy-bones, and had not scorned his work. And he actually succeeded in constructing a ship. It was not really a ship, but still it was a vessel that would carry them across the ocean close to Podyacheskaya Street.

"Now, take care, you dog, that you don't drown us," said the Officials, when they saw the raft rising and falling on the waves.

"Don't be afraid. We muzhiks are used to this," said the Muzhik, making all the preparations for the journey. He gathered swan's-down and made a couch for his two Officials, then he crossed himself and rowed off from shore.

How frightened the Officials were on the way, how seasick they were during the storms, how they scolded the coarse Muzhik for his idleness, can neither he be told nor described. The Muzhik, however, just kept rowing on and fed his Officials on herring. At last, they caught sight of dear old Mother Neva. Soon they were in the glorious Catherine Canal, and then, oh joy! they struck the grand Podyacheskaya Street. When the cooks saw their Officials so well fed, round and so happy, they rejoiced immensely. The Officials drank coffee and rolls, then put on their uniforms and drove to the Pension Bureau. How much money they collected there is another thing that can neither be told nor described. Nor was the Muzhik forgotten. The Officials sent a glass of whiskey out to him and five kopeks.

Now, Muzhik, rejoice.

What Started These

Facts and Fables about the Origins of some Everyday Phrases

To rob Peter to pay Paul — In the reign of Edward VI. the lands of St. Peter's Church at Westminster were appropriated to raise money for the repair of St. Paul's in London.

By hook or by crook — In feudal times the tenants of certain manors used to collect firewood from the estate by hook or by crook, that is, as much of the underwood as could be cut with a crook, and as much of the loose timber as could be collected from the boughs with a hook.

Hobson's Choice — Tobias Hobson was an innkeeper at Cambridge in the seventeenth century. He kept a stable and required those who came to hire a horse always to take the horse nearest the door although there was a great choice in the stable.

The Bitter End — This is an old sea term meaning the end of the rope or that part of the cable which is abaft the bitts. When there is no windlass the cables are fastened to bitts, that is, wooden posts fixed in pairs on the deck; and when a rope is paid out until all is let out, the end at the bitts is reached, hence the bitter end as opposed to the other end.

Paying through the nose — The poll-tax in Sweden was called a nose-tax; it was a penny per nose, or poll.

Get the sack — In the seventeenth century mechanics carried their implements in a bag or sack, and when discharged received it back so that they might replace their tools in it and seek a job elsewhere. Another story goes that when the Sultan tired of one of his wives he tied her in a sack and had her thrown into the sea.

Humbug — In Ireland "uim bog," pronounced humbug, means soft copper or worthless money.

Humble pie — Humble is a pun on umble, the umbles being the heart, liver, and entrails of the deer. When the lord and his household dined on venison, the umbles were made into a pie for the servants.

What Shall I Give My

Robinson Crusoe, from a painting, by Frank E. Schoonover, in the Harper edition of Defoe's undying adventure story.

WE WOULD BY NO MEANS limit the reading of a given boy or girl to the books of this list or of any list of books for children. We would see to it that early connection is made with adult books, with histories, books of travel and exploration, natural histories, the sciences and the arts. Allowance must be made for a wide variation of taste among child readers, and for the capriciousness of childhood which frequently enjoys at a later period or under different circumstances the book rejected as "silly" or "not interesting."

The recently published letters of well known authors concerning the books they read as children leave us with a stronger conviction than ever that the crucial point in any guidance of children's reading lies in having certain books at hand at the psychological moment. It is a fatal thing, especially in New England, to delay the first reading of "Alice" to the reasoning years. Old England has always known this and has stood by the sense of nonsense in her nurseries. When Hugh Walpole learned to read by reading "Alice in Wonderland," he was asserting the natural right of childhood to choose for itself among the books at hand. No one who has read "Jeremy" will regret that "Alice" rather than "Jonas" was his choice.

In response to many inquiries from parents, and out of a varied experience in the suggestion of children's books as gifts, we have arranged two lists of books in an approximate order of purchase for a child or a family of children under ten years old. Many of the books will be read to children long before they are able to read for themselves. Herein lies the real opportunity of the parent or teacher who knows how to read nonsense in verse or prose, and has faith in the power and beauty of the English of the Bible, the great poets, and of such writers as Bunyan, Defoe, Hawthorne, Stevenson, and Kipling. The selection of titles has been made with the idea of giving right of way to literature and good drawing during the most impressionable years of life.

For Younger Children

THE FARMER'S BOY. Illustrated in color with line drawings by Randolph Caldecott. Frederick Warne. $.60. We have given this book in paper covers as a first picture book to many children between the ages of one and three. Fifteen more indispensable titles of old nursery rhymes will be found on its cover. The sixteen books may be had in boards in two or in four volumes.

MOTHER GOOSE. Illustrated in color by Kate Greenaway. Frederick Warne. $1. That Kate Greenaway was a child psychologist as well as an artist, every young mother who studies her drawings will discover for herself. Her "Marigold Garden," "Under the Window," "The Pied Piper," "A Apple Pie," and "A Day in a Child's Life" should be added very early to every child's library.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated in black and white by Charles Robinson. Scribner's. $2.50 or $1. Kate Greenaway's child pictures and verses suggested to Stevenson the writing of his own verses for children.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE. By William Blake. Illustrated by Jacynth Parsons. With a preface letter by William Butler Yeats. Hale, Cushman & Flint. $3.50. "The most perfect expression of Blake's vision of life."—Scudder.

THE BIG BOOK OF NURSERY RHYMES. Edited by Walter C. Jerrold. Illustrated in color and in line drawing by Charles Robinson. E. P. Dutton. $2. This collection has been a favorite gift book for about fifteen years. It contains other verse than traditional Mother Goose melodies.

THE COMPLETE NONSENSE BOOK. By Edward Lear. Edited by Lady Strachey, with an introduction by Lord Cromer. Duffield. $4. This edition contains "all the original pictures and verses together with new material," c. 1912.

THE POSY RING. A book of verse for children. Compiled by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Doubleday, Doran. $2. We should add, with this collection, E. V.

Child to Read?

By ANNE CARROLL MOORE

Head of the Children's Department of the New York Public Library, pioneer in the development of Library work with children, and outstanding authority on children's books and reading.

Lucas' *Book of Verses* in the more expensive of the two editions, published by Henry Holt.

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT. By Beatrix Potter. Frederick Warne. $.75. The "little book" makes a distinct appeal to many children and no one has understood this better than Beatrix Potter. Her *Tailor of Gloucester* is a Christian story.

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS. Illustrated in color and with line drawings by L. Leslie Brooke. Frederick Warne. $.75. His *Three Bears, Three Little Pigs, Tom Thumb,* his *Golden Goose,* and his nursery rhymes are loved by children of all ages. The books are published in paper covers and in boards.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK. By Horace E. Scudder. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin. $4. "A collection of the best and most famous stories and poems in the English language."

THE BIBLE FOR CHILDREN. Arranged from the King James Version. Century. $3.50.

THE FABLES OF ÆSOP. Edited by Joseph Jacobs. Illustrated by Richard Heighway. Macmillan. $1.50.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. Translated by Mrs. Edward Lucas. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Lippincott. $2.50. There is also a good edition of Grimm, edited by Lucy Crane, illustrated by Walter Crane, and published by Macmillan.

Circe and the Swine, by N. C. Wyeth, from Houghton Mifflin's edition of "The Odyssey."

The Giant, by Arthur Rackham, from "Jack and the Beanstalk," in the Macmillan edition of "English Fairy Tales."

ENGLISH FAIRY TALES. Edited by Joseph Jacobs. G. P. Putnam. $1.75. Joseph Jacobs was a born story teller as well as a student of folk lore. His renderings are characterized by humor and idiomatic English.

JUST SO STORIES. By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by the author. Doubleday, Doran. $2 or $2.50. The "juvenile edition," larger in size, is more attractive to young children.

A SHORT HISTORY OF DISCOVERY. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Illustrated in color by the author, David McKay. $3. "This little book is an historical appetizer. . . . It merely says: Dear Children: History is the most fascinating and entertaining and instructive of arts."

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50. The childhood of Hiawatha will be familiar to children long before this book, with its fine picture of American Indian life, is added to their library.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST PICTURE BOOK. Illustrated in color by Walter Crane. John Lane. $1.75. While some young children are attracted by the strong color of the Walter Crane picture books, especially in paper covers, the sumptuous settings and costumes make a more definite appeal to children already familiar with fairy tales.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. By Lewis Carroll. Illustrated by Sir John Tenniel. Macmillan. $1.25. *Through the Looking Glass* may be had in a separate volume or bound with *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.*

DAVID BLAIZE AND THE BLUE DOOR. By E. F. Benson. Doubleday, Doran. Like "Alice" this book is the story of a dream. The first chapter contains valuable information concerning imaginative boys under ten.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, AND OTHER TALES FROM THE OLD FRENCH. Retold by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Illustrated in color by Edmund Dulac. Doubleday, Doran. $1. This is a fine collection.

THE ORIGINAL FABLES OF LA FONTAINE. Rendered into English prose by Frederick Colin Tilney. With colored illustrations by the author. (Tales from Many Lands Series). Dutton. $1.

JOAN OF ARC. Illustrated in color by M. Boutet de Monvel. Century. $4. The English edition of this wonderful book has just come back into print.

THE BROWNIES, THEIR BOOK. By Palmer Cox. Century. $1.75. Palmer Cox studied children's interests so faithfully that his drawings are as popular as ever.

THE CHICKEN WORLD. By E. Boyd Smith. G. P. Putnam. $3. Boyd Smith has done no better work than in this picture book which he made several years ago while living in France.

THE HAPPY HEART FAMILY. By Virginia Gerson. Illustrated by the author. Duffield. $2.50. A nonsense story, printed for little children as arranged by the artist-author.

JANE, JOSEPH AND JOHN. By Ralph Bergengren. Illustrated in color by Maurice E. Day. Atlantic Monthly Press. $2. Ralph Bergengren's verses are modern but are childlike in spirit, a quality sustained by Maurice Day in his charming pictures of children at play.

For Older Children

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Illustrated in color by Maxfield Parrish. Scribner's. $2.50, $1. A fuller selection of stories may be found in the collection edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott and published by Henry Holt.

TWO JUNGLE BOOKS. By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by John Lockwood Kipling, C. I. E., and W. H. Brake. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.

UNCLE REMUS, HIS SONGS AND HIS SAYINGS. By Joel Chandler Harris. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. Appleton. $2. The age at which children enjoy "Uncle Remus" varies with their distance from the South.

RIP VAN WINKLE, AND THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW. By Washington Irving. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. David McKay. $2.50. Children should know this story before they are asked to read it as an assignment.

THE PETERKIN PAPERS. By Lucretia P. Hale. Houghton Mifflin. $2. The amusing adventures of a large family. We would like to add *The William Henry Letters* of Mrs. Diaz, but it is out of print.

PINOCCHIO, THE ADVENTURES OF A MARIONETTE. By Carlo Lorenzini (C. Collodi). Illustrated by Charles Copeland. Ginn & Co. $.50, $1. The best known and most popular of Italian fairy tales. The illustrations of the Italian original are fascinating to boys of all ages.

THE ROSE AND THE RING. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With illustrations by the author. Putnam. $1. Children who have seen Tony Sarg's marionettes made after Thackeray's drawings will read the book at an earlier age and with keen perception of its charm.

THE WONDER BOOK. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated by Walter Crane. Houghton Mifflin. $5. *The Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales* are included in the same volume in an edition illustrated by Maxfield Parrish.

THE HEROES. By Charles Kingsley. Macmillan. $1.25 or $1. Kingsley's fine text is worthy of a new and attractive edition.

THE ODYSSEY. Translated by S. H. Butcher and Andrew Lang. Macmillan. $.80. The best version from which to read aloud. *The Children's Homer* by Padraic Colum combines the story of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in a form more attractive to children.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. Illustrated by the Brothers Rhead. Century. $3. The pictures accompanying this text invite more children to read *Pilgrim's Progress* than those of any other edition.

GOLDEN NUMBERS. A book of verse for youth. Compiled by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Doubleday, Doran. $2. *The Blue Poetry Book,* edited by Andrew Lang and published by Longmans, Green & Co., contains many ballads and is one of the few collections in which "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" is to be found. Burton Stevenson's *Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*, published by Henry Holt & Co., should also be given a place.

ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES. Translated by Mrs. Edgar Lucas. E. P. Dutton. $2.50. The edition illustrated by T. C. and W. Robinson is the most attractive and satisfactory. There is a fine large edition translated by H. L. Braekstad, with illustrations by Hans Tegner and an introduction by Edmund Gosse, published by Century.

IN THE DAYS OF GIANTS. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50. The best introduction to Norse myths for young readers.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF NILS. By Selma Lagerlöf. Illustrated in color by Mary H. Frye. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. A dream story with Sweden for a background. Written for children nine years old by Sweden's greatest living novelist. Asbjörnsen's *Fairy Tales from the Far North* is unfortunately out of print in the English edition. It is one of the most valuable of all collections of fairy tales.

A LITTLE BOY LOST. By W. H. Hudson. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25. A dream story with South America for its background. The kind of story that Hudson the naturalist felt he might have liked when a child. To be read aloud.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. By Jonathan Swift. Illustrated in color by Willy Pogany. Macmillan. $2. A preference is often expressed for the Cranford edition of Gulliver.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. By Daniel Defoe. Illustrated by Louis and Frederick Rhead. Harper. $1.50. No illustrated edition of *Robinson Crusoe* has yet realized the possibilities suggested by the text.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON. By Johann David Wyss. Illustrated by Louis Rhead. Harper. $1.75. There is no diminution in the popularity of the resourceful Swiss Family.

THE STORY OF ROLAND. By James Baldwin. Scribner's. $2.50. We would always read from "The Song of Roland."

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD. By Howard Pyle. Illustrated in black and white by the author. Scribner's. $3.50. The best prose rendering of Robin Hood.

THE BOYS' KING ARTHUR. Edited by Sidney Lanier. Illustrated in color by N. C. Wyeth. Scribner's. $2.50. Howard Pyle's four large volumes may well be left to children over ten. The first and last of the Pyle books are best.

DON QUIXOTE OF THE MANCHA. By Miguel de Cervantes-Saavedra. Retold by Judge Parry and illustrated by Walter Crane. John Lane Co. $2.50. Many children need Spanish background for the enjoyment of "Don Quixote."

THE BLUE FAIRY BOOK. Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green. $2. A favorite collection with children of all ages. The versions of Andrew Lang are not so easy to read aloud as are those of other collections.

THE WONDER CLOCK, OR FOUR AND TWENTY MARVELOUS TALES. Adapted by Howard Pyle. Illustrated in black and white by the author. Harper. $2. *Pepper and Salt* in its stories and verses, as well as by its pictures, appeals to children a little earlier than does *The Wonder Clock*. Both collections should be included in a children's library.

AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND. By George MacDonald. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. David McKay. $2.50. *The Princess and the Goblin* and *The Princess and Curdie* are usually enjoyed by younger children than those who read of *Little Diamond* and *North Wind.* Josephine Daskam Bacon's tribute to George MacDonald in *On Our Hill* places these books admirably in relation to other fairy tales read to three children under ten.

THE GOLDEN SPEARS. By Edmund Leamy. Illustrated by N. M. Leamy. Desmond Fitzgerald. $1.50. This unusual collection of original Irish fairy tales is worthy of a setting more in keeping with its fine literary form.

GRANNY'S WONDERFUL CHAIR. By Frances Browne. Illustrated by Katharine Pyle. Dutton. $1.50. The charm of these old stories told by a blind poet extends to the children of today.

JACKANAPES. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Illustrated by Randolph Caldecott. Harcourt, Brace. $2. No modern edition can replace the one in which Caldecott pictured Jackanapes on Lollo's back racing over Goose Green.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Dutton. $2.50. Some children prefer Shakespeare at first hand, but for those who do not, no rendering has approached this classic.

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The Village Choir Makes Its Rounds

By THOMAS HARDY

MOST OF THE OUTLYING homesteads and hamlets had been visited by about two o'clock; they then passed across the Home Plantation towards the main village. Pursuing no recognized track, great care was necessary in walking lest their faces should come in contact with the low-hanging boughs of the old trees, which in many spots formed dense overgrowths of interlaced branches.

"Times have changed from the times they used to be," said Mail, regarding nobody can tell what interesting old panoramas with an inward eye, and letting his outward glance rest on the ground, because it was as convenient a position as any. "People don't care much about us now! I've been thinking, we must be almost the last left in the county of the old string-players. Barrel-organs, and they next door to 'em that you blow wi' your foot, have come in terribly of late years."

"Ah!" said Bowman, shaking his head; and old Williams, on seeing him, did the same thing.

"More's the pity," replied another. "Time was—long and merry ago now!—when not one of the varmits was to be heard of; but it served some of the choirs right. They should have stuck to strings as we did, and keep out clar'nets, and done away with serpents. If you'd thrive in musical religion, stick to strings, says I."

"Strings are well enough, as far as that goes," said Mr. Spinks.

"There's worse things than serpents," said Mr. Penny. "Old things pass away, 'tis true; but a serpent was a good old note; a deep rich tone was the serpent."

"Clar'nets, however, be bad at all times," said Michael Mail. "One Christmas—years agone now, years—I went the rounds wi' the Dibbeach choir. 'Twas a hard frosty night, and the keys of all the clar'nets froze—ah, they did freeze!—so that 'twas like drawing a cork every time a key was opened; the players o' 'em had to go into a hedger and ditcher's chimley-corner, and thaw out their clar'nets every now and then.

'An icicle o' spet hung down from the end of every man's clar'net a span long; and as to fingers—well, there, if ye'll believe me, we had no fingers at all, to our knowledge."

"I can well bring back to my mind," said Mr. Penny, "what I said to poor Joseph Ryme (who took the tribble part in High-Story Church for two-and-forty year) when they thought of having clar'nets there. 'Joseph,' I said, says I, 'depend upon 't, if so be you have them tooting clar'nets you'll spoil the whole set-out. Clar'nets were not made for the service of Providence; you can see it by looking at 'em,' I said. And what cam o't? Why, my dear souls, the parson set up a barrel-organ on his own account within two years o' the time I spoke, and the old choir went to nothing."

"As far as look is concerned," said the tranter, "I don't for my part see that a fiddle is much nearer heaven than a clar'net. 'Tis farther off. There's always a rakish, scampish countenance about a fiddle that seems to say the Wicked One had a hand in making o'en; while angels be supposed to play clar'nets in heaven, or som'at like 'em, if ye may believe picters."

"Robert Penny, you were in the right," broke in the eldest Dewy. "They should ha' stuck to strings. Your brass-man, is brass—well and good; your reed-man, is reed—well and good; your percussion man, is percussion—good again. But I don't care who hears me say it, nothing will speak to your heart wi' the sweetness of the man of strings!"

"Strings forever!" said Little Jimmy.

"Strings alone would have held their ground against all the newcomers i' creation." ("True, true!" said Bowman.) "But clar'nets was death." ("Death they was!" said Mr. Penny.) "And harmoniums," William continued, in a louder voice, and getting excited by these signs of approval, "harmoniums and barrel-organs" ("Ah!" and groans from Spinks) "be miserable—what shall I call 'em—miserable——"

"Sinners," suggested Jimmy, who made large strides like the men, and did not lag behind like the other little boys.

"Miserable machines for such a divine thing as music."

"Right, William, and so they be!" said the choir with earnest unanimity.

And him and the King having a glass of beer together; and me chatting with the Queen.

Lady Wipers

That's what 'e used to call me, sir; so that's what the papers called me. Of course, you wouldn't know about it, seeing you only been back in London a week after doing your paintings all the summer on the contenink. Italy *is* on the contenink, I suppose? Lor!—but you 'ave got your studio in a mess, 'aven't you, sir? I'd better dust your books a bit.

Yes that's what 'e used to call me. Such a one for jokes, 'e was. You know sir, when 'e'd come 'ome on his leave, I used to stop me work and go to Victoria station to meet him. And I wasn't so well off, you might say, in them days. It was door-steps then, sir—and polishing door-knockers; and every penny counted. Oh, I'm much better off now, sir—what with cleaning gentlemen's rooms and all that and not 'aving to work out-of-doors in the cold and rain, like. So it was losing one and thruppence every time I went to meet him; because I had to wait in the station all day, not knowing which train 'e would come on.

And that's what 'e used to say to me—first off, like. " 'Ullo, Lady Wipers! 'ere I am—back 'ome once more; safe and sound. So come on—and let's 'ave a glass of beer together."

That was the first thing 'e thought of, sir. Oh, 'e was a great one for his beer. No messing around, taking me in his arms and all that. "Come on," 'e'd say, "let's 'ave a glass of beer." And I was that proud of him, sir—carrying his gas-mask and kit-bag and souvineers and all, and trotting behind him on the way to the pub.

"A pint of the best," 'e used to say. "And one for me old dutch 'ere—Lady Wipers."

No, 'e never kissed me, sir—but once. That was when 'e went back to Wipers for the last time. In 1918, that was. 'E kissed me then, just before 'e got on the train. I don't know what come over him to do it—but 'e kissed me. Oh, 'e was fond of me in his 'eart, you might say; deep down in his 'eart, sir. Only 'e never showed it. 'E was too much of a man for that.

"Well," 'e says, "so long, Lady Wipers. Keep the old 'ome fire burning," 'e says. "And don't forget—if anything 'appens to me—you own a bit of property up round Wipers; a bit I've paid for with me blood," 'e says. "That's what the King said in that speech 'e made the other day. So if I cop it," 'e says, "you go up and tell 'em. Tell 'em you own Wipers as much as anybody in the land—and that Private Bill Blodgett, your 'usband, jolly well said so."

And it was then 'e kissed me, sir. Oh, 'e could talk like Winston Churchill, sir—when 'e'd had a drop or

Drawings by Dorothy McKay

—of Ypres

By LLEWELLYN HUGHES

Llewellyn Hughes is one of the few short story writers of lasting merit to come out of the War. He has a true sense for story-telling, and for sympathetic yet rollicking portrayal of human nature, preferably cockney.

Although he was born in Penarth, Wales, he early emigrated to Canada, and was gassed at the French front while in the Canadian army. He now lives in California.

two. 'E was always fond of his beer. That's how I met him, sir, first of all. 'E'd had too much, as the saying is.

Beg parding, sir—these books *are* dusty, ain't they?

Yes, I used to keep meself pretty tidy in them days, and had a little back room all to meself and everything. I'm talking now, sir, of long ago; before the war started. I used to go out every morning and wash door-steps and polish knockers. And sometimes I got a bit of extra work that kept me late. And likely the last door-step would be out Kensington way, sir, and I'd fancy a bit of a walk 'ome—through the park, like.

It kept me pretty late, you might say. But I didn't mind it. There was always flowers in the park and couples going arm-in-arm. And it was through being late as I met him, sir. 'E'd had too much as usual, and there 'e was, sir; lying in the gutter. And *such* a state. I was frightened at first, sir. I didn't know what to do with him. 'E'd been in a fight, and some ruffian or other had knocked him down—and his 'ead had struck the sewer. And there 'e lay, sir—half-dead, like.

So I 'elped him up as best I could—till 'e come to his senses a bit. 'E didn't know where 'e was nor nothing and couldn't remember where 'e lived. So I took him with me, sir—the poor feller—and then I sent for the doctor. And the doctor come and put several stitches in his 'ead and left him lying on my bed. I didn't like it at all, sir—me being a decent young woman! But what was I to do? So I sat up all night, nursing him. And glad of a bit of company I was; although it was only a man groaning, you might say.

You know, sir, I always blame that doctor for the poor job 'e done. The stitches must 'ave been very clumsy ones; because Bill had the marks of 'em ever after. Sort of ridges, they was; hard as nails, sir, when you felt 'em. 'E always had 'eadaches after that, and I used to rub his poor 'ead for him; and me fingers would go over and over them ridges of his—like over a griddle, you might say.

Yes, that's how I met him, sir. And 'e was grateful to me, in a way of speaking. 'E knew I had looked after him, like; saved him from being sent to a 'ospital. 'E hated 'ospitals, sir.

So then 'e got to taking me out to a pub—of an evening; and now and then borrowing a shilling of me; and glad I was to let him 'ave it. You see, sir, I was only twenty-six at the time; and I'd never had a feller, as you might say. I often used to wish I had

some one to go out with—seeing 'em arm-in-arm in the park. So when Bill took me out for a bit, I was proud, like; and got meself up to look tidy for him and all that. And when 'e wanted a shilling or two, I gave it to him and gladly—because 'e never worked, sir; except when 'e had to.

Oh, 'e was a regular toff with his money. And, as I tell you, deep down in his 'eart 'e was kind to me, sir. So—begging your parding, sir—when I was forced, like, to tell him I was going to 'ave a baby, 'e done the right thing by me and married me. And we lived in me back room cozy as could be. But the baby died almost before 'e was born—and what with one thing and another we had a hard time. You see, sir, I was too weak to go out working for him, and 'e took to drinking 'eavy, after the baby died.

Oh, 'e was terrible fond of children, sir—you could tell that. And I done the best I could for him, to make him 'appy, like. As soon as I could stand on me feet, you might say, I went to washing door-steps again and started earning me bit of money regular. Only 'e used to beat me at times—when 'e'd been drinking. I know 'e didn't mean it, sir. 'E was sorry afterwards—I know 'e was. But what with his 'eadaches and his worrying over the baby and all—'e was cross-patch and raised his hand to me, sometimes.

Of course, I didn't do so well with people when I had a black eye. They didn't like the looks of me, and said their door-steps would do until next week—which was only right, after all; wasn't it, sir? But we got along somehow, and managed to eat and all. Only we never enjoyed ourselves like other couples, nor went anywhere nor anything.

Would you believe me, sir? I never been to the cinema in all my born days. The only place 'e ever took me to was the pub; and I didn't like to go inside some of 'em; they was that bad, sir. So I used to stand waiting for him outside, on the corner—except when it come to rain hard.

But I was 'appy with him, sir—quite 'appy. The 'appiest days I ever had. And I like to look back on 'em, and talk about 'em—when I ain't disturbing anybody, sir.

And then the war come and 'e joined the army. The minute 'e knew his country wanted him, 'e never 'esitated, sir. Oh, 'e was a wonderful man in every way. Stepped right up, 'e did, and took the shilling; and when I come 'ome about ten o'clock that night, there 'e was, sir, lying on the bed in his brand-new uniform. Such a picture, sir; real 'andsome, 'e was.

I cried when 'e went away, sir. I couldn't 'elp it. You see, 'e was all I had in the world, you might say—and it made me 'appy to look after him and work to the bone for him. Oh, I didn't mind him knocking me about a bit, sir. All men like to do that, don't they, sir? To show off, like. And after all, 'e was me lawful-wedded 'usband and had a right to give me a blow now and then—if 'e had a mind to. I dare say I was a bit of a bother to him sometimes, when I couldn't look after him proper—being tired and worn-out from walking 'ome. Ninepence a week, I used to save, sir—by walking 'ome of an evening. And 'e used to get it—every penny; and gladly. Only 'e didn't realize—that was the trouble. Oh, 'e could spend his money like water, sir—if you know what I mean.

His regiment was one of the first to go, sir. You see, 'e joined up so early. And in 1915, 'e was in France, sir. I felt terrible lonely at first; and I used to lie awake at night—fearing 'e'd get killed.

'E wrote to me quite regular—I'll say that for him. Sometimes it was a post-card; sometimes it was one of them green envelopes—unopened by censor as they say. No nonsense in 'em, sir; nothing silly, like. 'E was too much of a man for that. Sometimes 'e'd scold me because his socks was too small; other times it would be the cakes I'd sent him had got hard, like. Things like that, sir. I've got his letters, every one of them—in a little box in me room.

Three years and more, sir—coming and going—and post-cards and letters. It was a bit 'ard on me—when I 'eard. Six times 'e had come on leave, sir; six times I'd waited all day in Victoria station for his train to come in. I used to choke, sir, every time I saw him; choke with 'appiness, you might say, trying to keep me tears back. 'Cause 'e didn't like to see me sniffing—as 'e called it.

Yes, it was hard, sir; terrible hard, in a way of speaking. I ought to 'ave left that back room of mine, and gone somewhere else. Only I didn't like to leave it, sir, where so many things had 'appened—the baby and all. So I just kept to meself and went on with me door-steps. But I never walked 'ome through the park any more. I'd get low-spirited, if you know what I mean, sir? When I'd see the couples arm-in-arm, like. Of course, 'e wouldn't 'ave walked *arm-in-arm* with me—not for anything. I had to walk behind him a bit, as you might say. To make it seem as if 'e was alone, like. Oh, 'e was dignified, sir; and *such* a one for ettequet when 'e wanted to be.

No, I didn't walk 'ome through the park any more, sir. I took the bus. You see, I was better off then, you might say. I had me own work and only meself to keep. And besides that, I had a bit of money coming in regular. His pension, you know, sir. It was the first money I ever got from him; and I expect you'll laugh at me—when I tell you. Of course, the money comes from the government. I know that. But I always say to meself, "This is from Bill. This bit of money is from your dear, departed 'usband."

So what with the pension and me own earnings, I managed to save up quite a bit, you might say. And that's how it all 'appened, sir. Me 'aving a bit of money to spare. You see, I'm not one for reading the papers much—and I didn't know nothing about it until a friend of mine told me. It was while you was on the contenink, sir—painting your pictures. Some time during the summer, it was; so Mrs. Gubbins told me.

"Mrs. Blodgett," she says, "why didn't you go to Wipers with 'em to see the unveiling of that memorial the other day? It was all in the papers about it," she says.

"What memorial?" I says.

"The memorial to the soldiers who was killed at Wipers," she says, "The ones they reported missing. The ones they couldn't find to give a decent burial to. I thought that's what 'appened to *your* 'usband?"

"They never found him," I says. "That's quite true, Mrs. Gubbins. They knew 'e was killed," I says, "but they couldn't find him."

"Well it was all in the papers last week," she says. "There was a quarter of a million of 'em killed at Wipers who got a proper burial. But there was another 58,000 of 'em that didn't," she says. "Their bodies was pounded into the soil by the German guns," she says. "And maybe that's what 'appened to your 'usband."

It took me so sudden, sir. "I never knew a thing about it," I says.

"Yes," says Mrs. Gubbins, "a memorial. They had Lord Plumer to unveil it and everything. And the government ordered a special train for the widows to go over and see it. Paid their way for 'em and all. Just to see where their 'usbands was killed," she says.

I can tell you, sir—there was a lump in me throat, like; to think I hadn't 'eard about it.

"They never asked *me*," I says. "Nobody ever said a word to *me*—and I got a 'usband over there, who's been there all these years—since 1918," I says.

"Well, they got his name on the memorial, Mrs. Blodgett," she says. "Because I read in the papers they got 58,000 names on it. So your 'usband's name is sure to be amongst 'em. Still," she says, "I think it's a pity you wasn't asked to go. It would 'ave been a little outing for you. Thousands and thousands of widows went there."

It upset me, sir; if you know what I mean. And when she had gone, I just lay on me bed and had a good cry all to meself. I thought it was wrong of the government not to let me know. I'd 'ave given up me work—willingly. And as you know, sir, work isn't so easy to get these days.

But I'd 'ave given up everything—just to 'ave gone and been near him a bit, once more, that I would.

That's all right, sir!—don't you move. I can dust round your feet without disturbing you.

Yes, that's how it all 'appened, sir. If I hadn't saved up a bit of money—I couldn't 'ave gone there. It makes me smile, when I think how excited I was. You see, I *had* made up me mind to get a winter coat for meself—and a tippet. But I thought, "What is a coat and a tippet compared with being near Bill for a little while?" So I made up me mind, like, and took me money and—and went, sir. They was very kind to me at the railway station—and give me full perticulars how to get there and everything; wrote it down on a piece of paper for me. Oh, they respected me, sir—when I told 'em. So I just give up me work—and went.

It was a daring thing to do—I know that. And me 'eart was fluttering all the way. Frightened, like; if you know what I mean, sir. Going to a forring country and all that—just by meself. But I kept saying, "Bill took this trip half a dozen times—when there was bombs and U-boats and everything. And you are going over the same ground that 'e did."

You know, sir, until then—just about three months ago, it is—until then I had never been outside London. But I'm glad, now. It gave me an opportunity to see the world, like—and I don't regret spending me money; I don't regret it one bit, sir. I'd do it all over again tomorrow—and gladly.

THE BOAT was the worst. I was sick. And there was a stylish young woman come up to me and asked if she could do anything for me. But I said no—as I thought I could manage. And she kept watching me all the time—and talking about me to another young woman. And now and then they would laugh at me. I looked a sight, I suppose.

"Are you going to the contenink?" she asks me.

"No—I'm not going there, mum," I says. "I'm going to Wipers," I says, "to see me 'usband's name on a memorial."

That stopped her laughing, you might say. And she turned away and I didn't see her again until we got to Calais. Then she come up to me once more.

"Can I 'elp you in any way?" she says.

"No, thank you, mum," I says. "I've got all perticulars how to do everything," I says.

She was fiddling with her purse. "If you need any—" she says.

But I looked at her. "I got me own money, thank you, mum," I says.

A young girl, she was; pretty, but painted, like. I'm afraid I spoke a bit sharp to her and hurt her feelings. She just smiled at me, like; but didn't say any more.

You know, sir—I was lost, you might say. Everybody was talking that forring language—and I had to depend on meself for everything. I kept looking for the name of the station all the time—not being able to ask questions, seeing there was nobody could understand me even if I did. I know you'll laugh, sir—but I would never 'ave got out at Wipers at all, if the guard hadn't pushed me off the train.

It was spelled funny, sir; with y's and p's in it; and they kept shouting "eepees, eepees, eepees."

"It's Wipers I want to go to," I says to the guard.

"That's right," 'e says. "This is Wipers." He spoke with a forring accent, like. "This is Wipers," 'e says, "so you're all right, madam."

So I started to walk down the street, asking nothing of nobody, but just keeping to meself, you know, sir. And people was staring at me now and then, and saying things; only I didn't take any notice of 'em.

But I'm better off now, sir. I got gentlemen's flats to clean now.

Bill, me dear 'usband, used to tell me that Wipers was all smashed up to nothing. But I only saw one building in ruins, sir; and that's a fact. Like it had fallen down; only they was keeping it tidy, as you might say, round the edges. Why, sir! Wipers wasn't a patch on London—not for ruins, it wasn't. What with 'em pulling down Regent Street and making alterations round Piccadilly Circus and always pulling up the roads and digging drains and all—you'd think the war had been over 'ere not over there.

A SMALL PLACE it was, sir. But I must 'ave walked miles—trying to find the memorial Mrs. Gubbins told me about. I got a blister on me heel, sir; from walking up and down and up and down. And then—after I had passed it twice or three times—I 'appened to notice the place. It was a big marble archway, all in white, sir—with the road going in between, as you might say. Like Marble Arch, sir—only newer. And there was wreaths lying all about it. And when I looked I could see the names—just as Mrs. Gubbins had said. Thousands and thousands of names, sir. And I stood there looking at 'em—with me 'eart fluttering.

But it was like looking for a needle in a haystack to find me dear 'usband's name. I was looking for hours, sir; hours and hours. I got very tired, you might say. Most of 'em was too high for me to read. And walking round and round, you know, sir; till I was fair giddy and my eyes aching like they would pop out of me 'ead.

But God was kind to me, sir. I was 'aving me last look, just before going back to the railway station—when, all of a sudding, I saw it. Down quite low, it was—almost at the bottom. Plain as day, it was. Me 'eart was beating—just like it used to do when 'e come on leave and I saw him walking down the Victoria platform. Just as if 'e was living, sir. That's how his name seemed to take me. Private W. Blodgett—it said—Third Battalion, King's Rifles. That was his regiment, you know, sir. Yes, there was his name; under thousands and thousands of others.

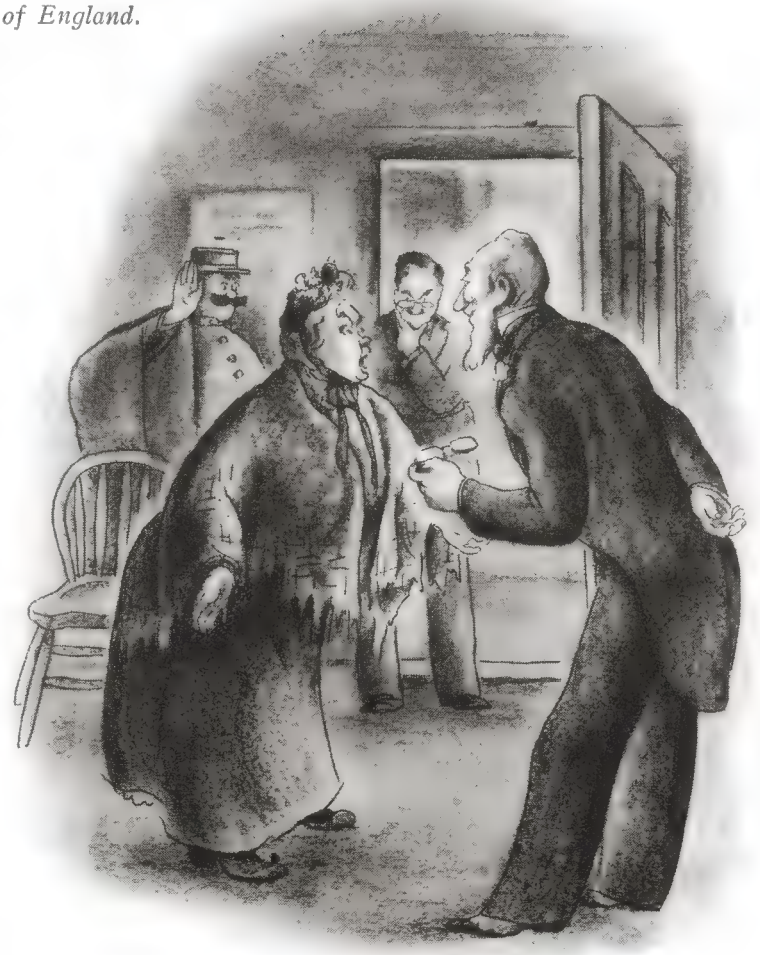
I got all funny, you might say—sort of seeing him after all those years. There was a pain in me throat, sir. And I climbed up on a ledge and touched his name with me fingers. And it took me back to the nights in our little room—when 'e'd had a drop too much and I used to try and ease his pain by rubbing me fingers over his forehead and them ridges 'e had. It put me in mind of it—rubbing his name with me fingers. Then a policeman came and ordered me down—and I walked away. I could 'ardly see where I was going, sir; I was that overcome, like. I ought to 'ave took it much calmer, I know. But it was as if I'd seen him again—after all that long time. I can't explain it, sir. But it took me awful bad—it did.

I touched his name with me fingers—then a policeman came and ordered me down.

And I kept on walking till I come to some fields. The country was beautiful, and the corn was growing everywhere, with poppies and daisies and other flowers in it. It wasn't a bit like what Bill had told me and written about in his letters. Not a bit, sir. I could 'ardly believe it—to tell you the truth. It didn't seem true there had been a war there—and that Bill was somewhere—somewhere—in the soil; like Mrs. Gubbins had said.

But I was glad, in a way, sir; glad to know 'e was lying there amongst the corn and flowers and poppies. It all seemed so peaceful, like; and 'appy. And the thought come to me I'd like to stay there—where 'e was—just to look at the corn-fields and be somewhere near him, like. I didn't want to go back to London—to me door-steps and brass knockers. Only I couldn't speak their language, of course; so I couldn't very well ask anybody for a bit of work—to keep going, you know, sir. And I got to crying. I was tired and worn-out, like; and me foot was hurting me when I walked. So I just sat down by the roadside, near that cornfield—to rest me feet a bit. And that's how I come to fall asleep, sir—and dream.

And just you find it for me—or I'll speak to the Prime Minister of England.



Oh, it will make you laugh, sir—to know the dream I had. What with him calling me Lady Wipers and all, when 'e come on leave—it was that I dreamed of. Me and me 'usband, sir. There 'e was all dressed up in a frock-coat and silk 'at, ordering beer for all and everybody. And rich. Plenty of money we had. 'E was Sir William Wipers—and I was Lady Wipers. And I had that winter coat I was going to buy—and that tippet—and everything. Feathers in me 'at. Oh, it would make you split your sides sir—if I was to tell you all of it. Going to see the King we was—the two of us. And everybody bowing to us. And me and Bill—'e looked 'andsome, sir; in his silk 'at!—driving in a coach and pair to see the King. And when we got to Buckingham Palace they had the guard out for us and all. And we walked up between 'em, sir; *arm-in-arm,* if you please. Oh, 'e was lovely to me—in the dream—you might say. Yes, *arm-in-arm,* sir. And him and the King having a glass of beer together; and me chatting with the Queen. Oh, it was a lovely dream, sir—and I was sorry they woke me up and stopped it.

The policeman it was, who woke me. It was getting dark; twilight, like. And me purse was gone—with all me money in it, and me return ticket and everything. I was frightened, sir—terrible frightened—not being able to make 'em understand. It was a cruel awakening, as you might say—after me dream. They kept asking me questions and shouting at me and pushing me about. And I was trying to tell 'em that me purse was stole—and that somebody had took it while I was asleep.

But it was no good, sir. And the policeman took me off to the station, and it was just as bad there. I thought sure they was going to lock me up, sir—and I can't tell you how miserable I was. But at last they got somebody what could speak English.

"I consider I've been insulted," I says to him. "I came all the way from London to see me 'usband's name on the Memorial," I says. "And I got tired and went to sleep near where 'e fell—and somebody has stole me purse. It's all I got left in the world," I says.

Oh, I was real cross with 'em, sir: on my dignity, as you might say; being an English woman in a forring country. I knew they'd respect me when they found I was English. But I was worried. I didn't know how I was ever to get back 'ome—what with me return ticket in me purse and all.

"How much money did you 'ave in your purse?" he says to me.

"A lot," I says. "About fourteen shillings and fivepence," I says. "And just you find it for me—or I'll speak to the Prime Minister of England about it—and then you'll cop it. Me 'usband was killed fighting for you," I says; "and 'e always told me I owned Wipers as much as anybody—because he paid for it with his precious blood," I says. "So I didn't come 'ere to be kept in a police-station," I says. "I come to see where me dear 'usband died."

Oh, I gave 'em a piece of me mind, sir: I can tell you.

And then another man came—and 'e was very nice to me. I think 'e was the mayor or something. Anyway, 'e was most important, like; and everybody was touching their caps to him and all that. So I told him me story—about me purse and everything. And 'e got a return ticket for me and gave me five pounds, sir. Oh, 'e was a splendid man for a forringer—and 'e introduced me to his wife and all. And they came to the railway station to see me off. I could 'ave cried—'e was that kind to me.

And when I got to Calais there was a reporter come to me. "Are you Lady Wipers?" he says.

"That's none of your business," I says.

"I beg your pardon," he says. "Perhaps I should 'ave called you Mrs. Blodgett?"

"That's my name," I says. "What can I do for you?"

A young man, 'e was; and a bit cheeky, like. It

seems 'e wanted me to tell him why I thought I owned a bit of Wipers. So I chatted with him until the boat left, and told him about Bill and what 'e meant when 'e used to call me Lady Wipers.

There, sir; I've finished your room—and I think it *does* look a bit better. I 'ope as how I 'aven't disturbed you with your painting? When I get started, sir—I never stop. That's the worst of me. Oh, I'm an awful one for talking. Only it was about me getting me name in the papers that started me off, sir.

They was there to meet me at Folkestone. The reporters, I mean. I didn't know what to make of it, sir. I was sick from crossing the channel—and very upset, you might say, leaving Bill, after seeing him again—touching his forehead with me fingers, like.

But they kept at me all the time. And the same in London, the minute I arrived at Victoria station. Taking me pictures and asking such a lot of foolish questions. I was dazed, you might say; fair bewildered, I was. All sorts of 'em come to meet me; and several in silk 'ats, sir. And they took me to a big hall, and made speeches and everything. It was like a dream, you might say; only I couldn't understand what they was doing or what it was all about. You see, sir, I wanted to get back to me room—and be alone, with memories of Bill and the baby. But they kept taking me 'ere and taking me there, and asking me questions and making me stand to 'ave me picture took. Me 'ead was in a whirl, sir; and suddenly I got quite giddy and fainted in the midst of 'em.

Oh, they kept bothering me for days, sir. And Mrs. Gubbins come round to see me and showed me the papers—half a dozen of 'em. And there was me picture, as large as life, sir! "Lady Wipers," I was called, everywhere. "Lady Wipers" says this; "Lady Wipers" says that.

To me, sir, it was all very silly, and I got sick and tired of it. And letters and telegrams—from all over the country. Would you believe me, sir—I got hundreds of telegrams, asking me to do this and that. And then some men come and see me—wanting me to go on the stage. Oh, it was comical, sir; fair comical. Over fifty pound a week, they offered me. But I wouldn't listen to 'em. I thought it was silly—me never having been inside a theater, much less performed in one. So I closed me door on 'em, and told 'em to go away and mind their own business and that I would mind mine. Yes, the newspapers. I got some of 'em put by, sir—and I'll bring 'em round to show you if you are interested. Me picture, and all. Lady Wipers, they called me.

Of course, that's long ago, now; over three months ago. You was away on the contenink, sir. They've stopped printing things about me now. You know how it is, sir. They like to print a lot about you one minute—and the next minute they go on to something else. That's only right, isn't it, sir?

As I was saying to my friend, Mrs. Gubbins: "Fame!" I says, "is fleeting, like. First it comes to this one, then it goes to that one."

You know, sir, they made a lot of fuss about this young American gentleman what flew over the ocean all by hisself. Well, you don't 'ear much about him now—do you, sir? "Fame!" I says to Mrs. Gubbins; "it don't last. It's much better to act natural, like."

But I'm better off now, sir. I don't 'ave to do doorsteps any more—for a living. I got gentlemen's flats to clean now—and I'm satisfied. You know, sir, I 'aven't got a trouble in the world—except thinking now and then of my poor dear 'usband and me baby. But there. 'E's up in Wipers amongst all them flowers and poppies—it's a lovely place for him to be sleeping, sir—where 'e fought and died. So 'e's 'appy, like; in a way of speaking. And I got plenty for me needs—what with his pension and all.

Oh, I'm better off than thousands of 'em. That's what I always say to meself. I always try to be thankful for what I've got. And if I can't get a winter coat this year—well, I'll get it the next——

Begging your parding, sir—there's just one thing I'd like to ask you before I go. I was going to speak of it yesterday—only I didn't like to—in case you was going to use it for breakfast. It's a bit of bacon, sir—that bit you 'ave in your larder. It's going a bit bad, you might say. And I was wondering—if you don't mean to use it, sir—if I could take it 'ome with me.

◆ ◆

Praise of Little Women

By JUAN RUIZ DE HITA

Translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I WISH TO MAKE my sermon brief—to shorten my oration——
For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation.
I like short women—suits at law without procrastination——
And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes!
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says—*A word unto the wise.*

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner:
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her——
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.
Now of two evils choose the less—said a wise man of the East:
By consequence, of woman-kind be sure to choose the least.

The Nativity

No other Christmas play has the simple reverence and beauty of one of the medieval English dramas, shaped by centuries of performances to appeal ever more surely and directly to the hearts of its hearers. The Nativity play in the Towneley or Wakefield Cycle, from which this is adapted by Randall Cayford Burrell, was written probably between 1360 and 1410, and performed —as with the other important town-play cycles of York and Chester—each Christmas by untutored actors at high altars in town churches and later in the public squares.

Wood Engraving by Albrecht Dürer

CAST

First Shepherd	King of Saba
Second Shepherd	Messenger
Third Shepherd	Herod
King of Araby	Mary
King of Tars	Joseph

SCENE I

First Shepherd—Lord, but this weather is cold, and
I am ill wrapped,
Nigh dazed, were the truth told, so long have I
napped.
My legs under me fold; my fingers are chapped.
With such like I don't hold, for I am
In sorrow.
In storms and tempest,
Now in the East, now in the West,
Woe is him has never rest,
Midday nor morrow!
But we seely shepherds that walk on the moor,
In faith we're nigh at hand to be put out of door.
No wonder, as it doth stand, if we be poor,
For the tilth of our land lies as fallow as the floor,
As ye ken.
We're so burdened and tanned,
Overtaxed and unmanned,
We're made tame to the hand
Of these gentry men.

Second Shepherd—Benste and Dominus! What may
this mean?
Why fares the world thus! The like never were seen!
Lord, but it is spiteful and grievous, this weather so
keen!
And the frost so hideous—it waters mine eye!
That's no lie!
Now in dry, now in wet,
Now in snow, now in sleet,
When my shoes freeze to my feet,
It's not all so easy.
Didst aught of Daw?

First Shepherd—Yea, on the pasture land
I heard him blow just before; he comes nigh at hand,
Below there
Stand still.

Second Shepherd—Why?

First Shepherd—For he comes, I hope?
(*Enter* Third Shepherd.)

Third Shepherd—Christ's cross me speed and St.
Nicholas
Thereof in sooth I had need, it is worse than it was.
Never before fared this world so,
With marvels that greater grow,
Now in weal, now in woe,
And everything changeth.
There was never since Noah's flood such floods seen;
Winds and rains so rude and storms so keen;
Some stammered, some stood in doubt, as I ween.—
Now God turn all to good, I say as I mean.
For ponder
How these floods all drown,
Both in fields and in town,
And bear all down
And that is a wonder!

SECOND SHEPHERD—Now I you pray,
On this green let us lie.

FIRST SHEPHERD—O'er these troubles yet chafe?

SECOND SHEPHERD—Let your anger go by,—
Come do as I say. (*As they are about to lie down,* ANGEL *appears. The choristers sing the* Gloria *and continue singing softly to the end of the scene.*)

ANGEL—Rise, herdsmen, gentle, attend ye, for now is he born,
God is made your friend now on this morn
Lo! Thus doth he command—
Go to Bethlehem, see
Where he lieth so free
In a manger so lowly
Where twain beasts stand. (*Goes.*)

FIRST SHEPHERD—This was a fine voice, even as ever I heard,
It is a marvel, by St. Stephen, thus with dread to be stirred.

SECOND SHEPHERD—'Twas of God's Son from Heaven be there tidings averred.
All the wood with a lightening, me thought, at his word
Shone fair.

THIRD SHEPHERD—Of a child did he tell
In Bethlehem, mark ye well.

FIRST SHEPHERD—That this star yonder doth spell
Let us seek there.

SECOND SHEPHERD—Go now, let us fare, the place is us near.

THIRD SHEPHERD—I am ready and eager to be there; let us together with cheer,
To that bright one go.
Lord, if thy will it be,
Untaught are we all three,
Some kind of joy grant us, that we thy creatures comfort may know. (*They go out. Darkness.*)

SCENE II

FIRST KING (*entering*)—Lord, from whom this light is sent,
And unto me this sight has sent,
I pray to thee, with good intent,
From shame me shield.
So that me no harm befall
By ways so wild.
To that I in some lands have been
To find what this star may mean,
That has led, with bright shine,
From my country;
Now wend I will without end,
The truth to see. (*The* SECOND KING *enters.*)

SECOND KING—Certes, I saw never none so bright,
I shall never rest by day or night,
Till I know whence may come this light
And from what place
He that it sent unto my sight,
Give me that grace.

FIRST KING—A, sir, whither are ye away?
Tell me, good sir, I you pray.

SECOND KING—Certes, I trow, truly to say,
None knows but I.
I have followed yon star, verily,
From Araby.
For I am king of that country,
And Melchior there call men me.

FIRST KING—And king, Sir, was I wont to be
In Tars, at home,
Both of town and city.
Jaspar is my name. (THIRD KING *enters.*)

THIRD KING—A, Lord, in land what may this mean,
So wondrous a sight was never seen,
Such a star, shining so sheen,
Saw I never none.
It gives light over all it seems
From him alone.
What it may mean that I know not,
But yonder are two, me thinks, in thought.
I thank him who has them hither brought
Thus unto me.
I shall assay if they know aught
Of what it be.
Lordlings, that are alive and dear,
I pray you tell me with good cheer,
Whither ye go in this manner,
And where that ye have been,
And of the star that shineth so clear,
What it may mean.

FIRST KING—Sir, I say you certainly,
From Tars for yon star sought have I.

SECOND KING—To seek yond light from Araby,
Sir, have I went.

THIRD KING—Now heartily I thank Him therefor,
That it hath sent.

FIRST KING—Good sir, what country came ye frae?

THIRD KING—The light has led me from Saba,
And Balthasar my name to say,
The truth to tell.

SECOND KING—And kings, sir, are we twain,
There where we dwell.
Now, sirs, since we are joined here,
I say we go together, far
Until we know, in some manner
For good or ill,
What it may mean, this star so clear,
By God's will. (*They go out together. Darkness.*)

SCENE III

MESSENGER (*kneeling before* HEROD)—Mahowne, that is all mighty.
My Lord, Sir Herod, thee save and see.

HEROD—Where have you been so long from me?
Vile, lazy lad.

MESSENGER—Lord, gone your herald in this country
As ye me bade.

HEROD—Do tell me fast how thou hast fared.

MESSENGER (*getting up*)—As I came walking through the wild,
Lord, by the way,
I met three kings seeking a child,
Thus did they say.

HEROD—To seek a child! Why such a thing?

Told they any new tiding?

MESSENGER—Yea, Lord! They said he should be king
Of town and tower,
For they went with their offering
Him to honor.

HEROD—King! The devil! But of what empire?
Of what land should the lad be sire?
Nay, should I with that traitor tire,
Sore shall he rue!
King? What the devil other than I?
We fy on devils! Fy! Fy!
Certes, that boy shall dear aby
His death is right.
Shall he be king thus hastily?
Who the devil made him knight?
But yet first will I send and see
The answer of those low louts three.
Messenger, quick hie thou thee
And make thee cheer.
Go, bid those kings come speak with me,
Thou said were here. (MESSENGER *goes out.* KINGS *enter and bow.*) . . .

FIRST KING—Lord, thy bidding to fulfill
Are we full through.

HEROD—Ay, many thanks for your good will,
That ye say so.
For, certes, I have wanted greatly
To speak with you and hear now why
Tell me, I pray you, specially
O'er everything,
What token saw you on the sky
Of this new king?

FIRST KING—We saw his star rise in the East,
That shall be king of man and beast.
Since then, Lord, we have not ceased
But for our rest,
With gifts rich and honest
To him that's blessed.

SECOND KING—Lord, when that star rose us before
Thereby we knew that child was born.

HEROD—Out, alas, I am forlorn
For ever more.
I would be rent and also torn
For grief and care.
Alas, that ever I should be knight
Or thought a man mickle might
That a lad, a lad should seize by right
Thus me from.
To death shall I fight
Before it be so.
Ye noble kings, harken my trend,
Ye shall have safe conduct to wend
But come again some time to spend
With me, sirs, I pray you.
Ye shall find me a faithful friend
If so ye do.
If it be true this new tiding,
Some worship would I do that king,
Therefore I pray you that ye bring
Me tidings soon.

FIRST KING—All ready, Lord, at your bidding
It shall be done. (*The* KINGS *turn from* HEROD *who goes out followed by his* MESSENGER.)

SECOND KING—Alas, in the world how have we sped,
Where is the light that us has led?
Some cloud forsooth that star has clad
From us away.
Great trouble have we now instead.
What may we say?

THIRD KING—Woe to Herod, that cursed wight,
Woe to that tyrant, day and night,
For through him have we lost that sight
And by his guile,
That shone to us with beams so bright
Within a while.

FIRST KING—Lords, let us pray all three,
To that lord whose nativity
This star betokens that we can see,
And with his might
Pray we specially that he
Will light again the night. . . .

THIRD KING—We ought to love him over all thing,
That thus has sent us our asking
Behold the star is yonder shining,
Sirs, surely.
Of this child shall we have knowing
I hope near by. . . . (*They go out. Darkness.*)

SCENE IV

(MARY *sits with the* CHILD *in her arms. Enter* JOSEPH.)

JOSEPH—Aye! Lord but the weather is cold,
The fullest freeze that ever I did feel.
I pray God help them that are old
And namely them who are unwell.
So may I say.
Now, good God, be thou my guide
As best thou may.
Aye! Lord God, what light is this
That comes shining so suddenly?
When I come home unto Mary
I'll ask her what it is.
Ay, here be God. May I come near?

MARY—You are welcome, Sir.

JOSEPH—Say, Mary, daughter, what cheer with thee?

MARY—Right good Joseph as has been aye.

JOSEPH—Oh, Mary, what sweet thing is that on thy knee?

MARY—That is my son the sooth to say
That is so good.

JOSEPH—Well is me I came this day
To bring this food.
I marvel mickle of this light
That thus is shining in this place
For sooth it is a wondrous sight!

MARY—This has He ordained in the grace,
My son so young
A star to be shining a space
When he be born.
For Balaam told full long before
How that a star should rise full high
And of a maiden should be born
A son that shall our Saviour be

From cares so keen,
For sooth it is my son so free
Whom Balaam did mean.

JOSEPH—Now welcome flower fairest of hue.
I shall do honor with main and might.
Hail my maker! Hail Christ Jesus!
Hail Royal King, Root of all Right!
Hail Saviour!
Hail my Lord Bearer of Light!
Hail blessed flower!

MARY—Now, Lord that all this world shall win,
To thee my son now do I say,
Here is no bed to lay thee in.
Therefore, my dear son, I thee pray
Since it is so,
Here in this crib I might thee lay
Between these beasts two.
And I shall wrap thee, mine own dear child,
With such clothes as we have here.

JOSEPH—O Mary! behold these beasts so mild
Make lowing after their manner,
As they were men.
For sooth it seems well be their cheer
Their Lord they ken.

MARY—Their Lord they ken, that know I well.
They worship Him with might and main.
The weather is cold, as ye may feel.
To keep Him warm they are full fain
With their warm breath.
O! now sleeps my son, blessed may he be!
And lie full warm these beasts between.

JOSEPH—O! Now is fulfilled, for sooth I see
What Abacuc of age hath said
And preached by prophecy—
He said our Saviour should find a bed
Between two beasts.
And now I see the same in sight.

MARY—Yea, Sir, for sooth the same is he.

JOSEPH—Honor and worship both day and night,
Everlasting Lord, be done to thee,
Always as is worthy.
And, Lord, to thy service I render me
With all mine heart wholly. . . .

(*The* THREE SHEPHERDS *come in and kneel.*)

FIRST SHEPHERD—Hail, thou comely and clean one!
Hail, young Child!
Hail, Maker, as I ween, of a maiden so mild!
Thou hast harried, I ween, the fiend so wild—
The false beguiler now beguiled.
Lo, he merries,
Lo, he laughs, my sweeting!
A happy meeting!
Here's my promised greeting—
Have a bob of cherries.

SECOND SHEPHERD—Hail, sovereign Saviour, for thou have we sought;
Hail, noble nursling and flower that all things hast wrought;
Hail, thou full of gracious power, that made all from naught;
Hail, I kneel and cower! A bird have I brought
To my Saviour from afar.
Hail, little tiny!
Of our creed thou art the prop.
I fain would drink in thy cup,
Little day star!

THIRD SHEPHERD—Hail, darling, dear one, full of Godhead, indeed,
I pray thee be near, when I have need.
Hail, sweet is thy cheer! My heart would bleed
To see thee sit here in so poor a weed,
With no pennies.
Hail; put forth thy dall,
I bring thee but a ball,
Keep it, and play with it withal
And go to the tennis.

MARY—The Father of Heaven this night, God Omnipotent,
That setteth all things aright, His Son hath he sent,
I conceived him forthright through his might as he meant.
And now he is born.
May he keep you from woe.
I shall pray him do so.
Tell it forth as ye go,
And remember this morn.

FIRST SHEPHERD—Farewell, Lady, so fair to behold,
With thy child on thy knee.

SECOND SHEPHERD—Lord, 'tis well with me! Now we go, behold!

THIRD SHEPHERD—For sooth, already it seems to be told
Full oft.

FIRST SHEPHERD—What grace we have found.

SECOND SHEPHERD—Now are we won safe and sound.

THIRD SHEPHERD—Come forth, to sing are we bound.
Make it ring then aloft.

(*The* SHEPHERDS *rise and go out.*) (*The* KINGS *come in and kneel.*)

FIRST KING—Hail be thou maker of everything
That help to all our sorrow may bring,
In token that thou art our King
And shall be ay,
Receive this gold as mine offering,
Prince, I thee pray.

SECOND KING—Hail, overcomer of king and knight!
Who formed fish and fowl in flight!
For thou art God's son most of might
And all ruling.
I bring thee incense, as is right,
As mine offering.

THIRD KING—Hail, king of kings, babe on knee!
Hail, onefold god in persons three!
In token that thou dead shall be
By power of men;
For thy burial this myrrh of me
Receive thou then.

MARY—Comfort, Sir Kings, and look that ye trow
That other lords are all below,
Both man and beast to him shall bow
On land and sea.
My blessings, sirs, be with you now
Where so ye be.

(*The* KINGS *go out. Darkness.*)

The Real Sherlock Holmes

By VINCENT STARRETT

THE real Sherlock Holmes, says Mr. Starrett, was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle himself, and here are two of the actual cases he solved.

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Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

THE GREATEST DETECTIVE of the modern world is dead at last—irrevocably dead. Sherlock Holmes has gone upon his final quest, the most mysterious of all his strange adventures.

There can be little doubt that the real Holmes was Conan Doyle himself. In innumerable ways throughout a life of extraordinary service the novelist demonstrated the truth of the assertion. From first to last—as student, physician, writer, spiritualist, and prophet of the war—he was always the private detective, the seeker after hidden truths, the fathomer of obscure mysteries, the hound of justice upon the trail of injustice and official apathy.

To be sure, he has told us, time and again, that the original model for the immortal detective was Dr. Joseph Bell of Edinburgh, his one-time instructor in medicine; but Bell was only the suggestion, the accidental inspiration of the mind that was to create the sleuth of Baker Street. Latent in Doyle, himself, was all that went to the making of Sherlock Holmes.

In the circumstances, and after the tales had become known, it was inevitable that the author of the Holmes saga would be called upon to enact the rôle of his fictional character, and not infrequently he accepted the implied challenge. Twice in his career he undertook cases requiring heavy call upon his time and energies, because he believed that justice had not been done. The cases of George Edalji and Oscar Slater were notorious in their day. They shook England; and the thunder of Doyle's denunciations crossed the Atlantic.

There is a flavor of the Holmes tales in both episodes—that touch of the bizarre, bordering on the fantastic, that marks most of the fictive adventures. Chronologically, the Edalji case stands first. The facts are as follows:

George Edalji, a young law student, was the son of a certain Rev. S. Edalji, a Parsee, yet vicar of the Anglican parish of Great Wyrley, whose wife was an English woman. The vicar was a kindly, intelligent man, performing his churchly duties with fidelity. His wife was an excellent wife. Their son, the half-caste George Edalji, was a young man of irreproachable character, and an admirable student who had won the highest honors in his legal studies. Nevertheless, the situation was unfortunate. "How the vicar came to be a Parsee," wrote Conan Doyle, "or how a Parsee came to be the vicar, I have no idea. Perhaps some catholic-minded patron wished to demonstrate the universality of the Anglican church. The experiment will not, I hope, be repeated, for though the vicar was an amiable and devoted man, the appearance of a colored clergyman with a half-caste son in a rude, unrefined parish was bound to cause some regrettable situation."

The family became the target for considerable local malice, and was for a time subjected to a veritable broadside of anonymous letters, many of them of "the most monstrous description." Shortly thereafter an

epidemic of horse-maiming broke out, and the outrages lasted for a considerable period. The police accomplished next to nothing until popular clamor forced an activity; then a hurried investigation was conducted and George Edalji was arrested for the crime—that is, for the crime of horse-maiming. The principal evidence against him was found in certain of the anonymous letters, in which the writer hinted at a knowledge of the crimes involving the horses. It was thought that George Edalji had written the letters which for so long had plagued his family.

This evidence, as later pointed out by Doyle, was incredibly weak; yet the police, "all pulling together and twisting all things to their end," secured a conviction, and the prisoner was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. This was in 1903.

It was not until 1906 that Sir Arthur heard of the rather obscure case; then a statement of it caught his eye in an unimportant journal. "As I read," he later wrote, "the unmistakable accent of truth forced itself upon my attention and I realized that I was in the presence of an appalling tragedy, and that I was called upon to do what I could to set it right." This included a careful reading of everything he could obtain bearing upon the case, a study of the trial, a visit to the family of the condemned man, and a tour of investigation over the scene of the several crimes. Early in 1907 he began publication of a series of articles analyzing the evidence, and shortly England was ringing with the wrongs of George Edalji.

"If the whole land had been raked, I do not think that it would have been possible to find a man who was so unlikely, and indeed so incapable of committing such actions," writes Sir Arthur in his autobiography, *Memoirs and Adventures*. "Nothing in his life had ever been urged against him. His old schoolmaster with years of experience testified to his mild and tractable disposition. He had served his time with a Birmingham solicitor, who gave him the highest references. He had never shown traits of cruelty. He was . . . devoted to his work . . . and he had already at the age of twenty-seven written a book upon Railway Law. Finally, he was a total abstainer, and so blind that he was unable to recognize anyone at the distance of six yards. It was clear that the inherent improbability of such a man committing a long succession of bloody and brutal crimes was so great that it could only be met by the suggestion of insanity. There had never, however, been any indication even of eccentricity in George Edalji. On the contrary, his statements of defense were measured and rational, and he had come through a series of experiences which might well have unhinged a weaker intellect."

One hears the familiar voice of Sherlock Holmes himself in such a statement.

It had been charged at the trial that Edalji had committed the mutilations for which he was being tried, at some time in the evening. The prisoner was able to prove a certain alibi, however, so the police dexterously shifted ground and advanced a new theory, to wit: that the crimes had been committed in the early hours of the morning. As against this, it was shown that George Edalji slept in the same room as his father, the Parsee vicar, who was not only a light sleeper but in the habit of locking the door of the chamber each night before he retired. The vicar swore his son had never left the room during the night.

"This may not constitute an absolute alibi in the eye of the law," comments Sir Arthur dryly, "but it is difficult to imagine anything nearer to one unless a sentinel had been placed outside the door all night."

But the defense of Edalji was weakly conducted. As far as Doyle was able to discover, no mention ever was made of the fact that the prisoner was virtually blind—save in a good light—while between his home and the scene of the mutilations stretched the breadth of the London and North-Western Railway, a complex expanse of rails and wires and other obstacles, with hedges upon either side, difficult enough for any man to pass in daylight.

All of which, and more, was set forth by Sir Arthur in his indignant articles; and so great was the storm he stirred up that a government committee was appointed to examine and report. The finding, when at length it came to hand, was a compromise. The committee was severe enough upon the condemnation of Edalji and could find no evidence to associate him with the crime, but it clung to the old theory that he had written the anonymous letters—which were in two handwritings—and had been, therefore, himself contributory to the miscarriage of justice. Edalji was freed but was denied compensation for his long incarceration. "A blot upon the record of English justice," Doyle calls it; and adds: "It is to be remembered that the man was never tried for writing the letters—a charge which could not have been sustained—so that as the matter stands he has got no redress for three years of admitted false imprisonment, on the score that he did something else for which he has never been tried."

But Sir Arthur in his Sherlockian explorations at Wyrley had found what seemed to him a direct clew to the writer or writers of the letters, and also to the identity of the mutilator or mutilators. "I became interested," he says, "the more so as the facts were very complex and I had to do with people who were insane as well as criminal. I have several letters threatening my life in the same writing as those which assailed the Edaljis—a fact which did not appear to shake in the least the Home Office conviction that George Edalji had written them all. . . . The mistake I made was that having got on the track of the miscreant I let the police and the Home Office know my results before they were absolutely completed. There was a strong *prima facie* case, but it needed the goodwill and coöperation of the authorities to ram it home. . . . Let me briefly state the case that the public may judge. I will call the suspect 'X.' I was able to show:

"1. That 'X' had shown a peculiar knife or horse-lancet to someone and had stated that this knife did the crimes. I had this knife in my possession.

"2. That this knife or a similar knife must have been used in *some* of the crimes, as shown by the shallow incision.

"3. That 'X' had been trained in the slaughter-yard and the cattleship, and was accustomed to brutal treatment of animals.

"4. That he had a clear record both of anonymous letters and of destructive propensities.

"5. That his writing and that of his brother exactly fitted into the two writings of the anonymous letters. In this I had strong independent evidence.

"6. That he had shown signs of periodical insanity and that his household and bedroom were such that he could leave unseen at any hour of the night.

"There were very many corroborative evidences, but those were the main ones, coupled with the fact that when 'X' was away for some years the letters and outrages stopped, but began again when he returned. On the other hand, when Edalji was put in prison the outrages went on the same as before."

A very workmanlike summary, one thinks, and quite worthy of Sherlock Holmes at his best. Nothing ever was done for Edalji, however, after his release—except by individuals. "He came to my wedding reception," Doyle records, "and there was no guest whom I was prouder to see."

The Slater case, the celebrity of which was greater than that of George Edalji, came to the detective-novelist as a result of the other. The victim was a Miss Marion Gilchrist, an elderly spinster living in Glasgow. She was murdered in her flat, in which she had lived for thirty years, on the 21st of December, 1908. Her servant, Helen Lambie, was out of the place at the time, purchasing a newspaper, and it was during her ten-minute absence that the murder was committed. Returning from her errand, the servant found a young man named Adams at the Gilchrist door, ringing the bell. He was from the flat below. He and his sisters had heard a noise above, in Miss Gilchrist's apartment, and a heavy fall, and he had been sent upstairs to ascertain what had happened. The servant opened the door with her key. Then as they hesitated on the threshold, a man appeared from within, who approached them pleasantly, seemed about to speak, but instead passed them and rushed down the stairs. In the dining room the body of Miss Gilchrist was found, the head brutally beaten in and covered with a rug.

In spite of the fact that Miss Gilchrist was the possessor of a valuable collection of jewelry, robbery would appear not to have been the motive for the murder, since all that was missing was a crescent diamond brooch worth possibly £50. A box of papers had been broken open and the contents scattered. The description of the man seen by Adams and Helen Lambie was not particularly good, as reported by them; they were in some disagreement; and it was not at all the description of Oscar Slater, a German Jew by extraction, who was ultimately arrested and condemned for the crime.

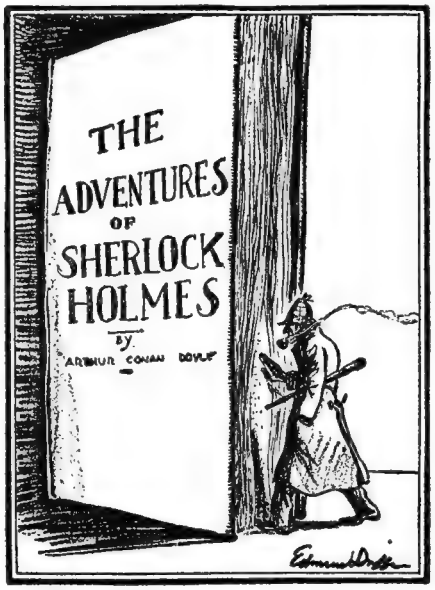
The apprehension of Slater came about because he had pawned a diamond brooch just before starting for America. New York was warned of his expected advent on American shores, and he was arrested and returned to Glasgow, where it was discovered beyond a question of doubt that the brooch in question had been in his possession for years and never had belonged to Miss Gilchrist.

The public had lost its head, however, and the police were in similar state. Slater was poor and without friends. His morals were shown not to have been of the highest, and Scottish virtue was shocked. A card of tools was found in his belongings, and it was seriously asserted that the small hammer of the set had been the instrument of death. The description of the man seen by Adams and Lambie was amended to fit Slater. The two principal witnesses were not sure, but thought the man they had seen in the hallway might have been the prisoner. The frameup may not have been deliberate, but it was a frameup. Slater was in bad case. He proved a clear alibi, but as his witnesses were his mistress and his servant girl, it was not allowed. No attempt ever was made to show a connection between Slater and Miss Gilchrist, or between Slater and anybody in the house occupied by Miss Gilchrist. He was a stranger in Glasgow. At the trial he was not too well defended, and the Crown ultimately won a conviction—under Scottish law—by a vote of nine to six. Slater was condemned to death, the scaffold was erected, and two days before the day set for the execution the sentence was commuted. He was resentenced to life imprisonment, and was serving his sentence when Arthur Conan Doyle became interested in his plight.

In Sir Arthur's brilliant pamphlet, *The Case of Oscar Slater,* now a rarity, there is all the fascination of a tale from the chronicles of Sherlock Holmes. Is not this, for instance, the veritable accent of Holmes talking to the faithful Watson? Sir Arthur is wondering if the murderer was after the jewels at all.

"When he reached the bedroom and lit the gas, he did not at once seize the watch and rings which were lying openly exposed upon the dressing-table. He did not pick up a half-sovereign from the dining table. His attention was given to a wooden box, the lid of which he wrenched open. The papers in it were strewed on the ground. Were the papers his object, and the final abstraction of one diamond brooch a mere blind?"

But, supposing the murderer to have been indeed after the jewels, "it is very instructive to note his knowledge of their location, and also its limitations. Why did he go straight into the spare bedroom where the jewels were actually kept? The same question may be asked with equal force if we consider that he was after the papers. Why the spare bedroom? Any knowledge gathered from outside (by a watcher in the back-yard, for example) would go to the



By Edmund Duffy *Baltimore Sun*

Finis

length of ascertaining which was the old lady's room. One would expect a robber who had gained his information thus to go straight to that chamber. But this man did not do so. He went straight to the unlikely room in which both jewels and papers actually were. Is not this remarkably suggestive? Does it not presuppose a previous acquaintance with the inside of the flat and the ways of its owner?

"But now note the limitations of the knowledge. If it were the jewels he was after, he knew what room they were in, but not in what part of the room. A fuller knowledge would have told him they were kept in the wardrobe. And yet he searched a box. . . . To this we may add that he would seem to have shown ignorance of the habits of the inmates, or he would surely have chosen Lambie's afternoon or evening out for his attempt, and not have done it at a time when the girl was bound to be back within a very few minutes. What men had ever visited the house? The number must have been very limited. What friends? What tradesmen? What plumbers?"

Surely that is all good Sherlock Holmes, as—even more brilliantly—is this: "How did the murderer get in if Lambie is correct in thinking that she shut the doors? I cannot get away from the conclusion that he had duplicate keys. In that case all becomes comprehensible, for the old lady—whose faculties were quite normal—would hear the lock go and would not be alarmed, thinking that Lambie had returned before her time. Thus, she would only know her danger when the murderer rushed into the room, and would hardly have time to rise, receive the first blow, and fall, as she was found, beside the chair upon which she had been sitting. But if he had *not* the keys, consider the difficulties. If the old lady had opened the flat door her body would have been found in the passage. Therefore, the police were driven to the hypothesis that the old lady heard the ring, opened the lower stair door from above (as can be done in all Scotch flats), opened the flat door, never looked over the lighted stair to see who was coming up, but returned to her chair and her magazine, leaving the door open and a free entrance to the murderer. This is possible, but is it not in the highest degree improbable? Miss Gilchrist was nervous of robbery and would not neglect obvious precautions."

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVES to this reasoning, he sets forth, are "that the murderer was actually concealed in the flat when Lambie came out, and of that there is no evidence whatever, or that the visitor was someone whom the old lady knew, in which case he would naturally have been admitted."

Sir Arthur points out that, although the crime was a singularly bloody one, no marks of blood were found on match or matchbox, and none upon the wooden box opened in the bedroom. "It has never been explained," he says, "why a rug was laid over the murdered woman. . . . It is at least possible that he (*i. e.*, the murderer) used the rug as a shield between him and his victim while he battered her with his weapon."

In a brilliant examination of the evidence produced at the trial, the novelist questions the qualities of the witnesses, stresses the important fact that a knowledge of Miss Gilchrist's jewel collection was not, at the time of the murder, confined to the inmates of the house. He emphasizes the significant circumstances that a dog belonging to Miss Gilchrist had been poisoned in September of the year 1908—that is to say, more than a month before Slater arrived in Glasgow, and more than two months before the murder. In his pamphlet he is very severe upon the Scottish Lord-Advocate who conducted the prosecution.

All in all, it is a masterly document, ringing in every line with the dry inflections of Holmes himself, and charged with that detective's hard logic and commonsense. However, it was to no immediate purpose. The novelist's newspaper campaign stirred England and even brought about another government commission to inquire into the affair; but nothing came of it, and Slater was allowed to languish in prison.

There, for years, the unhappy affair rested. From time to time, as Slater's incarceration lengthened, efforts were made to reopen the case, and Sir Arthur's own labors were unremitting, but in actuality it was nineteen years after the conviction before his efforts were successful. Then, at long last, Slater was released—a short two years ago, in July of 1928. According to newspaper reports, he accepted a government offer of $30,000 as compensation for his wrongs; then, with strange ingratitude, refused to repay a sum of money guaranteed by Doyle before the retrial at which the prisoner was acquitted.

"I had to guarantee $5,000," asserted Sir Arthur, to a press representative. "After his release, I raised $3,500 by subscription and paid the balance myself. When Slater received $30,000 compensation from the government and large sums from the newspapers, I asked him to refund my $1500, but with incredible and monstrous ingratitude he refused."

Slater, smoking a large cigar at a Brighton hotel, after a couple of rounds of golf, merely shrugged. "I can not pay," he said. "All my money is invested in annuities and though I made $10,000 from newspaper articles after my release, Doyle did nearly as well."

Minor cases were presented frequently for Sir Arthur's solution, and it was his pleasure, when in a detective mood, to put his wits to work upon the problems. In all, the habits of thought made familiar by Mr. Sherlock Holmes of Upper Baker Street were copied with entire success.

Not all his detective cases were successful, however. He relates with great gusto, in his autobiography, how, on the occasion of a burglary within a stone's throw of his own home, the village constable—with no theories at all—had seized the culprit, while he (Sir Arthur) had got no farther than the Holmesian conclusion that the man was left-handed and had nails in his shoes.

Even in his spiritualistic investigations, which occupied the later years of his life to the exclusion of almost all else, Sir Arthur was at all times the detective, applying the methods of his most famous fictive character to the obscure problems of psychic phenomena. To the end he was a remarkable example of the scientific investigator touched with the curiosity and credulity of a child—an admirable blend, it would seem, for the perfect sleuth.

The Adventure of the Speckled Band

Drawings by
John Alan Maxwell

"A young lady has arrived in a considerable state of excitement."

ONE of the most famous of the perennially fascinating adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

IN GLANCING OVER MY NOTES of the seventy-odd cases in which I have studied the methods of my friend Sherlock Holmes, I find many tragic, some comic, a large number merely strange, but none commonplace; for, working as he did rather for the love of his art than for the acquirement of wealth, he refused to associate himself with any investigation which did not tend toward the unusual, and even the fantastic. Of all these varied cases, however, I cannot recall any which presented more singular features than that which was associated with the well-known Surrey family of the Roylotts of Stoke Moran. The events in question occurred in the early days of my association with Holmes, when we were sharing rooms as bachelors in Baker Street. It is possible that I might have placed them upon record before, but a promise of secrecy was made at the time, from which I have only been freed during the last month by the untimely death of the lady to whom the pledge was given. It is perhaps as well that the facts should now come to light, for I have reasons to know that there are widespread rumors as to the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott which tend to make the matter even more terrible than the truth.

It was early in April in the year '83 that I woke one morning to find Sherlock Holmes standing, fully dressed, by the side of my bed. He was a late riser as a rule, and as the clock on the mantelpiece showed me that it was only a quarter past seven, I blinked up at him in some surprise, and perhaps just a little resentment, for I was myself regular in my habits.

"Very sorry to wake you up, Watson," said he, "but it's the common lot this morning. Mrs. Hudson has been routed out of bed, she retorted upon me, and I on you."

"What is it, then—a fire?"

"No; a client. It seems that a young lady has arrived in a considerable state of excitement, who insists upon seeing me. She is waiting now in the sitting-room. Now, when young ladies wander about the metropolis at this hour of the morning, and knock sleepy people up out of their beds, I presume that it is something very pressing which they have to communicate. Should it prove to be an interesting case, you would, I am sure, wish to follow it from the outset. I thought, at any rate, that I should call you and give you the chance."

"My dear fellow, I would not miss it for anything."

I had no keener pleasure than in following Holmes

"The very horror of my situation lies in the fact that my fears are so vague——"

in his professional investigations, and in admiring the rapid deductions, as swift as intuitions, and yet always founded on a logical basis, with which he unraveled the problems which were submitted to him. I rapidly threw on my clothes, and was ready in a few minutes to accompany my friend down to the sitting-room. A lady dressed in black, and heavily veiled, who had been sitting in the window, rose as we entered.

"Good morning, madam," said Holmes, cheerily. "My name is Sherlock Holmes. This is my intimate friend and associate, Dr. Watson, before whom you can speak as freely as before myself. Ha! I am glad to see that Mrs. Hudson has had the good sense to light the fire. Pray draw up to it, and I shall order you a cup of hot coffee, for I observe that you are shivering."

"It is not cold which makes me shiver," said the woman, in a low voice, changing her seat as requested.

"What, then?"

"It is fear, Mr. Holmes. It is terror." She raised her veil as she spoke, and we could see that she was indeed in a pitiable state of agitation, her face all drawn and gray, with restless, frightened eyes, like those of some hunted animal. Her features and figure were those of a woman of thirty, but her hair was shot with premature gray, and her expression was weary and haggard. Sherlock Holmes ran her over with one of his quick, all-comprehensive glances.

"You must not fear," said he, soothingly, bending forward and patting her forearm. "We shall soon set matters right, I have no doubt. You have come in by train this morning, I see."

"You know me, then?"

"No, but I observe the second half of a return ticket in the palm of your left glove. You must have started early, and yet you had a good drive in a dogcart, along heavy roads, before you reached the station."

The lady gave a violent start, and stared in bewilderment at my companion.

"There is no mystery, my dear madam," said he, smiling. "The left arm of your jacket is spattered with mud in no less than seven places. The marks are perfectly fresh. There is no vehicle save a dog-cart which throws up mud in that way, and then only when you sit on the left-hand side of the driver."

"Whatever your reasons may be, you are perfectly correct," said she. "I started from home before six, reached Leatherhead at twenty past, and came in by the first train to Waterloo. Sir, I can stand this strain no longer; I shall go mad if it continues. I have no one to turn to—none, save only one, who cares for me, and he, poor fellow, can be of little aid. I have heard of you, Mr. Holmes; I have heard of you from Mrs. Farintosh, whom you helped in the hour of her sore need. It was from her that I had your address. Oh, sir, do you not think that you could help me, too, and at least throw a little light through the dense darkness which surrounds me? At present it is out of my power to reward you for your services, but in a month or six weeks I shall be married, with the control of my own income, and then at least you shall not find me ungrateful."

Holmes turned to his desk, and unlocking it drew out a small case-book, which he consulted.

"Farintosh," said he. "Ah, yes, I recall the case; it was concerned with an opal tiara. I think it was before your time, Watson. I can only say, madam, that I shall be happy to devote the same care to your case as I did to that of your friend. As to reward, my profession is its own reward; but you are at liberty to defray whatever expenses I may be put to, at the time which suits you best. And now I beg that you will lay before us everything that may help us in forming an opinion upon the matter."

"Alas!" replied our visitor, "the very horror of my situation lies in the fact that my fears are so vague, and my suspicions depend so entirely upon small points, which might seem trivial to another, that even he to whom of all others I have a right to look for help and advice looks upon all that I tell him about it as the fancies of a nervous woman. He does not say so, but I can read it from his soothing answers and averted eyes. But I have heard, Mr. Holmes, that you can see deeply into the manifold wickedness of the human heart. You may advise me how to walk amid the dangers which encompass me."

"I am all attention, madam."

"My name is Helen Stoner, and I am living with my stepfather, who is the last survivor of one of the oldest Saxon families in England, the Roylotts of Stoke Moran, on the western border of Surrey."

Holmes nodded his head. "The name is familiar to me," said he.

"The family was at one time among the richest in England, and the estates extended over the borders into Berkshire in the north, and Hampshire in the west. In the last century, however, four successive heirs were of a dissolute and wasteful disposition, and the family ruin was eventually completed by a gambler in the days of the Regency. Nothing was left save a few acres of ground, and the two-hundred-year-old house, which is itself crushed under a heavy mortgage. The last squire dragged out his existence there, living the horrible life of an aristocratic pauper; but his only son, my stepfather, seeing that he must adapt himself to the new conditions, obtained an advance from a relative, which enabled him to take a medical degree, and went out to Calcutta, where, by his professional skill and his force of character, he established a large practice. In a fit of anger, however, caused by some robberies which had been perpetrated in the house, he beat his native butler to death, and narrowly escaped a capital sentence. As it was, he suffered a long term of imprisonment, and afterwards returned to England a morose and disappointed man.

"When Dr. Roylott was in India he married my mother, Mrs. Stoner, the young widow of Major-General Stoner, of the Bengal Artillery. My sister Julia and I were twins, and we were only two years old at the time of my mother's remarriage. She had a considerable sum of money—not less than £1,000 a year—and this she bequeathed to Dr. Roylott entirely while we resided with him, with a provision that a certain annual sum should be allowed to each of us in the event of our marriage. Shortly after our return to England my mother died—she was killed eight years ago in a railway accident near Crewe. Dr. Roylott then abandoned his attempts to establish himself in practice in London, and took us to live with him in the old ancestral house at Stoke Moran. The money which my mother had left was enough for all our wants, and there seemed to be no obstacle to our happiness."

"But a terrible change came over our stepfather about this time," went on Helen Stoner. "Instead of making friends and exchanging visits with our neighbors, who had at first been overjoyed to see a Roylott of Stoke Moran back in the old family seat, he shut himself up in his house, and seldom came out save to indulge in ferocious quarrels with whoever might cross his path. Violence of temper approaching to mania has been hereditary in the men of the family, and in my stepfather's case it had, I believe, been intensified by his long residence in the tropics. A series of disgraceful brawls took place, two of which ended in the police-court, until at last he became the terror of the village, and the folks would fly at his approach, for he is a man of immense strength, and absolutely uncontrollable in his anger.

"Last week he hurled the local blacksmith over a parapet into a stream, and it was only by paying over all the money which I could gather together that I was able to avert another public exposure. He had no friends at all save the wandering gypsies, and he would give these vagabonds leave to encamp upon the few acres of bramble-covered land which represent the family estate, and would accept in return the hospitality of their tents, wandering away with them sometimes for weeks on end. He has a passion also for Indian animals, which are sent over to him by a correspondent, and he has at this moment a cheetah and a baboon, which wander freely over his grounds, and are feared by the villagers as much as their master.

"You can imagine from what I say that my poor sister Julia and I had no great pleasure in our lives. No servant would stay with us, and for a long time we did all the work of the house. She was but thirty at the time of her death, and yet her hair had already begun to whiten, even as mine has."

"Your sister is dead, then?"

"She died just two years ago, and it is of her death that I wish to speak to you. You can understand that, living the life which I have described, we were little likely to see anyone of our own age and position. We had, however, an aunt, my mother's maiden sister, Miss Honoria Westphail, who lives near Harrow, and we were occasionally allowed to pay short visits at this lady's house. Julia went there at Christmas two years ago, and met there a half-pay major of marines, to whom she became engaged. My stepfather learned of the engagement when my sister returned, and offered no objection to the marriage; but within a fortnight of the day which had been fixed for the wedding, the terrible event occurred which has deprived me of my only companion."

Sherlock Holmes had been leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed and his head sunk in a cushion, but he half opened his lids now and glanced across at his visitor.

"Pray be precise as to details," said he.

"It is easy for me to be so, for every event of that dreadful time is seared into my memory. The manor-house is, as I have already said, very old, and only one wing is now inhabited. The bedrooms in this wing are on the ground floor, the sitting-rooms being in the central block of the buildings. Of these bedrooms the first is Dr. Roylott's, the second my sister's, and the third my own. There is no communication between them, but they all open out into the same corridor. Do I make myself plain?"

"Perfectly so."

"The windows of the three rooms open out upon the lawn. That fatal night Dr. Roylott had gone to his room early, though we knew that he had not retired to rest, for my sister was troubled by the smell of the strong Indian cigars which it was his custom to smoke. She left her room, therefore, and came into mine, where she sat for some time, chatting about her approaching wedding. At eleven o'clock she rose to leave me, but she paused at the door and looked back.

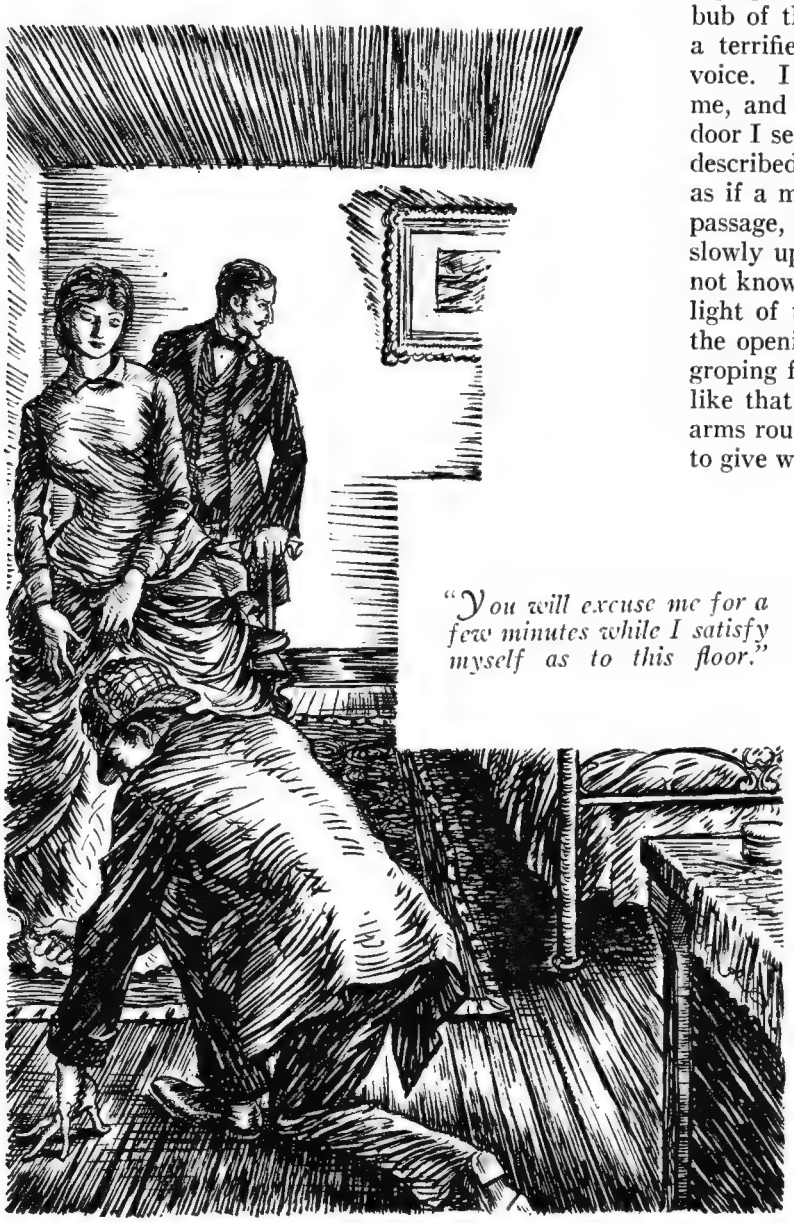
"'Tell me, Helen,' said she, 'have you ever heard anyone whistle in the dead of the night?'

"'Never,' said I.

"'I suppose that you could not possibly whistle, yourself, in your sleep?'

"'Certainly not. But why?'

"'Because during the last few nights I have always, about three in the morning, heard a low, clear whistle. I am a light sleeper, and it has awakened me. I cannot tell where it came from—perhaps from the next room, perhaps from the lawn. I thought that I would just ask you whether you had heard it.'



"You will excuse me for a few minutes while I satisfy myself as to this floor."

"'No, I have not. It must be those wretched gypsies in the plantation.'

"'Very likely. And yet if it were on the lawn, I wonder that you did not hear it also.'

"'Ah, but I sleep more heavily than you.'

"'Well, it is of no great consequence, at any rate.' She smiled back at me, closed my door, and a few moments later I heard her key turn in the lock."

"Indeed," said Holmes. "Was it your custom always to lock yourselves in at night?"

"Always."

"And why?"

"I think that I mentioned to you that the doctor kept a cheetah and a baboon. We had no feeling of security unless our doors were locked."

"Quite so. Pray proceed with your statement."

"I could not sleep that night. A vague feeling of impending misfortune oppressed me. My sister and I, you will recollect, were twins, and you know how subtle are the links which bind two souls which are so closely allied. It was a wild night, the wind was howling outside, and the rain was beating and splashing against the windows. Suddenly, amid all the hubbub of the gale, there burst forth the wild scream of a terrified woman. I knew that it was my sister's voice. I sprang from my bed, wrapped a shawl round me, and rushed into the corridor. As I opened my door I seemed to hear a low whistle, such as my sister described, and a few moments later a clanging sound, as if a mass of metal had fallen. As I ran down the passage, my sister's door was unlocked, and revolved slowly upon its hinges. I stared at it horror-stricken, not knowing what was about to issue from it. By the light of the corridor-lamp I saw my sister appear at the opening, her face blanched with terror, her hands groping for help, her whole figure swaying to and fro like that of a drunkard. I ran to her and threw my arms round her, but at that moment her knees seemed to give way and she fell to the ground. She writhed as one who is in terrible pain, and her limbs were dreadfully convulsed. At first I thought that she had not recognized me, but as I bent over her she suddenly shrieked out in a voice which I shall never forget, 'Oh, my God, Helen! It was the band! The speckled band!' There was something else which she would fain have said, and she stabbed with her finger into the air in the direction of the doctor's room, but a fresh convulsion seized her and choked her words. I rushed out, calling loudly for my stepfather, and I met him hastening from his room in his dressing-gown. When he reached my sister's side she was unconscious, and though he poured brandy down her throat and sent for medical aid from the village, all efforts were in vain, for she slowly sank and died without having recovered her consciousness. Such was the dreadful end of my beloved sister."

"One moment," said Holmes; "are you sure about this whistle and metallic sound? Could you swear to it?"

"That was what the county coroner asked

me at the inquiry. It is my strong impression that I heard it and yet, among the crash of the gate and the creaking of an old house, I may possibly have been deceived."

"Was your sister dressed?"

"No, she was in her nightdress. In her right hand was found the charred stump of a match, and in her left a matchbox."

"Showing that she had struck a light and looked about her when the alarm took place. That is important. And what conclusions did the coroner come to?"

"He investigated the case with great care, for Dr. Roylott's conduct had long been notorious in the county, but he was unable to find any satisfactory cause of death. My evidence showed that the door had been fastened upon the inner side, and the windows were blocked by old-fashioned shutters with broad iron bars, which were secured every night. The walls were carefully sounded, and were shown to be quite solid all round, and the flooring was also thoroughly examined, with the same result. The chimney is wide, but is barred up by four large staples. It is certain, therefore, that my sister was quite alone when she met her end. Besides, there were no marks of any violence upon her."

"How about poison?"

"The doctors examined her for it, but without success."

"What do you think that this unfortunate lady died of, then?"

"It is my belief that she died of pure fear and nervous shock, though what it was that frightened her I cannot imagine."

"Were there gypsies in the plantation at the time?"

"Yes, there are nearly always some there."

"Ah, and what did you gather from this allusion to a band—a speckled band?"

"Sometimes I have thought that it was merely the wild talk of delirium, sometimes that it may have referred to some band of people, perhaps to these very gypsies in the plantation. I do not know whether the spotted handkerchiefs which so many of them wear over their heads might have suggested the strange adjective which she used."

Holmes shook his head like a man who is far from being satisfied.

"These are very deep waters," said he; "pray go on with your narrative."

"Two years have passed since then," continued Miss Stoner, "and my life has been until lately lonelier than ever. A month ago, however, a dear friend, whom I have known for many years, has done me the honor to ask my hand in marriage. His name is Armitage—Percy Armitage—the second son of Mr. Armitage, of Crane Water, near Reading. My stepfather has offered no opposition to the match, and we are to be married in the course of the spring. Two days ago some repairs were started in the west wing of the building, and my bedroom wall has been pierced, so that I have had to move into the chamber in which my sister died, and to sleep in the very bed in which she slept. Imagine, then, my thrill of terror when last night, as I lay awake, thinking over her terrible fate, I suddenly heard in the silence of the night the low whistle which had been the herald of her own death. I sprang up and lit the lamp, but nothing was to be seen in the room. I was too shaken to go to bed again, however, so I dressed, and as soon as it was daylight I slipped down, got a dog-cart at the 'Crown Inn,' which is opposite, and drove to Leatherhead, from whence I have come on this morning with the one object of seeing you and asking your advice."

"You have done wisely," said my friend. "But have you told me all?"

"Yes, all."

"Miss Roylott, you have not. You are screening your stepfather."

"Why, what do you mean?"

For answer Holmes pushed back the frill of black lace which fringed the hand that lay upon our visitor's knee. Five little livid spots, the marks of four fingers and a thumb, were printed upon the white wrist.

"You have been cruelly used," said Holmes.

The lady colored deeply and covered over her injured wrist. "He is a hard man," she said, "and perhaps he hardly knows his own strength."

There was a long silence, during which Holmes leaned his chin upon his hands and stared into the crackling fire.

"This is a very deep business," he said, at last. "There are a thousand details which I should desire to know before I decide upon our course of action. Yet we have not a moment to lose. If we were to come to Stoke Moran today, would it be possible for us to see over these rooms without the knowledge of your stepfather?"

"As it happens, he spoke of coming into town today upon some most important business. It is probable that he will be away all day, and that there would be nothing to disturb you. We have a housekeeper now, but she is old and foolish, and I could easily get her out of the way."

"Excellent. You are not averse to this trip, Watson?"

"By no means."

"Then we shall both come. What are you going to do yourself?"

"I have one or two things which I would wish to do now that I am in town. But I shall return by the twelve o'clock train, so as to be there in time for your coming."

"And you may expect us early in the afternoon. I have myself some small business matters to attend to. Will you not wait and breakfast?"

"No, I must go. My heart is lightened already since I have confided my trouble to you. I shall look forward to seeing you again this afternoon." She dropped her thick black veil over her face and glided from the room.

"And what do you think of it all, Watson?" asked

Sherlock Holmes quietly, leaning back in his chair.

"It seems to me to be a most dark and sinister business."

"Dark enough and sinister enough."

"Yet if the lady is correct in saying that the flooring and walls are sound, and that the door, window, and chimney are impassable, then her sister must have been undoubtedly alone when she met her mysterious end."

"What becomes, then, of these nocturnal whistles, and what of the very peculiar words of the dying woman?"

"I cannot think."

"When you combine the ideas of whistles at night, the presence of a band of gypsies who are on intimate terms with this old doctor, the fact that we have every reason to believe that the doctor has an interest in preventing his stepdaughter's marriage, the dying allusion to a band, and, finally, the fact that Miss Helen Stoner heard a metallic clang, which might have been caused by one of those metal bars which secured the shutters falling back into their place, I think that there is good ground to think that the mystery may be cleared along those lines."

"But what, then, did the gypsies do?"

"I cannot imagine."

"I see many objections to any such theory."

"And so do I. It is precisely for that reason that we are going to Stoke Moran this day. I want to see whether the objections are fatal, or if they may be explained. . . . But what in the name of the devil!"

THE EJACULATION had been drawn from my companion by the fact that our door had been dashed open, and a huge man had framed himself in the aperture. His costume was a peculiar mixture of the professional and of the agricultural, having a black top-hat, a long frock-coat, and a pair of high gaiters, with a hunting-crop swinging in his hand. So tall was he that his hat actually brushed the cross bar of the doorway, and his breadth seemed to span it across from side to side. A large face, seared with a thousand wrinkles, burned yellow with the sun, and marked with every evil passion, was turned from one to the other of us, while his deep-set, bile-shot eyes, and his high, thin, fleshless nose, gave him somewhat the resemblance to a fierce old bird of prey.

"Which of you is Holmes?" asked this apparition.

"My name, sir; but you have the advantage of me," said my companion, quietly.

"I am Dr. Grimesby Roylott, of Stoke Moran."

"Indeed, doctor," said Holmes, blandly. "Pray take a seat."

"I will do nothing of the kind. My stepdaughter has been here. I have traced her. What has she been saying to you?"

"It is a little cold for the time of the year," said Holmes.

"What has she been saying to you?" screamed the old man, furiously.

"But I have heard that the crocuses promise well," continued my companion, imperturbably.

"Ha! You put me off, do you?" said our new visitor, taking a step forward and shaking his hunting crop. "I know you, you scoundrel! I have heard of you before. You are Holmes, the meddler."

My friend smiled.

"Holmes, the busybody!"

His smile broadened.

"Holmes, the Scotland-yard Jack-in-office!"

Holmes chuckled heartily. "Your conversation is most entertaining," said he. "When you go out close the door, for there is a decided draught."

"I will go when I have said my say. Don't you dare to meddle with my affairs. I know that Miss Stoner has been here. I traced her! I am a dangerous man to fall foul of! See here." He stepped swiftly forward, seized the poker and bent it into a curve with his huge brown hands.

"See that you keep yourself out of my grip," he snarled, and hurling the twisted poker into the fireplace, he strode out of the room.

"He seems a very amiable person," said Holmes, laughing. "I am not quite so bulky, but if he had remained I might have shown him that my grip was not much more feeble than his own." As he spoke he picked up the steel poker, and with a sudden effort straightened it out again.

"Fancy his having the insolence to confound me with the official detective force! This incident gives zest to our investigation, however, and I only trust that our little friend will not suffer from her imprudence in allowing this brute to trace her. And now, Watson, we shall order breakfast, and afterwards I shall walk down to Doctors' Commons, where I hope to get some data which may help us in this matter."

It was nearly one o'clock when Sherlock Holmes returned from his excursion. He held in his hand a sheet of blue paper, scrawled over with notes and figures.

"I have seen the will of the deceased wife," said he. "To determine its exact meaning I have been obliged to work out the present prices of the investments with which it is concerned. The total income, which at the time of the wife's death was little short of £1100, is now, through the fall in agricultural prices, not more than £750. Each daughter can claim an income of £250, in case of marriage. It is evident, therefore, that if both girls had married, this beauty would have had a mere pittance, while even one of them would cripple him to a very serious extent. My morning's work has not been wasted, since it has proved that he has the very strongest motives for standing in the way of anything of the sort. And now, Watson, this is too serious for dawdling, especially as the old man is aware that we are interesting ourselves in his affairs; so if you are ready, we shall call a cab and drive to Waterloo. I should be very much obliged if you would slip your revolver into your pocket. An Eley's No. 2 is an excellent argument with gentlemen who can twist steel pokers into knots. That and a toothbrush are, I think, all that we need."

At Waterloo we were fortunate in catching a train for Leatherhead, where we hired a trap at the station inn, and drove for four or five miles through the lovely Surrey lanes. It was a perfect day, with a bright sun and a few fleecy clouds in the heavens. The trees and wayside hedges were just throwing out their first green shoots, and the air was full of the pleasant smell of the moist earth. To me at least there was a strange contrast between the sweet promise of the spring and this sinister quest upon which we were engaged. My companion sat in the front of the trap, his arms folded, his hat pulled down over his eyes, and his chin sunk upon his breast, buried in the deepest thought, and pointed over the meadows.

"Look there!" said he.

A heavily timbered park stretched up in a gentle slope, thickening into a grove at the highest point. From amid the branches there jutted out the gray gables and high roof-tree of a very old mansion.

"Stoke Moran?" said he.

"Yes, sir, that be the house of Dr. Grimesby Roylott," remarked the driver.

"There is some building going on there," said Holmes; "that is where we are going."

"There's the village," said the driver, pointing to a cluster of roofs some distance to the left; "but if you want to get to the house, you'll find it shorter to get over this stile, and so by the foot-path over the fields. There it is, where the lady is walking."

"And the lady, I fancy, is Miss Stoner," observed Holmes, shading his eyes. "Yes, I think we had better do as you suggest."

We got off, paid our fare, and the trap rattled back on its way to Leatherhead.

"I thought it as well," said Holmes, as we climbed the stile, "that this fellow should think we had come here as architects, or on some definite business. It may stop his gossip. Good afternoon, Miss Stoner. You see that we have been as good as our word."

Our client of the morning had hurried forward to meet us with a face which spoke her joy. "I have been waiting so eagerly for you," she cried, shaking hands with us warmly. "All has turned out splendidly. Dr. Roylott has gone to town, and it is unlikely that he will be back before evening."

"We have had the pleasure of making the doctor's acquaintance," said Holmes, and in a few words he sketched out what had occurred. Miss Stoner turned white to the lips as she listened.

"Good heavens!" she cried, "he has followed me, then."

"So it appears."

"He is so cunning that I never know when I am safe from him. What will he say when he returns?"

"He must guard himself, for he may find that there is someone more cunning than himself upon his track. You must lock yourself up from him tonight. If he is violent, we shall take you away, to your aunt's at Harrow. Now, we must make the best use of our time, so kindly take us at once to the rooms which we are to examine."

THE BUILDING was of gray, lichen-blotched stone, with a high central portion, and two curving wings, like the claws of a crab, on each side. In one of these wings the windows were broken, and blocked with wooden boards, while the roof was partly caved in, a picture of ruin. The central portion was in little better repair, but the right-hand block was comparatively modern, and the blinds in the windows, with the blue smoke up from the chimneys, showed that this was where the family resided. Some scaffolding had been erected against the end wall, and the stone-work had been broken into, but there were no signs of any workmen at the moment of our visit. Holmes walked slowly up and down the ill-trimmed lawn, and examined with deep attention the outsides of the windows.

"This, I take it, belongs to the room in

Their words have wings as swift as light

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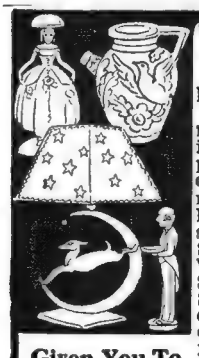

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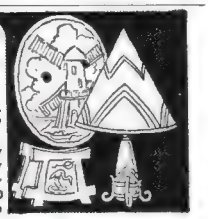

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which you used to sleep, the center one to your sister's, and the one next to the main building to Dr. Roylott's chamber?"

"Exactly so. But I am now sleeping in the middle one."

"Pending the alterations, as I understand. By the way, there does not seem to be any very pressing need for repairs at that end wall."

"There were none. I believe that it was an excuse to move me from my room."

"Ah! that is suggestive. Now, on the other side of this narrow wing runs the corridor from which these three rooms open. There are windows in it, of course?"

"Yes, but very small ones. Too narrow for anyone to pass through."

"As you both locked your doors at night, your rooms were unapproachable from that side. Now, would you have the kindness to go into your room and bar your shutters."

Miss Stoner did so, and Holmes, after an examination through the open window, endeavored in every way to force the shutter open, but without success. There was no slit through which a knife could be passed to raise the bar. Then with his lens he tested the hinges, but they were of solid iron, built firmly into the massive masonry. "Hum!" said he, scratching his chin in some perplexity; "my theory certainly presents some difficulties. No one could pass these shutters if they were bolted. Well, we shall see if the inside throws any light upon the matter."

A small side door led into the white-washed corridor from which the three bedrooms opened. Holmes refused to examine the third chamber, so we passed at once to the second, that in which Miss Stoner was now sleeping, and in which her sister had met with her fate. It was a homely little room, with a low ceiling and a gaping fireplace, after the fashion of old country-houses. A brown chest of drawers stood in one corner, a narrow white-counterpaned bed in another, and a dressing-table on the left side of the window. These articles, with two small wickerwork chairs, made up all the furniture in the room, save for a square Wilton carpet in the center. The boards around and the paneling of the walls were of brown, worm-eaten oak, so old and discolored that it may have dated from the original building of the house. Holmes drew one of the chairs into a corner and sat silent, while his eyes traveled round and round and up and down, taking in every detail of the apartment.

"Where does that bell communicate with?" he asked, at last, pointing to a thick bell-rope which hung down beside the bed, the tassel actually lying upon the pillow.

"It goes to the housekeeper's room."

"It looks newer than the other things?"

"Yes, it was only put there a couple of years ago."

"Your sister asked for it, I suppose?"

"No, I never heard of her using it. We used always to get what we wanted for ourselves."

"Indeed, it seemed unnecessary to put so nice a bell-pull there. You will excuse me for a few minutes while I satisfy myself as to this floor." He threw himself down upon his face with his lens in his hand, and crawled swiftly backward and forward, examining minutely the cracks between the boards. Then he did the same with the woodwork with which the chamber was

paneled. Finally he walked over to the bed, and spent some time in staring at it, and in running his eye up and down the wall. Finally he took the bell-rope in his hand and gave it a brisk tug.

"Why, it's a dummy," said he.

"Won't it ring?"

"No, it is not even attached to a wire. This is very interesting. You can see now that it is fastened to a hook just above where the little opening for the ventilator is."

"How very absurd! I never noticed that before."

"Very strange!" muttered Holmes, pulling at the rope. "There are one or two very singular points about this room. For example, what a fool a builder must be to open a ventilator into another room, when, with the same trouble, he might have communicated with the outside air!"

"That is also quite modern," said the lady.

"Done about the same time as the bell-rope," remarked Holmes.

"Yes, there were several little changes carried out about that time."

"They seem to have been of a most interesting character—dummy bell-ropes, and ventilators which do not ventilate. With your permission, Miss Stoner, we shall now carry our researches into the inner apartment."

DR. GRIMESBY ROYLOTT'S chamber was larger than that of his stepdaughter, but was as plainly furnished. A camp bed, a small wooden shelf full of books, mostly of a technical character, an armchair beside the bed, a plain wooden chair against the wall, a round table, and a large iron safe were the principal things which met the eye. Holmes walked slowly round and examined each and all of them with the keenest interest.

"What's in here?" he asked, tapping the safe.

"My stepfather's business papers."

"Oh! you have seen inside then?"

"Only once, some years ago. I remember that it was full of papers."

"There isn't a cat in it, for example?"

"No. What a strange idea!"

"Well, look at this!" He took up a small saucer of milk which stood on the top of it.

"No; we don't keep a cat. But there is a cheetah and a baboon."

"Ah, yes, of course! Well, a cheetah is just a big cat, and yet a saucer of milk does not go very far to satisfy its wants, I dare say. There is one point which I should wish to determine." He squatted down in front of the wooden chair, and examined the seat of it with the greatest attention.

"Thank you. That is quite settled," said he, rising and putting his lens in his pocket. "Hello! Here is something interesting!"

The object which had caught his eye was a small dog lash hung on one corner of the bed. The lash, however, was curled upon itself, and tied so as to make a loop of whip-cord.

"What do you make of that, Watson?"

"It's a common enough lash. But I don't know why it should be tied."

"That is not quite so common, is it? Ah, me! it's a wicked world, and when a clever man turns his brains to crime it is the worst of all. I think that I have seen enough now, Miss Stoner, and with your permission we shall walk out upon the lawn."

I had never seen my friend's face so grim or his brow so dark as it was when we turned from the scene of this investigation.

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We had walked several times up and down the lawn, neither Miss Stoner nor myself liking to break in upon his thoughts, before he roused himself from his reverie.

"It is very essential, Miss Stoner," said he, "that you should absolutely follow my advice in every respect."

"I shall most certainly do so."

"The matter is too serious for any hesitation. Your life may depend upon your compliance."

"I assure you that I am in your hands."

"In the first place, both my friend and I must spend the night in your room."

Both Miss Stoner and I gazed at him in astonishment.

"Yes, it must be so. Let me explain. I believe that is the village inn over there?"

"Yes, that is the 'Crown'."

"Very good. Your windows would be visible from there?"

"Certainly."

"You must confine yourself to your room, on pretense of a headache, when your stepfather comes back. Then when you hear him retire for the night you must open the shutters of your window, undo the hasp, put your lamp there as a signal to us, and then withdraw quietly with everything which you are likely to want into the room which you used to occupy. I have no doubt that, in spite of the repairs, you could manage there for one night."

"Oh, yes, easily."

"The rest you will leave in our hands."

"But what will you do?"

"We shall spend the night in your room, and we shall investigate the cause of this noise which has disturbed you."

"I believe, Mr. Holmes, that you have already made up your mind," said Miss Stoner, laying her hand upon my companion's sleeve.

"Perhaps I have."

"Then for pity's sake tell me what was the cause of my sister's death."

"I should prefer to have clearer proofs before I speak."

"You can at least tell me whether my own thought is correct, and if she died from some sudden fright."

"No, I do not think so. I think that there was probably some more tangible cause. And now, Miss Stoner, we must leave you, for if Dr. Roylott returned and saw us, our journey would be in vain. Good-by, and be brave, for if you will do what I have told you, you may rest assured that we shall soon drive away the dangers that threaten you."

SHERLOCK HOLMES and I had no difficulty in engaging a bedroom and sitting-room at the Crown Inn. They were on the upper floor, and from our window we could command a view of the avenue gate, and of the inhabited wing of Stoke Moran Manor House. At dusk we saw Dr. Grimesby Roylott drive past, his huge form looming up beside the little figure of the lad who drove him. The boy had some slight difficulty in undoing the heavy iron gates, and we heard the hoarse roar of the doctor's voice, and saw the fury with which he shook his clenched fists at him. The trap drove on, and a few minutes later we saw a sudden light spring up among the trees as the lamp was lit in one of the sitting-rooms.

"Do you know, Watson," said Holmes, as we sat together in the gathering darkness, "I have really some scruples as to taking you tonight. There is a distinct element of danger."

(*Continued on page* 107)

Christmas

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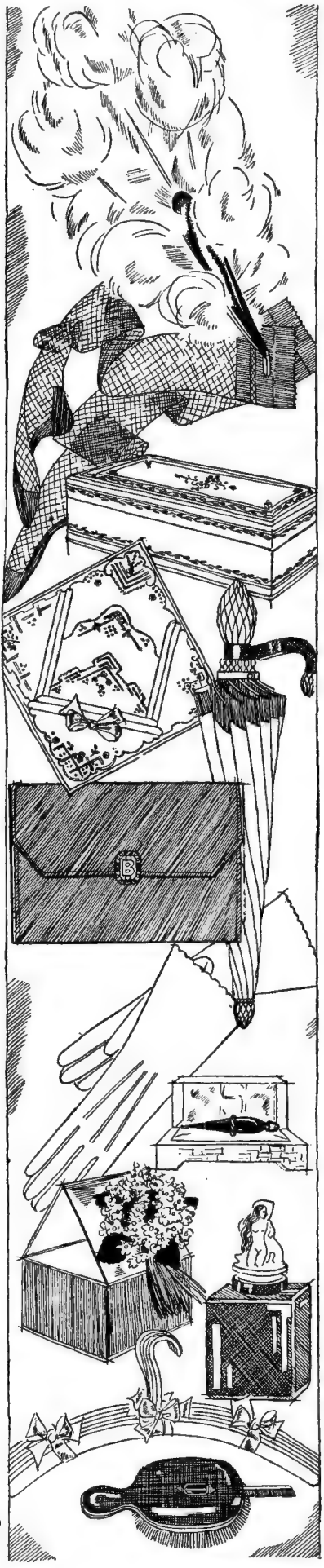

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The fragile quality of Venetian glass, and its airy designs, remind one of bubbles and lace, and its soft colors suggest a misty rainbow. The center illustration portrays modern Murano glass.
Courtesy of Carbone, Inc.

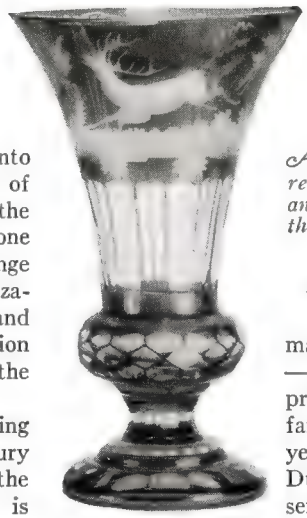
Perfume bottles of different countries and ages. Below, is a rare Stiegel piece, deep amethyst in color, showing the beautiful "daisy in diamond" pattern. To the left, is a modern Orrefors glass bottle, exemplifying the intaglio method of decoration.
Stiegel—Courtesy of McKearin's
Orrefors—Courtesy of John Wanamaker

Something About Glass

A Monthly Feature in

ART IN EVERYDAY LIVING

By LEONORA R. BAXTER



An old Bohemian vase reproduction in clear and ruby glass, showing the century-old stag pattern.
Courtesy of Lindemann & Zenishek

ADVENTURING into the story of glass, which is one of the great romances of history, one is transported into strange countries and ancient civilizations. In every century and country since its invention glass has caught and held the attention of artists.

The art of glass making dates back to the first century B. C., and began with the humble blow pipe. It is known that the Egyptians were early in the field as glass makers of skill, and that the Romans copied their product, quickly achieving a highly distinctive phase of beauty. Romans used glass for more domestic purposes than we do today. Lacking fine porcelain, they fashioned glass objects to take its place for household use.

The famous Portland vase, which Wedgwood so faithfully copied, is glass, (cameo) and its stormy career proves the durability of this material—for not only has it resisted the corroding touch of time, but emerged triumphant and apparently whole after having suffered the blows of a lunatic. It was found in a sarcophagus near Rome in the sixteenth century, and is supposed to have been made in the time of Antonius —138-161, A. D. It was the property of the Barberini family for about two hundred years, then was bought by the Duchess of Portland and presented to the British Museum, where it holds its own as one of the glass wonders of the world. This cameo glass is made by applying numerous layers of glass on top of the original foundation, then cutting away the outer coats to form the decorative pattern.

It was not until the fifth century B. C. that Venice became the leader in the manufacture of glass, eventually monopolizing the industry. A small group of men, pursued by religious fanatics, sought refuge on a cluster of oozy islands that were tabooed by all other human beings, and by virtue of idealism and hard labor made of them the glory and wonder of the world. The history of Venice is a fairy tale founded on fact—a high tribute to the power of spirit and mind over matter. Humble fisherfolk these pioneers were, hounded by poverty and misfortune, yet their lofty conceptions turned everything they touched into beauty. Their artists, printers, goldsmiths, weavers, makers of glass and mosaics, all seemed to draw inspiration from the colors and forms found in their wonderful gardens and the shimmering sea, and even the simplest and most ordinary things were wrought with artistic perfection. The fragile quality of Venetian glass, and its airy designs, remind one of bubbles and lace, and its soft colors suggest a misty rainbow.

Glass-making became an integral part of Venetian life, the artists working at first in a small way, at little individual furnaces. They had extraordinary advantages for its manufacture—abundance of fine sand, maritime plants yielding alkali—and isolation precluding competition. The existence of these natural advantages contributed to Venetian supremacy, but it is known that in the days of her triumph Venice was not content with home products and sent boats to the classic river Belus to gather the sands celebrated by many pagan writers. Later on, becoming jealous of the prying world, Venice removed her glass workers to the easily guarded island of Murano, where the imprisoned artists brought their art to its supreme height.

In those remote days Venice was a proud republic, and its aristocracy built its villas on the island of Murano, making of it a veritable Garden of Eden. Here the glass workers, surrounded by the most highly evolved beauty of the world, honored recipients of many privileges, found life worth while despite loss of liberty. However, these imprisoned geniuses once fled in a body and made a hurried trip over the Continent, even venturing into England, where they were cordially received by Henry VIII., who acquired from them a large collection of Venetian glass, which is now in the British Museum. Venetian glass workers were constantly assisted by the master painters of the period, who gave designs and suggestions for the development of the industry. Their product was frequently reproduced in paintings of note—we find it worthy of the brush of Tintoretto and Titian—and it is from these paintings that modern Venetian glass workers study the old designs.

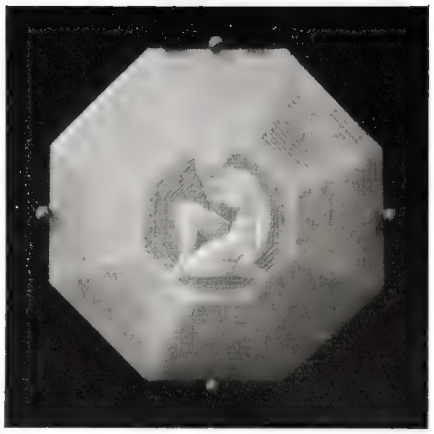
At the beginning of the seventeenth century Murano began to degenerate, and some of its master artists escaped to Northern Europe, establishing glass factories far from their native land. Shortly after, the fall of the Venetian Republic completely destroyed the glass industry in Venice. For three hundred years it lay dormant, then at the end of the nineteenth century the renaissance of Murano glass began. But it was not until after the World War that, with the collaboration of foremost artists, there arose the nucleus of the excellent Murano glass of today. The modern Venetian glass workers have recaptured the all but lost beauty of early masters, and are reproducing blown glass that is in every way worthy of its prototypes. The distribution of Venetian glass was more general and its uses more varied than is generally supposed. Every royal table of the Middle Ages was decorated with Venetian—every home of wealth had its treasured pieces. Perhaps that explains why the glass industry lagged behind in other countries, because for centuries Venetian models were copied everywhere.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Saracens made glass of great beauty, and it was about this time that the Germans began to manufacture glass, but at first it was coarse and heavy, and completely lacked the charm of the Venetian output. India, Persia, Spain, Assyria, and Greece, all made glass of distinction at varying periods, but in the long run France, England, Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries achieved leadership and still retain it, although America is not far behind and is gaining ground all the time.

China has always excelled in every branch of ceramic art, but paid little or no attention to the making of glass until the eighteenth century. Today they produce glass of the greatest beauty and most intricate workmanship. Often their objects of clear glass are painted on the inside with landscapes, birds, etc.—and the bibelots they cut from solid blocks of glass, crystal, or colored quartz are not only delectable, but so costly as to be beyond the reach of most of us.

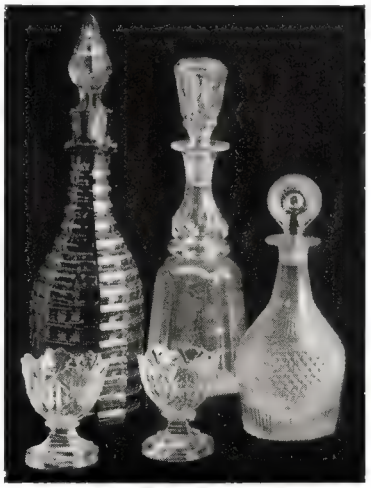
In the thirteenth century the glass industry was introduced into Bohemia from Venice, and soon became of vast importance. The art first flourished in the mountainous regions around Haida, and the factories grew famous because of a clear crystal glass that was very similar to Venetian models from which it was copied. Under the fostering care of Emperor Ferdinand III. it reached its heydey in the seventeenth century—and it was then that the elder and younger Schwanhardt of Nuremburg turned out their masterpieces.

The cutting of glass was really derived from the art of rock-crystal cutting, which was imported into Italy after the conquest of Constantinople in 1453, and thence passed on to Nuremburg and from there to Prague. Rudolph II. (1552-1612) was a chronic recluse, but he came out of his shell to be a patron of arts and made it his business to invite to his castle at Prague all the celebrated lapidaries of his time—a chosen few of whom he placed at the head of the glass-works he himself founded. It was in the latter part of the seventeenth century that the renowned "ruby" glass made its appearance, brought to perfection by Johann Kunckel in his factory at Potsdam. Much Bohemian glass, both modern and ancient is exceedingly heavy, because the style of decoration, *"tiefgeschnitten"* (deep cutting) would be impossible otherwise. During the first half of the eighteenth century a decoration called *"kalligraphen ornamente"* became the fad and the demand for it spread all over Europe, especially in sophisticated centers. It was a light all-over scroll work which covered the entire object, yet lent an airy effect, reminiscent of Venice. For a time Bohemian glass ousted Venetian, and eventually English flint glass, with its wonderful brilliance, due to the use of lead, gained supremacy over Bohemian.



A ceiling light of opaque glass by Lalique, exemplifying the masterful use of his favorite motif, the nude human figure.
Courtesy of the Park Avenue Galleries

Traditional beauty combines with modern inspiration in the Orrefors glass of Sweden. This rock crystal cup is the work of Simon Gate, a leading exponent of artistic craftsmanship in glass.
Courtesy of Scandinavian American Foundation



A group of exquisite old glass. From left to right—dark-green Bristol whiskey bottle—Colonial decanter—Early American decanter, and a pair of old Waterford salts.
Courtesy of William H. Plummer

Old French pressed glass sweetmeat jar, showing the snakeskin design of the Sandwich factory. Typical of the quaintness and beauty of Sandwich pressed glass.
Courtesy of William H. Plummer

The story of glass in England began in 675 A. D. when the Abbot of Wearmouth sent to France for artisans to make glass, but it was not until 1350 that a glass-maker of Chiddingfold managed to supply enough flat colorless glass to put in the windows of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and the chapel of St. Stephen, Westminster. By 1696 it is recorded that there were eighty-eight glass factories in England, although the most important period in the industry did not come until the eighteenth century. At that time there was great development in all branches of glass-making—flint glass was perfected, and the art of cutting reached its height of beauty. After window glass ceased to be a novelty, there was a rage for mirrors and drinking glasses, only at first imported from Venice.

Representing the artistic conceptions of four nations, these goblets offer a pleasing diversity. From left to right—English crystal with engraved rose design—Holland crystal in engraved flower design—Belgium crystal with conventional etched design—and domestic crystal with optic effect.
Courtesy of Ovington's

Someone has said that the social history of England was written in her drinking glasses. England was a hard-drinking country, full of taverns and clubs, and for nearly three centuries manufacturers found it necessary to produce drinking glasses in enormous quantities. They were frequently inscribed with lines of verse addressed to people prominent in public life, or to reigning beauties—many of them even had political significance, as portraits of naval and military heroes were engraved on them. Nelson and his victories were eulogised in this way, and much of the romantic up-and-down history of the Stuart family was thus recorded. For a long time it was the custom after drinking the King's health to break the glass.

A very rare old South Jersey water pitcher, one of a pair. It is deep sea-green glass with superimposed lily-pad decoration and a threaded neck.
Courtesy of McKearin's

It is interesting that there were many gentlemen glass-makers in England—the Duke of Buckingham being the first to take it up, in 1663.

It is impossible to enumerate the different types of lovely English glass, but of it all perhaps we are most familiar with that made in Bristol, with which we always associate the entrancing shade of sapphire blue glass made by the factories of this old town, and never equaled elsewhere. In Ireland the exceptional quality of the glass produced at Cork and Waterford fixed the attention of the world upon those places as the source of the best glass in that country. The production of both these factories belongs in the category of flint glass—that is, glass in which one of the alkaline bases is lead, as distinguished from glass with an alkaline base of lime. Flint glass is softer and more lustrous than glass with a lime base and lends itself more readily to the decorative processes of cutting and engraving.

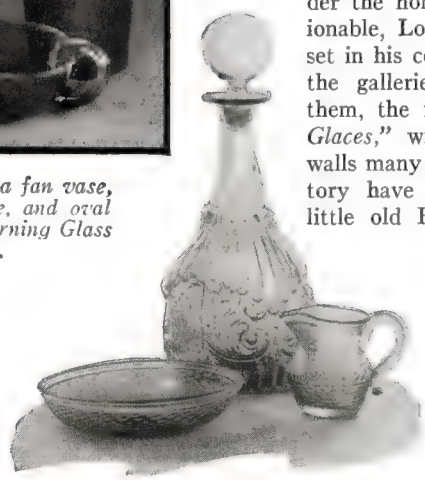
True Waterford glass has a peculiar bluish-green tinge, not noticeable unless placed where the light falls through it. This subtle trace of color is one of its greatest claims to charm and distinction. It is usually heavy and thick, to make possible the profuse cutting with which it is usually ornamented. The Waterford factory operated from 1729 to 1851, but it was not until after 1740 that what we know as cut glass was made in Ireland. Much of the cutting was done away from the factory at home by men who had cutting sheds—which accounts for the variety and individuality of the work. A great deal was produced on order from old Irish families, and the decanters and wine glasses were especially beautiful. Irish glass is very tough and sings a clear note when struck.

The eighteenth century was the golden age of cut glass. It fell from favor in the following century, thanks to the atrocities perpetrated at the time. Today, careful scrutiny of old Waterford and Cork glass by modern glass workers is yielding a wealth of inspiration, which is being applied not only to reproduction but to legitimate adaptation.

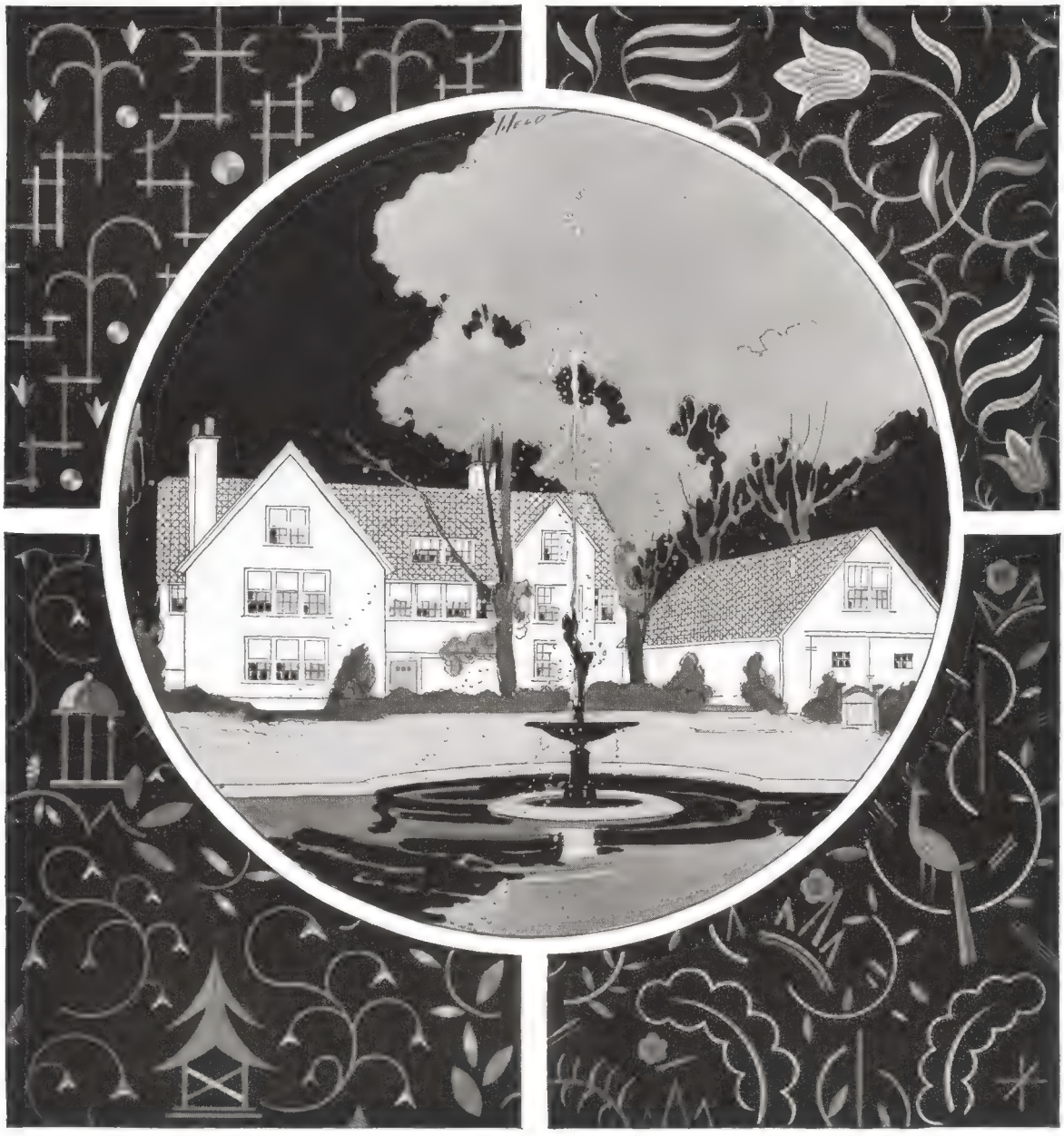
As early as the sixth century the French were notable workers in glass, and made many improvements in the process, importing Greek workmen for the purpose. Normandy was the first country to grant special privileges to glass workers, and Charles V. gave them exemption from taxes. In 1665 a mirror factory was opened in the Faubourg St. Antoine at Paris, and men were brought from Venice to teach the French how to make mirrors. In his eagerness to render the homemade product fashionable, Louis XIV. had mirrors set in his coach, and lined one of the galleries at Versailles with them, the famous *"Galleries des Glaces,"* within whose glittering walls many great moments of history have been enacted. Very little old French glass is to be

Reproduction of a Stiegel candlestick. All through the sea-green glass are the tiny bubbles or flecks so typical of Stiegel ware. The much used design is etched in paler green.
Courtesy of Lindemann & Zenishek

Modern glass—a fan vase, bubbly glass vase, and oval bowl from the Corning Glass Works.



A group of early Nineteenth Century blown three-mold articles, attributed to different American factories.
Courtesy of McKearin's



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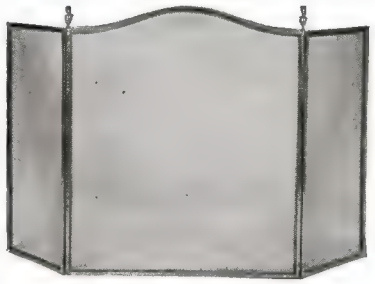

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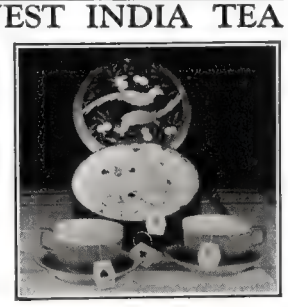

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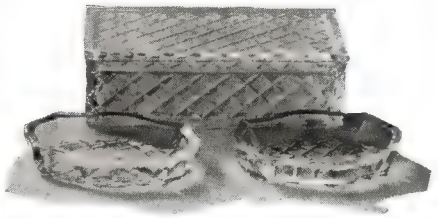
found nowadays, and it is hard to understand why even collections of it are few and meager.

Of all modern Frenchmen, René Lalique has done most to rejuvenate the art spirit of his country. Eminent as an architect, maker of jewelry and worker in iron, he at last chose glass as his

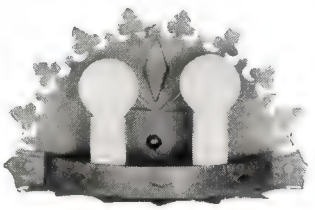


Old diamond cut Waterford glass furnished the inspiration for this clear crystal cigarette set.
Courtesy of Ovington's

medium of artistic interpretation, and has stamped it with his individual touch of genius. He uses but little color, the designs are simple (he never duplicates them), and his whole purpose seems to be to bring out the pure crystalline quality. He excels in the portrayal of nude figures, and each of his creations has the quality which can only be expressed by the French word *raffiné*. He has been accused of finding his inspiration in Greek art, but he is really very French in feeling and seems Greek because his inspiration is invariably straight from nature. One gets an idea that his work is not done in the Paris studio but in his retreat in the woods at Rambouillet.

The Swedish glass industry goes back to the seventeenth century. The oldest existing factory of importance, Kosta, founded in 1741, produced a long line of skilled workmen, but until ten years ago there were few artists with creative ideas, capable of "thinking in glass." The necessary combination of technique, capital and talent was supplied when Consul Johan Ekman, of Gottenberg, bought the tiny glass works of Orrefors, which, lost to the world in the deep forests of Smaland, had for many years achieved only a trifling production of ink bottles and window glass. The new proprietor discarded this humble occupation, and had the good fortune to get in touch with two artists, one of whom had made a name as an impressionistic painter. This was Simon Gate and the other was Edward Hald. To these men the art of glass-making meant more than a trade, hence the little ink bottle factory quickly grew to be the foremost exponent of Swedish industrial art, and is justly proud that its output has been imitated even in Italy, where through all the ages every expression of art has reached its climax.

The first experiments made by Gate



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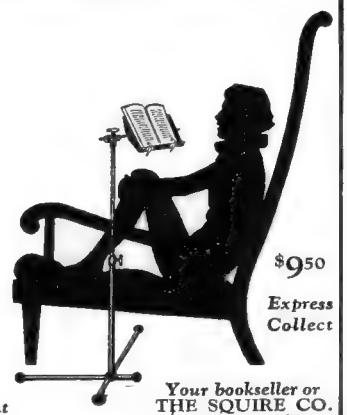

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and Hald brought forth a new kind of glass, called Grail, which resembles the famous engraved glass of Gallé, but differs widely in technique. These two artists had the courage to choose as the principal subject for the ornamentation of their engraved glass the noblest and most difficult of decorations—the nude human body—and they put into these inherited forms such modern inspiration as to preclude any thought of imitation. This mode of decoration has its source in the best traditions, as it goes back to the cut plaques of rock crystal of the Italian Renaissance—intaglios. The style of the deeply engraved Orrefors figures, although distinctly original, never loses touch with the intaglios of the sixteenth century sculptors, of whom Michelangelo was the great master. Gate is pre-eminent in the process I am speaking of—his composition of figures has infinite variety of movement and a rhythm that flows smoothly over the entire surface. His art having this character, it naturally follows that he has been entrusted with orders requiring a certain magnificence, such as gifts designed for sovereigns and nations, one of the most important being the gigantic cup presented by the Swedish government to the city of Paris in 1922.

It is significant that the Orrefors productions have their social mission, as they have played a leading part in the reformation of the ordinary glass used by the people for beer drinking, which had almost lost its original beauty.

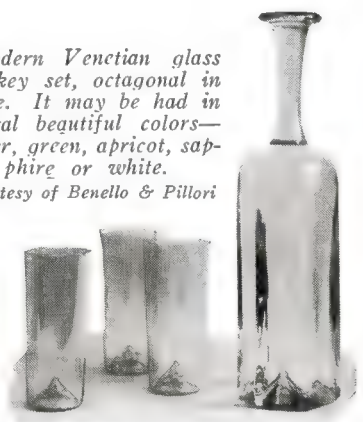
Glass making was America's first industry. In 1607 enterprising colonists of Virginia started a small bottle factory about a mile from Jamestown, and two years later a shipment of glass bottles was the first export from this country. After this success glass blowers were brought from Italy and another factory was established for the purpose of making beads to trade with the Indians for furs.

During the century other attempts

(*Continued on page* 106)

Modern Venetian glass whiskey set, octagonal in shape. It may be had in several beautiful colors—amber, green, apricot, sapphire or white.

Courtesy of Benello & Pillori



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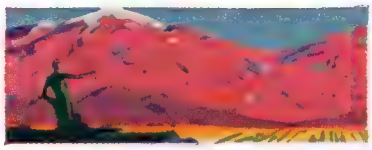

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Travel News

Edited by ROGER SHAW

Winter Sports in Hawaii

By HAROLD COFFIN

"MELE KALIKAMAKA," and "Aloha Makahiki Hou!" That is the password among the lucky vacationers in the Hawaiian Islands this busy winter holiday season.

It means—you've guessed it—"Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!"

It is a "busy" season in the Paradise Isles because hundreds of globe trotters and cold weather dodgers will eat Christmas dinner in Hawaii's fine hotels. They will be busy getting tanned under the friendly southern sun; touring the ever-interesting islands of Kauai, Maui and Hawaii; enjoying native water sports; dancing under the palms to the tune of "Aloha Oe;" and sending picture postcards to the frost-bitten friends at home wishing that they "were here."

In Hawaii the wagon wheels don't creak over the frozen streets at Christmas time; you can't carve your initials on a frosted window-pane; and the old red flannels are as useless as skates and skis.

Kris Kringle parks his airplane on top of the tropical snow-capped Mauna Kea (island of Hawaii) and toboggans over to Waikiki (island of Oahu) on a surfboard. He signs the beach colony's social register, and distributes his guitars, hula skirts and aquatic kiddie kars to the Hawaiian *keikis* (kids).

And visitors in Hawaii who feel that the sports of surfboarding and outrigger canoe paddling are too strenuous, have only to watch the native children dashing through the waves of the surf at Waikiki on their miniature surfboards and baby outrigger canoes, and then get in the swim. The Hawaiian children practically live in the water—they learn to swim as soon as they can walk and by the time they are old enough to hold a steel guitar they have mastered the surfboard.

A surfboard is an overgrown ironing board that has gone native. The boards are usually about 10 feet long, wide enough to lie down on, and weigh about 50 pounds. Redwood and similar woods are used, the tendency being to make the boards lighter than the early implements that were fashioned from native woods.

With the help of these wooden water wings it is possible to walk on the waves of Waikiki. In fact Waikiki is about the only place in the world where successful surfboarding has been practiced to any great extent. The reason for this is that the contour of the ocean bottom at Waikiki coupled with the location of the protecting coral reefs is such that it supplies just the right kind of continuous surf crests to propel the boards for as far as two miles shoreward on one wave.

Surfboarding is the most thrilling of all water sports if you know how, and that is a big IF, because conquering the magic board is no small job. Many Hawaiians, especially the beach boys, are skilled surf-riders, sitting down, standing up, balancing on their heads, carrying passengers on their shoulders and stunting in other ways.

THE HAWAIIAN "sport of kings" can be explained in a few paragraphs because surf-riding on a typewriter is comparatively simple, but would-be wave walkers are advised to supplement this correspondence course with several weeks (at least) of actual practice in the hands of an expert Hawaiian instructor in Honolulu.

The first problem is to paddle your way out from the beach to a point where the waves are breaking. In assuming position "A" you lie face down on the board. Use a perpendicular stroke through the water with your arms—not a breast-stroke. Your feet are crossed on the board. To turn to the right, drag the right foot in the water. (Experienced paddlers guide the boards by shifting the weight of the body, and do not have to use their feet for rudders.)

Pick your wave—a single wave, because the double waves are good only for canoe surfing. Watch for the steepest section of the surf. With your board facing to shore, paddle ahead of the wave as fast as possible. As the surf catches you, it is necessary to give an extra spurt of paddling and shift your weight slightly toward the rear of the board to keep its nose from diving.

The trick is then one of balancing properly and quickly. If the wave is exceptionally steep, ride more to the stern of the board. Then, after you "catch" the wave head the board at an angle with the surf. This enables you to "slide" with the wave.

Now you are racing over the water at lightning speed. By getting to your knees and watching your balance carefully, you can sit up, and (maybe) stand on your head.

Tourists and other uninitiated surf-riders frequently find that it is far easier, however, to stand on somebody else's head, or at least to ride on the instructor's shoulders. Double-decker surfing such as this is achieved by riding tandem on one board and letting your surf-wise teacher do all the work.

There are several different surfing fields in the huge swimming area that is Waikiki. The most popular wave line, directly in front of the Moana Hotel, is known as the Canoe Surf. In front of this, closer to the beach is the Wahine Surf—"for women only." Next to these is the Cornucopia Surf off the beach in front of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. The Cornucopia waves are choppier, but frequently are best for speed-burning and trick riding.

Fastest of all the surfing areas (but also short) is the famous Queen's Surf in front of Waikiki Tavern. Farther down the beach toward Diamond Head, opposite the Elks' Club is the Castle Surf. Experts only venture into the giant waves of the Castle Surf. At the opposite end of the beach between the Royal Hawaiian and Gray's Beach is Malihini Surf, where Malihinis are invited to try these directions.

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Something About Glass

(*Continued from page 102*)

were made to produce glass, among the most successful those of Baron William Henry Stiegel, who brought skilled workmen from Europe to Manheim, Pennsylvania, and there made richly colored glass that lost nothing in comparison with the finest wares of Bohemia. The fires were lighted under the pots in his first glass-house on October 29th, 1765, and the output was chiefly bottles, ranging in size from gallon jugs to small perfume bottles. These blue and amethyst toilet bottles are exquisite in color and show some of his best designs, notably the diamond pattern, and the four diamonds within a diamond. In 1770 Stiegel opened his second factory at Manheim, and in it glass of great variety and beauty was made. In 1774 the sheriff sold him out, and his career closed. He made glass for only about ten years and the certain products of his factory are rare collectors' finds today. He made much clear glass, and his color range included several shades of green, a wonderful light amber, amethyst, and a deep blue, after the Bristol tradition. Some of these blues were rarely lovely; some were flat and suggested indigo. He also produced painted and enameled glass, and the variety of his styles was probably due to the different nationalities employed in his works.

The history of Sandwich glass is somewhat shrouded in mystery, as is much of the glass making of early America. The name Deming Jarvis is closely connected with it, and he writes that as early as 1815 he imported "pressed glass" from Holland and England—which probably explains why the dolphin was so constantly used in Sandwich candlesticks, compotes and other pieces. Dolphins date from the Middle Ages, when they were a favorite form of decoration with glass-makers, including the Murano.

The production of glass at Sandwich, Massachusetts, covered a period between 1825 and 1888. A rival company at New Bedford, Massachusetts, gave the Sandwich outfit steady and well sustained competition, and it is impossible to attribute various patterns as between the two.

The credit of being the first maker of flint glass in this country is given by some authorities to Casper Wistar, who landed in Philadelphia in 1717, and together with imported glass-workers from Holland, founded a plant in Salem County, New Jersey, which was later known as Wistarberg, or Allowaystown. To Wistar was also given the precedence over all others for the successful use of both clear and colored glass in one object. His factory produced many beautiful things, and in all of them Dutch influence is easily discernible. South Jersey rightfully claims the production of quantities of exquisite glass, as does Saratoga, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and so on.

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The Adventure of the Speckled Band

(*Continued from page* 94)

"Can I be of assistance?"

"Your presence might be invaluable."

"Then I shall certainly come."

"It is very kind of you."

"You speak of danger. You have evidently seen more in these rooms than was visible to me."

"No, but I fancy that I may have deduced a little more. I imagine you saw all I did."

"I saw nothing remarkable save the bell-rope, and what purpose that could answer I confess is more than I can imagine."

"You saw the ventilator, too?"

"Yes, but I do not think that it is such a very unusual thing to have a small opening between two rooms. It was so small that a rat could hardly pass through."

"I knew that we should find a ventilator before ever we came to Stoke Moran."

"My dear Holmes!"

"Oh, yes, I did. You remember in her statement she said that her sister could smell Dr. Roylott's cigar. Now, of course, that suggested at once that there must be a communication between the two rooms. It could only be a small one, or it would have been remarked upon at the coroner's inquiry. I deduced a ventilator."

"But what harm can there be in that?"

"Well, there is at least a curious coincidence of dates. A ventilator is made, a cord is hung, and a lady who sleeps in the bed dies. Does not that strike you?"

"I cannot as yet see any connection."

"Did you observe anything very peculiar about that bed?"

"No."

"It was clamped to the floor. Did you ever see a bed fastened like that before?"

"I cannot say that I have."

"The lady could not move her bed. It must always be in the same relative position to the ventilator and to the rope—for so we may call it, since it was clearly never meant for a bell-pull."

"Holmes," I cried, "I seem to see dimly what you are hinting at. We are only just in time to prevent some subtle and horrible crime."

"Subtle enough and horrible enough. When a doctor does go wrong, he is the first of criminals. He has nerve and he has knowledge. Palmer and Pritchard were among the heads of their profession. This man strikes even deeper, but I think, Watson, that we shall be able to strike deeper still. But we shall have horrors enough before the night is over; for goodness' sake let us have a quiet pipe, and turn our minds for a few hours to something more cheerful."

ABOUT NINE O'CLOCK the light among the trees was extinguished, and all was dark in the direction of the Manor. Two hours passed slowly away, and then, suddenly, just at the stroke of eleven, a single bright light shone out right in front of us.

"That is our signal," said Holmes, springing to his feet; "it comes from the middle window."

As we passed out he exchanged a few words with the landlord, explaining that we were going on a late visit to an acquaintance, and that it was possible that we might spend the night there. A moment later we were out on the dark road, a chill wind blowing

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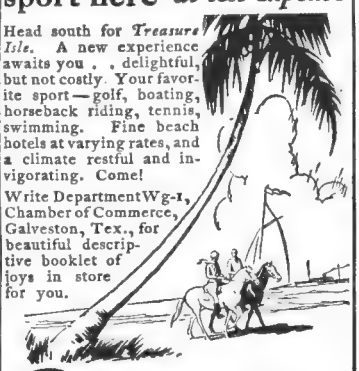

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in our faces, and one yellow light twinkling in front of us through the gloom to guide us on our somber errand.

THERE WAS LITTLE DIFFICULTY in entering the grounds, for unrepaired breaches gaped in the old park wall. Making our way among the trees, we reached the lawn, crossed it, and were about to enter through the window, when out from a clump of laurel bushes there darted what seemed to be a hideous and distorted child, who threw itself upon the grass with writhing limbs, and then ran swiftly across the lawn into the darkness.

"My God!" I whispered; "did you see it?"

Holmes was for the moment as startled as I. His hand closed like a vise upon my wrist in his agitation. Then he broke into a low laugh, and put his lips to my ear.

"It is a nice household," he murmured. "That is the baboon."

I had forgotten the strange pets which the doctor affected. There was a cheetah, too; perhaps we might find it upon our shoulders at any moment. I confess that I felt easier in my mind when, after following Holmes's example and slipping off my shoes, I found myself inside the bedroom. My companion noiselessly closed the shutters, moved the lamp onto the table, and cast his eyes round the room. All was as we had seen it in the daytime. Then creeping up to me and making a trumpet of his hand, he whispered into my ear again, so gently that it was all that I could do to distinguish the words:

"The least sound would be fatal to our plans." I nodded to show that I had heard.

"We must sit without light. He would see it through the ventilator." I nodded again.

"Do not go asleep; your very life may depend upon it. Have your pistol ready in case we should need it. I will sit on the side of the bed, and you in that chair. I took out my revolver and laid it on the table.

Holmes had brought up a long, thin cane, and this he placed upon the bed beside him. By it he laid the box of matches and the stump of a candle. Then he turned down the lamp, and we were left in darkness.

How shall I ever forget that dreadful vigil? I could not hear a sound, not even the drawing of a breath, and yet I knew that my companion sat open-eyed within a few feet of me, in the same state of nervous tension in which I was myself. The shutters cut off the least ray of light, and we waited in absolute darkness. From outside came the occasional cry of a night-bird, and once at our very window a long drawn cat-like whine, which told us that the cheetah was indeed at liberty. Far away we could hear the deep tones of the parish clock, which boomed out every quarter of an hour. How long they seemed, those quarters! Twelve struck, and one and two and three, and still we sat waiting silently for whatever might befall.

Suddenly there was the momentary gleam of a light up in the direction of the ventilator, which vanished immediately, but was succeeded by a strong smell of burning oil and heated metal. Someone in the next room had lit a dark-lantern. I heard a gentle sound of movement, and then all was silent once more, though the smell grew stronger. Then suddenly another sound became audible—a very gentle, soothing sound, like that of a small jet of steam escaping continually from a kettle. The instant that we heard it, Holmes sprang from the bed, struck a match, and lashed with his cane at the bell-pull.

"You see it, Watson?" he yelled. "You see it?"

But I saw nothing. At the moment when Holmes struck the light I heard a low, clear whistle, but the sudden glare flashing into my weary eyes made it impossible for me to tell what it was at which my friend lashed so savagely. I could, however, see that his face was deadly pale, and filled with horror and loathing.

He had ceased to strike, and was gazing up at the ventilator, when suddenly there broke from the silence of the night the most horrible cry to which I have ever listened. It swelled up louder and louder, a hoarse yell of pain and fear and anger all mingled in the one dreadful shriek. It struck cold to our hearts, and I stood gazing at Holmes, and he at me, until the last echoes of it had died away into the silence from which it arose.

"What can it mean?" I gasped.

"It means that it is all over," Holmes answered. "And perhaps, after all, it is for the best. Take your pistol, and we will enter Dr. Roylott's room."

With a grave face he lit the lamp and led the way down the corridor. Twice he struck at the chamber door without any reply from within. Then he turned the handle and entered, I at his heels, with the cocked pistol.

IT WAS A SINGULAR sight which met our eyes. On the table stood a dark-lantern, the shutter half open, throwing a brilliant light upon the iron safe, the door of which was ajar. Beside this table, on the wooden chair, sat Dr. Grimesby Roylott, clad in a long gray dressing-gown, his bare ankles protruding beneath, and his feet thrust into red heelless Turkish slippers. Across his lap lay the short stock with the long lash which we had noticed during the day. His chin was cocked upward and his eyes were fixed in a dreadful, rigid stare at the corner of the ceiling. Round his brow he had a peculiar yellow band, with brownish speckles, which seemed to be bound tightly round his head. As we entered he made neither sound nor motion.

"The band! the speckled band!" whispered Holmes.

I took a step forward. In an instant his strange headgear began to move, and there reared itself from among his hair the squat diamond-shaped head and puffed neck of a loathsome serpent.

"It is a swamp adder!" cried Holmes; "the deadliest snake in India. He has died within ten seconds of being bitten. Violence does, in truth, recoil upon the violent, and the schemer falls into the pit which he digs for another. Let us thrust this creature back into its den, and we can then remove Miss Stoner to some place of shelter, and let the county police know what has happened."

As he spoke he drew the dogwhip swiftly from the dead man's lap, and throwing the noose round the reptile's neck, he drew it from its horrid perch, and carrying it at arm's length, threw it into the iron safe, which he closed upon it.

Such are the true facts of the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott of Stoke Moran. It is not necessary that I should prolong a narrative which has already run to too great a length, by telling how we broke the sad news to the terrified girl, how we conveyed her by the morning train to the care of her good aunt at Harrow, of how the slow process of official inquiry came to the conclusion that the doctor met his fate while

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indiscreetly playing with a dangerous pet. The little which I had yet to learn of the case was told me by Sherlock Holmes as we traveled back next day.

"I had," said he, "come to an entirely erroneous conclusion, which shows, my dear Watson, how dangerous it always is to reason from insufficient data. The presence of the gypsies, and the use of the word 'band,' which was used by the poor girl, no doubt to explain the appearance which she had caught a hurried glimpse of by the light of her match, were sufficient to put me upon an entirely wrong scent. I can only claim the merit that I instantly reconsidered my position when, however, it became clear to me that whatever danger threatened an occupant of the room could not come either from the window or the door. My attention was speedily drawn, as I have already remarked to you, to this ventilator, and to the bell-rope which hung down to the bed. The discovery that this was a dummy, and that the bed was clamped to the floor, instantly gave rise to the suspicion that the rope was there as a bridge for something passing through the hole, and coming to the bed. The idea of a snake instantly occurred to me, and when I coupled it with my knowledge that the doctor was furnished with a supply of creatures from India, I felt that I was probably on the right track. The idea of using a form of poison which could not possibly be discovered by any chemical test was just such a one as would occur to a clever and ruthless man who had had an Eastern training. The rapidity with which such a poison would take effect would also, from his point of view, be an advantage. It would be a sharp-eyed coroner, indeed, who could distinguish the two little dark punctures which would show where the poison fangs had done their work. Then I thought of the whistle. Of course, he must recall the snake before the morning light revealed it to the victim. He had trained it, probably by the use of the milk which we saw, to return to him when summoned. He would put it through this ventilator at the hour that he thought best, with the certainty that it would crawl down the rope and land on the bed. It might or might not bite the occupant; perhaps she might escape every night for a week, but sooner or later she must fall a victim.

"I HAD COME to these conclusions before I entered his room. An inspection of his chair showed me he had been in the habit of standing on it. The safe, the saucer of milk, and the loop of whipcord were enough to dispel finally any doubts which may have remained. The metallic clang heard by Miss Stoner was obviously caused by her stepfather, hastily closing the door of his safe upon its terrible occupant. Having once made up my mind, you know the steps which I took in order to put the matter to the proof. I heard the creature hiss, as I have no doubt that you did also, and I instantly lit the light and attacked it."

"With the result of driving it through the ventilator."

"And also with the result of causing it to turn upon its master at the other side. Some of the blows of my cane came home, and roused its snakish temper, so that it flew upon the first person it saw. In this way I am no doubt indirectly responsible for Dr. Grimesby Roylott's death, and I cannot say that it is likely to weigh very heavily upon my conscience."

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